

Purity Drag

The Armed

My goodness pure, my conscience free
I'm a gift unto your world
Though you're, oh, so blind to see
You live in a world my hands bestow
And despite your pettiness
I've no cracks to dull my glow

Purest of them all, nothing is my fault
I am divine
Your privilege, my presence
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Your privilege, my presence
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I'll heal your wounds with
A touch you won't feel
You're lost in darkness
My light is real

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I am divine
Your privilege, of them all

Purest of them all, nothing is my fault