

Diva Destruction, Bed Of Lies

So where is it this time, the proof of deceit
Time bomb of destruction
So wheres it now, I can hear it ticking
I hear you laughing, again
As we love this of ties
Suffering in this bed, this bed of lies
The art of deception, with you its creator
As you torment all, your room is a minefield
No conscience here, yet you leave these bombs
Just waiting, how deep is your darkness
Do you enjoy this, so tell the truth
Did you love her, and was it in our bed
Your room is your revenge, exploding
Our love was always a lie, a lie, a lie