

Lords Of The New Church, I Never Believed

(Bator/James)

I searched through all my possessions
You were no longer one of them
Cried out your name in both and fear
But only silence would answer me

Chorus

I never believed it could happen
Sometimes heaven helps the wicked
Controls the demons from which we can't defend
Lonely I misdirect my horror
You've really left me, this time it's not pretend

Chorus

I turn to catch a dying shadow
Your faded image a-haunting me
I slash my eyes out in a Bunuel mood
I cannot see you in someone else's dream