

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