

Sweet Oblivion

David Kushner

I'll bleed for you
I'll bear the bruise
If I feel the way you do
Oh, I'd be someone new
Someone new

Save me from the sickness that I love
Take me to your sweet oblivion
I'm kneeling at your altar
I'm down here on my knees
Take me to your sweet oblivion

Gladly, I await the night
Slipped between these ribs of mine
With you, there's no dying shame
Just a breathless whispered grace
Kings and choirs sing your name
Angels standing at your gates
If precious blood is what it takes
I'm praying, won't you

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