

And You Will Know Us by the Trail of Dead, Baud

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Miscellaneous
Baudelaire

The only sin in this world of pain
In this world of shame
In this world of heartache
The only sin in this world unjust
In this world of lust
In this world distrusting
The only sin in this world corrupt
Where passions erupt
And end abrupt
Is a crime
With no great gestures cry
Its eyes, with no great evils shine
Here among all the vicious beasts
With their blood lust feast
Ordained by black priests
Here among poison viper's bite
A police gunfight
In the unknown night
Is a man
With no great master plan
No deadly weapon clutching in his hand
You'll never see the light
In the darkest night
Never see the light
Never see the light
When the boredom comes
If you're one of the boring ones
The only crime in this violent place
With lies two faced
Where loves disgraceful
Crimes committed with sharpened knives
And wasted lives
Of those who are forced
To shove
And murder the peace dove
There is no higher calling from above
You'll never see the light
Quell this appetite
Never see the light
Never see the light
When the boredom comes
When you're one of the boring ones