

you have a history of holding back  
a certain sweetness that I lack  
sensitive till the day of the final strike  
hatred coming on from greater heights

won't you stay away  
I'll pass away a different day  
won't you stay away  
don't hold it against me...

looking down on a rogue this lonely frame  
it's predictable the killing game  
the sickness knows not what feels right  
you gotta hold on to what feels right

won't you stay away  
I'll pass away a different day  
won't you stay away

together it's impossible  
together it's impossible

I see blood on the robe  
cold hearts will still haunt you