

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.