

Wrapped In Suede

Frown

Nightmares still your beauty
You sip from a glass of death
His claws scratch off your skin
Wrapped in suede you fall asleep
You walk into the garden of passion
You talk to souls
I feel faith your silent breath
I want to join our ways
You fall asleep on the wings of night
You read from the books of dreams
Controlled by negative thoughts
You sleep on it's wings