

Pantomime

Provoker

He's either mad or well-advised
Voices tear through the lobby
You can adhere your skin to mine
And we can lay in the dark
A fool in love with a sacrifice
An offering of the body
Unwilling hands form a pantomime

Somehow I wasn't good enough
I had a moment when I knew
That it was either you or me
The other life I didn't need

Waste your life away
Spend all of your time with me
You can't look away
Boy you know it's alluring
Feel it tingling
Then take away all the pain
Make you go insane
All the love and adoring

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A tragic lover
My necromancer
A tragic lover
My necromancer

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