

# Sentenced, No More Beating As One

She was no longer precious to me  
I guess my hate grew much stronger than my love for her ever did  
(I was) so tired of chasing that person who made me feel loved  
and as we were embracing I cut and spilt the dearest blood

I'm praying for her soul as this blood on my hands stains me whole

You were my life, from you I fed of  
And now parted by knife - the suicide of our love  
So callous and frigid was that stillborn soul  
yet no other half could ever make me whole

You promised: "til death do us part", and then you made a stone of my heart

And with the last rays of the setting sun the loveless pulse fades away  
No more beating as one, no longer burns the flame

Gone are the times when I felt alive  
Gone are those nights with you by my side  
And now here I stand as the shadows grow deep  
With the death on my hand at your grave I weep

We were one yet not the same  
Once passion abundant, now pain

And with the last rays of the setting sun the loveless pulse fades away  
No more beating as one, no longer burns the flame

Love laved with stillness like the grave in my heart  
and all the reasons huddled in your seeping blood

And with the last rays of the setting sun the loveless pulse fades away  
No more beating as one, no longer burns the flame  
And with the last rays of the setting sun she bled her love away  
No more beating as one, no longer burns the flame