

# 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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