

Death Doesn't Kill You but I Do

Lord Of The Lost

My gun is live
Blindsided I lost track
Poising the edge
The straw that breaks the camel's back
My knife is ground
The last mirror you'll see
You've aground
But I will never set you free

(Your gun is live)
Blindsided I lost track
(Poising the edge)
The straw that breaks the camel's back
(Your knife is ground)
The last mirror you'll see
(I've aground)
But I will never set you free

Death doesn't kill you but I do
We don't believe in fate
Death doesn't kill you but I do
No fate but what we make

My teeth are sharp
Needle-shaped and sly
I suck all your blood
I spit it out and pump you dry
My knuckles are white
Before I set your bones
I'm not free from sin
But I am casting the first stone

(Your teeth are sharp)
Needle-shaped and sly
(You suck all my blood)
I spit it out and pump you dry
(Your knuckles are white)
Before I set your bones
(You're not free from sin)
But I am casting the first stone

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