

Magica, Shallow Grave

You're dressed in black
Moon slowly fades
Behind the clouds that greater in
Isn't that a tear
I see
Rolling on your skin?
Isn't that fear?
Your eyes betray the sin

There is no one else around
To hear your crying

Rain is falling on my shallow grave
I'm the one you wouldn't save
Rain is falling on my shallow grave
Again

You won't find forgiveness
Don't even try
You know you will do it soon again
It's not about the blade
That cut open my vein
It is not about the blood
It's the lie we both lived in

But this is the end
Your long black hair covers the fallen leaves
The dark will descend
Over a story that
No one believes
All the wet autumn nights
Are charged with anger, you should behave
While the cold wet wind still bites
My specter hovers above
This shallow grave