

Wolfstone, White Gown

You can burn me if you want
to but I won't feel a flame
You can taunt me with your words
but I won't feel ashamed
You can burn your crosses down
until the morning light
You can burn out my brown eyes
but I won't lose my sight

You can cast at me the first stone,
I'll cast it to the floor
You can try to clip my wings,
over mountains I will soar
You can wear your white satin
robes and I will wear my pride
And to hold me back you might
as well hold back the morning tide

Chorus...
With your White Gown, handed down
Fills my heart with pain
With your White Gown, handed down
Fills you up with shame

You can offer me resistance,
I will offer you my hand
For a man who has lost his soul
is like the drifting sand
You can strike me if you want to,
I won't cause you any pain
For as long as you don't carry
scars I won't carry blame

Chorus...

You can burn me if you want
to but I won't feel a flame
You can taunt me with your
words but I won't feel ashamed
You can think of me as running
scared but run it from your mind
I'll stand and look you in the
eye until the end of time