

No Guilt In Pleasure

MS MR

No one on the outside has heard from me in weeks
Wrapped up in the chaos, come too far to recede
Try not to feed the fear within
The moon lives in the lining of your skin
Vice-induced dream
This abandoned abyss
The sinful sings of free bodies being

There should be no, should
No waste, no fear
No guilt in pleasure here
Treasure that's not found but made
Who are we to stay away?
A strange game
Where the only winning move is to engage

These veteran beasts appear to know best
Rotten youth with no regrets
No cowards here, too bold to submit
Season after season, we still can't quit
But it always ends too soon
Wrapped up in rapture, it's just me and you

(x2)

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Sin it seems will seek you out
Lure you in then break you down
And when the day is done
These invisible shells become whole for once
Found myself in others here
What's left to fear?

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Who are, who are we to
Who are, who are we to
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