

Slutbox, Steps

Sometimes - i can almost feel you wrapped around my life -
Squeezing tight your thighs shallow breathing and blacklight lust -
Gives way as I'm coated in cremation dust

Step by step I walk to the edge - death by death I live again

Why is everything I do just fodder for your scorn -
I'll wait for you to change before I'll drop my mask
Addiction is my scapegoat - you're too fresh in my veins
Too weak to resist - and too tired to complain

Watching the time pass away like parents at a newborns wake
Unfair punishments in the form of tragedy - like what you've fucking done to me

Swollen from the liquids - I'll wring you out of me
And keep what's left of a memory - eyes blurry as you take Away my sympathy

Next time I try to reconcile - how I feel about this world of Pain I've made
I'll learn that I'm not as strong - and the feelings I had for you were so fucking wrong