

We Are The Lust

Death in June

Hold a knife, bloodied
To the throat of love
Hold a knife, bloodied
To the throat of love
Hold a knife, bloodied
To the throat of love
We are the lust
That comes from nothing
We are the lust
As they turn to dust
As they ground to dust
A crown of tears
We are the lust
We are the lust
That comes from nothing