

Dead Poetic, Lioness

Shes a god in her own right. She dims the room light.
While she moves closer, we all move slower.
Tracing white lines, sipping fine wines.
We remember when purity wasnt dead.

In this darkness I cant remember when we were stable, we were able.

The sex is the lioness, queen of the temple.
I look right in her eyes, then down to her level.

Shell play unstable and let you get away. You get her faded, but not her name.
Youve taken something sacred and made it a game.
Your perversions are wicked and fanning the flame.

In this darkness I cant remember when we were stable, we were able.
In this darkness I cant remember when we were stable, no.

The sex is the lioness, queen of the temple.
I look right in her eyes, then down to her level.

The sex is the lioness queen of the temple.
I look right in her eyes, and then down to her level.
The sex is the lioness queen of the temple.
I look right in her eyes, and then down to her level.

The sex is the liar. The sex is the liar.

The sex is the lioness, queen of the temple.
I look right in her eyes, then down to her level.

The sex is the liar. The sex is the liar.