

Meet Me in the Bone Orchard

The Bled

Once again, I need your skin, these teeth will take too much, they always do.

Sever me, desire bleeds you dry, coercion takes too long.
Drain you and leave.

You never felt so alive, until you put in your midnight eyes.
These bones you cracked on the run will be left to bleach in the sun.

Smother me, these idle hands will be the death of us (at least one of us)

Salivate; it makes me sick, was I born this way?

You wish you were, you never felt so alive until you put in your midnight eyes

These bones you cracked on the run will be left to bleach in the sun

You simply refuse to accept no consolation gift

These offers I will reject, I won't be swinging by my neck
the cold moon will always eclipse the truth spilling from your lips

These offers I will reject, I won't be swinging by my neck.

Give it up, know when to quit, are you in control?

A balancing act on a burning tightrope

Hunger pains until you get your way, until you get your way
Until you get your way, nausea.

Keep chasing the sound in your head

down a road that will never end

It eats away at you, and you cannot abandon it.

You should have fled when you still had the chance.

You should have fled when you still could have.

Suffocate your hope.

Keep chasing the sound in your head,

down a road that will never end.

It eats away at you and you cannot abandon it.