

# Die Sektor, When Porcelain Bleeds

Her lips so sweet  
Every word cuts like knives  
I feel the wounds as if self inflicted  
Broken porcelain beauty  
I still long to touch  
I prick my finger to paint her lips

In agony I wait to hear her voice  
I wish for death or any other fate  
In the shadows of the shame of god  
Just one whisper to alleviate this pain

My teardrops fall  
To wet her lifeless eyes  
Just one last kiss  
To feel her shallow breath

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Staring into the night  
Daybreak so far away  
I can hear her screams as they echo in me

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As they echo in me

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