

A Port in Any Storm

It Dies Today

Fearful and numb, I now can accept,
Deceit and dependency are my preeminent assets.
Defined, (defined), a word etched in skin.
Sweet host, (sweet host), I'll feast within.

Oh, how one taste will haunt the senses and my dreams,
I fiend the touch of your flesh, A lust which brings us no end.
Dissolution quenched on fleeting hands, on fleeting hands.

Drowning myself in seas of compromise.
Fair ladies and harlots submerge with this sinking ship.
Black urge, (black urge), I swore to dismiss.
Your minions, (minions), keeps on starving.

Oh, how one taste will haunt the senses and my dreams,
I fiend the touch of your flesh, A lust which brings us no end.
Dissolution quenched on fleeting hands.

One dip of impure blood has left a bitter taste,
Pending a lust which brings us closer to false heaven.

Oh, how one taste, (one taste), will haunt the senses and my dreams,
I fiend the touch of your flesh, A lust which brings us no end.
Dissolution quenched on fleeting hands, fleeting hands.
Oh, how one taste, (one taste), will haunt the senses and my dreams,
I fiend the touch of your flesh, A lust which brings us no end.
Dissolution quenched on fleeting hands, on fleeting hands