

# Faith And The Muse, Denn Die Toten Reiten Sch

Behold this pale offering  
whose essence feeds your every need  
Entwined, divine in the sleepless heart  
but what's to become of me  
Wake the Walls of Remembrance  
Sing tenderness my silent ones  
Your eyes of wonder  
Shake the walls with this Severance  
Cry bitterness, the passionless  
Stained with dishonor  
Behold this frail offering  
These weighted words fall as Autumn leaves  
Confined and blind in the sleepless heart  
while an audience still deafens me  
Behold this grail offering  
A quickening kiss for those who bleed  
Illumination's price, it is your sleepless heart  
and the gift of voice that sets you free