

ZAO, Walk On By, Walk On Me

Your tongue pierced my fragile heart
Careless words are daggers thrown unaware
Unapproachable unwilling silence from a sounding voice
You entwine
Praise with curses
Your words burn like hell itself
Silence from a sounding voice
All this by the tongue created
Your words become hell itself
I lay bleeding in the flames
The tongue creates it
Tongue...