

# The Ashes In Her Breath

Ashbury Heights

You're living in a fog  
Of burning leaves  
Countess countless venom  
Miss disease

Your busy fingers  
Have yellow tips  
They're always serving  
Your busy lips

The ashes in your breath  
Taste like cancer  
The somber scent of death  
You're a poison tip dancer

But still I love you  
I love you so much  
I could choke on your fumes  
But I live for your touch

The state of your lungs  
Is the state I'm in  
And the air around you  
Is getting thin

I don't sleep anymore  
Just living the past  
'Cause every moment with you  
Is gonna be my last

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