

# 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 foolishnes  
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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