

The Ashes In Her Breath

Ashbury Heights

You're living in a fog
Of burning leaves
Countess countless venom
Miss disease

Your busy fingers
Have yellow tips
They're always serving
Your busy lips

The ashes in your breath
Taste like cancer
The somber scent of death
You're a poison tip dancer

But still I love you
I love you so much
I could choke on your fumes
But I live for your touch

The state of your lungs
Is the state I'm in
And the air around you
Is getting thin

I don't sleep anymore
Just living the past
'Cause every moment with you
Is gonna be my last

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Taste like cancer
The somber scent of death
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