

# Your Touch

Rocket from the Crypt

I sit here like I'm bleeding  
Trapped by my device  
Moan about the agony  
And try to pass the time

There's no other way to tell you  
My emptiness inside  
My aching heart is dying  
Without you by my side

I don't need no piece of paper  
I don't need no fancy ring  
A picture does me nothing  
To get me through this thing

I could hold you at arm's length  
And complain about the distance  
Your touch feeds my love

I could die a million times a day  
Without that one conviction  
Your touch heals my love

I need your touch  
I need your touch  
I need your touch  
I need your touch

There's one way to tell you how much I need you  
But words can do no justice, so this I mean to do  
Spend every single second longing for your touch  
'Cause I'm half as much as nothing  
And nothing ain't that much

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