

Your Weakness Gives Me Life

Le Butcherettes

All I feel is you
Your sickness slowly killing me
All I feed off from is you
Your weakness gives me life

The dryflies of your mouth
Flow directly into mine
Your coldness takes a rest
And writes a song or two
Cause all I feel is you
Nothing but your sick, strong teeth
They're blue

Your weakness gives me life
Your weakness gives me life
Your weakness gives me life
Your weakness gives me life

My dear friend
From the underground
Where have you been?
On the moon through night and day
Yet I don't even know grain
Allowing myself to trigger these self delusions
Leaving red marks for the sake of me (in my head now)

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