

Finch, Bitemarks And Bloodstains

"Meier may we be this way forever,
and tell me lover,
what will become of the others?"
Bones, skin, nails and flesh
On a bed of "lack of passion"
A medieval consequence
They worry you with all the talk of how you're not their kind

Now I'm stealing her body
and taking it home
There is always one more fall

Maladjusted you must trust me darling
Subsequently, you see, you deserve more than me
They bury you while wearing garments
Of funeral fire

Now I'm stealing her body
and taking it home
There is always one more fall
Now I'm stealing her body
and taking it home
There is always one more fall

This will hurt you
It's killing me (this is the salt in my side, this is the thorn in my eye)
This will hurt you
It's killing me (this is the salt in my side, this is the thorn in my eye)
This will hurt you
It's killing me (this is the salt in my side, this is the thorn in my eye)
This will hurt you
And I will too, and I will

Bloodlust, bloodlust - for this girl
Bloodloss, bloodloss - for this boy
Bloodlust, bloodlust - for this girl
Bloodloss, bloodloss - for this boy, this boy
Another puncture wound
And once again, forgive my sins

Now I'm stealing her body
and taking it home
There is always one more fall
Now I'm stealing her body
and taking it home (this is forever)
There is always one more fall
This is forever