

Surrender

Wintersleep

Thirty six years now
Halfway to my tomb
In this flesh I have
Grown accustomed to
You can see the way
Irretrievably doomed
Darling, I'm still consumed by you
I'm consumed
Consumed
Consumed

Fingers on the teeth
The telephone call
I just wanna hear you
Say nothing at all
Just breath and beating
The space in the room
Just as you whisper
That we are doomed

I surrender to you
I surrender to you
I surrender to you

I loved you before
I ever knew
What the teeth would feel like
What the bite would do
I loved you before
I felt my doom
My past, my future
Fold in to you

I surrender to you
I surrender to you
I surrender to you
Consumed
Consumed
I'm consumed