

# The Hush Sound, A Dark Congregation

A dark congregation of familiar faces gathered around the quiet earth  
A red rose fell upon the soft snow, prayers were whispered so slow from our mouths  
Our breath rose in the cold like a hundred souls escaping  
Save me, I am swallowed by the guilt of this  
You're gone, sleeping in the dust  
We will not let time erase us  
We are surrounded by all of the quiet sleepers inside the quiet earth  
A fear that I cannot shape - you dared to kiss the face of the night  
Our lips were cold as clay, we couldn't speak anyway  
Save me, I am swallowed by the guilt of this  
You're gone, sleeping in the dust  
We will not let time erase us  
Our breath rose in the cold like a hundred souls  
We, we are alone, I know you're gone  
Save me, I am swallowed by the guilt of this  
You're gone, sleeping in the dust  
We will not let time erase us