

Versailles, Cemetary Man

Searching for the answers of life and death,
Not knowing that the answers lay within.

(De La Morte Asks why)

In a world where the dead,
Out number the living,
De La Morte finds that loves the only thing worth giving,
Death comes on black gilded wings,
Haunting the day and the night,
Of his lovesick dreams.

Rephrase

Nothing he does,
Matters anymore,
Cause loves tender grasp is his nevermore,
Killing makes life and death the same,
He's so sick of this silly game.

Rephrase

So run De La Morte
To the edge of nothing,
Where only death is dark and lurking,
And in this comes sorrows sweet kiss,
Bringing the promise of loves simple bliss.