

Taste The Iron On Your Lips

Fearless Vampire Killers

With a fickle spoilt heart
Let all purity be stained
In the court of carnal vice
May our bones lock in dismay
Now all love is
Left behind
We lay alone, drained of all pain
Two seated baths and the scent of lavender
Thick in the hot summer air
and now there's blood in her hair
we are so dead in our gore splattered bed sheets
It's in the fabric of every red kiss
You taste the iron on my lips
You begin to spit and hiss like you're hurting
See that I'm burning
How I wish this didn't have to be one more kiss
And you'll be gone
With your eyes all turning bleary
I know that if you asked
I'd drain you empty
But it's funny how one so sweet and charming
Can bare themselves and beg to be polluted

There in the stands
Where the news is broadcasted
I see a snap of your face and a year seems a day
And we're alone in a castle of demons

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You'd let him drain you empty
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Wipe those scornful tears away as all trace of hope recedes
Bound and lifeless I'll remain
Until we're all but carrion feed
From the ashes of decay lose our passion to dismay
And feel drained of all pain