

Senses Fail, Martini Kiss

There's poison in my drinking glass,
don't stop just sip it down
and in a swirling masquerade of style my body hits the ground.

I'm beautiful when I'm asleep.
Martini kisses land on my blistered bloody scarlet lips.
The bottles in my hand.

Burn out, not fade away
[x6]

I'll speak in riddles so you can understand.
I'll draw in pencil so you can trace with pen.
So in love with me, like sand to wet feet.
I'll write both our names into the wet concrete.

We're glistening like silver spoons, beneath the summer night.
Oh, can you smell the subtle hint of frost as the flowers start to cry.
The autumn winds are bringing grapes to all the emerald trees.
They're so beautiful and dead, just make the colors slowly bleed.

Burn out, not fade away
[x6]

I'll speak in riddles so you can understand.
I'll draw in pencil so you can trace with pen.
So in love with me, like sand to wet feet.
I'll write both our names into the wet concrete.

The pawns will fade away
(Burn out, not fade away)
(Burn out, not fade away)
The king's at his checkmate
(Burn out, not fade away)
(Burn out, not fade away)
And I sit here with a sick grin
Choking as I laugh until I die.

Burn out, not fade away
[x4]