

# 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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