

Texture Of My Blood

Dillon

Locked door, forgotten key
Tonight, open up for me
I am returning home
Without the slightest hope

Naked and on my knees
Look as if you're pleased to see
Me returning home
Pass me that spark of hope

Let you taste the texture of my blood
Lacking iron
Gates to my heart

Opened up the relief
Time has come for you to see
Where I'm coming
What I've been running from

Let you taste the texture of my blood
Lacking iron
Gates to my heart

Let you taste the texture of my blood
Lacking iron
Gates to my heart

Ah ah oh

I don't know
How on earth will i ever know

Ah ah oh
Why don't I know
How on earth will I ever know?

Gazing through your eyes
I saw them coming right at you

My superior vena cava
Inferior to yours