

Fireside, Bistro

I cant deny
The way
Your fingers make my body shiver
And that i almost did surrender
To what was easy
In a way

But i know its all over
Its the last page of the book

cause youre the knife
That cuts my wrist
The open sore
To where i drift
And its the price
For being weak
And its the price

But i know its all over
Its the last page of the book

But i wount go
And i wount cry
cause youll be gone
When i arrive
And if the clouds
Covers the sky
Then let it happen