The Dread

Come on over let me show you what it really means To be frustrated sexually, to be in need To be in state of dissolution, Level down

Let that sensual desire Take that upper hand It stays in this room

Lost in the dark Forbidden Touch me again

That's when love causes the dread Was it worth it? Anxiety grows You end up hurting all of your friends People get by every day with the shame

There's no promises, just a memory before you leave The soft endearment, I hear you breathe Our lips are meeting in good fusion Higher drive

Be the spark, be the fire, Set the light on me Give in to this time

No need for the heart This is now Tomorrow we cry

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[Solo]

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