

H.I.M., The Funeral Of Hearts

Love's the Funeral Of Hearts
and an ode for cruelty,
When angels cry blood
on flowers of evil in bloom,
The Funeral Of Hearts
and a plea for mercy,
when Love is a gun
separating me from you.

She was the sun shining upon
the tomb of your hopes and dreams so frail,
He was the moon painting you
with its glow so vulnerable and pale.

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She was the wind carrying in
all the troubles and fears
you've for years tried to forget,
He was the fire
restless and wild and you were
like a moth to that flame.

The heretic seal beyond divine
Pray to God whos deaf and blind
The last rights for souls on fire
Three little words and a question why

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