

Skin

Bella Morte

Willing to die for...
Willing to die for this
And the years keep passing by
Like blurry days, darker
Holding. inseparable. owning.
Claws digging deeper, lodged inside
Beneath the skin it's black as midnight skies
And the years keep passing by
Like blurry days, colder

Untouchable, eroding.
This too will pass on by and by
Beneath the stones we'll rest there
Side by side
And the years keep passing by
Like blurry days, darker
And the years pass by
Like blurry days, colder

Burrow in and tear out the thread
That binds the skin
Take another name
Burrow in as I scream for something more
Nothing else remains
Burrow in a tear out thread
That binds the skin
Take another name
Burrow in as I scream for something more
Reachin - tear - let go