

Poets Of The Fall, Delicious

I hear a sigh, longing for loving in this life
The how and the why, that keeps us running through the night
Touching divine, for me it has only your face
I'm looking to find pieces of wisdom I've misplaced

I don't make the rules dear
You don't hear the symphony I hear
We don't get a dollar bill for every shining tear

Fictitious and so real
Love's a onetime deal
With a delicious dark appeal
And a religious kind of zeal, yeah
So precious, yet surreal
Life's a onetime deal
With a delicious dark appeal
And a religious kind of zeal, yeah

Witnessing fault in every pawn in the game
The only one called proudly answers to my name
No I don't know why love is a thief in the night
The one that you try, is your most devoted guide

We don't make the rules dear
We don't hear the symphony they hear
We don't get a dollar bill for every shining tear

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So thank you for choosing me, playing me, displaying me
And selling me to slavery, yeah
Thank you for using me, flaying me, erasing me
Awarding me for bravery

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