

Former Self

Icon of Coil

Decisions are few, although I've found my peace
Avoiding the dark, caressing the sun
Despised by your touch
Prefer to be alone
Now lend me your soul
It seems like I'm loosing mine

And this ain't me
Hold my self down with a knife to my throat
And this ain't me
Standing alone as the drugs starts to work

Filled by desire
I'm calm as a storm
Like a state of mind
It's someone you know
Too soon, too cold
This invitation
Now lend me your soul
We fall to damnation

And this ain't me
Hold my self down with a knife to my throat
And this ain't me
Standing alone as the drugs starts to work
And this ain't me...