

Armor For The Broken, Augustine

The queen begs
to still be appreciated
while the empire
stabs her in the back
everybody just relax
blood drips off her dress
onto the ballroom floor
where people dance

I spill out upon the floor
as the walls are closing in
Augustine
we're at our necks again
Augustine
we're next again
Augustine... Augustine... Augustine... (X3)

out in the court yard
the dead roses seem to
bleed and whisper (X2)

I spill out upon the floor
as the walls are closing in
Augustine
we're at our necks again
Augustine
we're next again
Augustine... Augustine... Augustine...