

Psychotic Waltz, Halo of Thorns

whispered alone
the song of an angel
echoes of a fallen tear

frayed by the wind
a weed by a willow
withered and yellow
she lays her head to die
lays to die

reading the script
of the play that we lead

christ I'd die again
o' if I could save you now
you knew this had to come
spare me the sacrilege
this play had brought upon us
lay in my dying hour

it feels like I'm

falling, falling
flying, tripping
this crown of kings
this bloody halo bleeds me dry
hear me cry

as in the script
of the play that we lead

so I rise again
much stronger than before
a child sacrifice
let me lay down this bloody cross
we've dragged so far behind us
and close this theatre now

weeping over this crooked cross
lying face down in the blood of saints
just write me out of this play