

The Margretville Dance

The Prize Fighter Inferno

Between You & Me,
how cautious we have become
Leaving it hooked & off the floor.
To think the better you might have know...with age.
With every breath
you wake a picture instilled the way
I wish you had lived with cause through pain.
No matter, you died the same...Machine.

So tell me like you want to, if you want me too.
(Here they come to rock your body all night)

When who's to blame.
In a matter of fact I might
purely suggest we tell the truth.
From here on out we walk the straight...afraid.
What will they do
should we weather this new reply?
Patiently wait your proper end.
From shameless motive to hollow sin.

Cause I don't want you come around here
I just want you to go.
I just want you to know.

Is this the way you watch the body die?

I don't want your love before you rot.