

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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