

Theatre of Hate, Incinerator

Everything I touch and hold
It then turns into stone
For I have looked behind me and seen
The reflection was a dream, a falsehood
And there will be an end to us
When I tell you it was all lies
Hold me to you
Hold me to you
Hold me till you die
Everything I touch and hold
It then turns into stone
For I have looked behind me and seen
The reflection was a dream, a dream
And there will be an end to us
When I tell you it was all lies
Hold me to you
Hold me to you
Hold me till you die.