

Blood On Your Parade

Illdisposed

Baby.
Come on let it rain, shower me with blood, blood from your parade.
You know, that I will never fall.
I can see the truth.
I'm not seared.
Just like a child, when you make me feel.
Lost of innocence, all between the sheets.
And now you cry, that's why I don't.
I'll provide the blood.
Blood for your parade.
Massive temptation.
Calling.
Waiting.
Power.
Beholder.
Shifting.
Blood.