

Ritual, Guilt Will Get You Anyway

Im sick of drawing blanks,
(of) spending my life like this
(of) seeing your words pouring in the sand.
Im not impressed.
Teardrops dripping from your chin.
Youre not the only one who lives in sin.
Youve claimed to be a virgin since the day you saw the light.
We are the first to die.
Your soul is as black as mine.

Washing hands in verity.
Drinking from cognition.
Your name is purity
and guilt will get you anyway.

Hand in hand we walk away.
We feed the fire everyday.
Hand in hand we walk away.
Guilt will get us anyway.