

Your first encounter with the ones who made you  
Your senses low, yur pleasures grow  
Feel a chance to taste their disease  
White hands sew up the deed  
Invite you in to lick their skin and to feel all as real  
And to dream all is real  
Another limb to lift the skin, press open  
Hands wide open  
Lick your wounds and come inside  
Lick your wounds and come inside  
With your hand wide open  
With your hands wide  
As the cord pulls tighter, spots in hell burn brighter and brig  
hter!  
As the cord pulls tighter, face is bleeding whiter and whiter!  
Your last encounter with the ones who made you sin  
Till the dust hit you skin  
Your pleasures know their wager grow  
You lust to feel again  
Lick you wounds and come inside  
Hands wide open  
With you hands wide open  
Close your hands and come inside  
With your hands white!  
Friend□So this leads us to the end!  
As the cord pulls tighter, face is bleeding whiter and whiter!  
Your life burns dimmer now!  
As the cord pulls tighter, spots in hell burn brighter and brig  
hter!  
By our will, you tied yourself!  
As the cord pulls tighterLife burns quicker now, with a second  
hand