

## For What I Yearn

## In Dying Arms

You taste so familiar  
Yet I can't recall your face  
I know that this was meant to be  
But this life is not for me.  
Don't try to tell me what to do  
My love isn't meant for you  
I'm the one who tells you what to do  
Hold my hand  
Just hold on to my hand  
Your eyes are rolling to the back of your head.  
I'm going in.  
You can't stop me  
I'm going in  
You know you want it.  
The taste of your skin  
Makes me wanna fuck you and fuck you  
And fuck you again  
Fuck  
Just hold on to my hand  
Your eyes are rolling to the back of your head.