

## From Your Lips

Massacre

Well my sun is burning  
In just like a little far away  
Standing closer from me  
You never turn me away  
Butter flies are up your fingers  
Sugarcubes are in your mouth  
Honey trees are made of sweetness  
You told we're going deep inside  
The road the dust and you  
Make me cry and smile  
There's something else that can do  
There's something else that I should try  
Well you know it turned up grey  
That's the colour of my fate  
You know I've tried that sweetest  
Taste the seettest edge of death  
You know I turned so easy  
But You never got me around so  
Better stay away from me