

This body is riddled with ailments.
The devil's got me in his grip.
Genuflect and skin me of this payment.
"We share the same affliction, everybody's gotta breathe."
That's what I say.

I thought your touch would be the vessel to my salvation,
But it drifted far beyond the shore.
So I put up my sails, and I searched all my days, and I found o
ut one thing:
There's no love anymore.

No more pouring out, I swear to God, I'll overflow.
Until it spills over, your floor's ungratified.

It comes in oceanic surges.
I heard they purged you of denial, but I'm lost in a sea of del
usion.
So instead, I purge my abdomen of antiquated doubt.

Your candle's burning to no end, but you're relentless all the
same.
Please dear, just validate this fixation.

No more pouring out, I swear to God, I'll overflow.
Until it spills over, your floor's ungratified.