

Wings Of Scarlet, Cursing The Coward

Whispering secrets of great contempt, hiding from the bleeding winds.
Whispering secrets of great contempt, in a time where ignorance reigns.
They call, they mock, the bastards prey, the bastards pray.

They murdered the one true love.

The one to save to lead the way, so take my hand and walk with me.
She traces the scars with her fingertips, blowing dead flowers miles wide.

As the sun sets and they rejoice, laughing as they f**king burn.
Cursing the coward that we call god, forgetting our outstretched hands.

They murdered the one true love. We are killed in this fading dream.