

The Bled, Sound Of Sulfur

Waiting for the sun to set my wings ablaze. The show must go on. The funeral needs star. Tonight I have become the gossip and the choir. The useless and the used. The one who reaches for her arms. I am denial. You are the one who fell from grace for them. Is there a reason why? The funeral needs a star. As you walk away for the last time could you hear my heart consumed behind you? As you turn your back from the dying did you feel the sun burn out inside you? You set my wings ablaze. You will run from familiar arms into their embrace. I hope they love you like I did when you needed me and I came for you that night.