

Skeleton Queen

In Dying Arms

The skeletons are calling
They've come to feed on your skin
The skeletons are calling
How many times will you let them in?

Such lust for my punishment
You beg for the taste of it
You want me to finish?
I just want to hear you scream

You're about as numb as my lungs
You pride in your self
For sucking all the venom from all of your ghosts
They prey on your foolishness
They prey, they prey
Why can't you see?
Your prize is just a token for falling to your knees

Foolish
Harlot
Will you release me of pain?
Pleasure
I want a piece of your brain

Ignorance is bliss disguised with desire
You're f**king nothing but a number for me to acquire

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