

Bitemarks and Bloodstains

Finch

My or may we be this way forever?
Tell me lover what will become of the other?
Bones, skin, nails, and flesh...
A bed of lack of passion, A medieval consequence.
Then where were you with all the talk about your not their kind
?

Now I am stealing her body and taking it home.
There is always one more fault.

Never trusted, you must trust me darling,
Subsequently you see you deserve more than me.
They bury you while wearing garments of funeral fire.

Now I am stealing her body and taking it home.
There is always one more fault.

Now I am stealing her body and taking it home.
There is always one more fault.

This will hurt you, it's killing me
This will hurt you, it's killing me
This will hurt you, it's killing me
This will hurt you, and I will to,
And I will...

(Bloodlust, Bloodlust) for this girl,
(Bloodlust, Bloodloss) for this boy,
(Bloodlust, Bloodlust) for this girl,
(Bloodlust, Bloodloss) for this boy, this boy!

But now I punch a wound and once again forgive my sin.

This is forever.