

# Texture Of My Blood

Dillon

Locked door, forgotten key  
Tonight, open up for me  
I am returning home  
Without the slightest hope

Naked and on my knees  
Look as if you're pleased to see  
Me returning home  
Pass me that spark of hope

Let you taste the texture of my blood  
Lacking iron  
Gates to my heart

Opened up the relief  
Time has come for you to see  
Where I'm coming  
What I've been running from

Let you taste the texture of my blood  
Lacking iron  
Gates to my heart

Let you taste the texture of my blood  
Lacking iron  
Gates to my heart

Ah ah oh

I don't know  
How on earth will i ever know

Ah ah oh  
Why don't I know  
How on earth will I ever know?

Gazing through your eyes  
I saw them coming right at you

My superior vena cava  
Inferior to yours