

My Failures Your Pleasures

F.O.B.

In the pain of oblivion, I'm gasping for breath
If only I could cancel all the features of human
Being
They were designed to destroy
If only they could be washed like sins
By coins of indulgences
But remember the hell is open for everyone
I'm moving in the circle
Sooner or later starting from the same
Spot
I cannot break up with you I would
Start a crush again
I'm the self-imposed sheep
Trapped in the midst of wolves
Behold I will feed the urge of you
In the cold
Burn of your heart
I could steal the moonlight in the night
With the growing fear welcome
The starving crows of upcoming armageddon
The rats of falsehood feasting on me
Now I'm like an empty vessel
Like a trash bin for your twisted pleasures
Come on one more time draw the last milk from me