

# 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 im coming from  
What i've been running from  
I don't 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

Lyrics provided by <http://counterlikes.com/>