

You're running for the kitchen drawer to find a knife to end me
'Cause if I'm not yours anymore then no-one else shall have me
The mirror broke seven years to go of misery and corrosion
We can watch our kind of love
We gotta a dangerous obsession
And there was a look that froze your eyes
Of irrational destruction
I only saw you through a selfish
Smokescreen of corruption
I fell upon you, threw you down
And out like other flotsam

Body unknown (x3)

Put your photo in my book of bodies
Like a killer counts the notches
Smile about you sometimes
When drawing of the catches
A gallery from the photo-booth
A hundred frozen faces
Body or no, all overthrown
All weary, worn out, wasted

Body unknown (x3)

I clasp your wrist, the edge cuts
Into the little finger
Its not the pain of skin wound
Its the mentalness that lingers
And your hair was wet, torrential tears
I always hear you crying
And I smelled you head, damp like a dog
That smell of damp dogs dying

Body unknown (x3)

You cry
Body unknown
You cry
Body unknown