...And You Will Know Us By The Trail Of Dead, A

It was All Saints Day Wind and rain hit my face Ripped apart from lack of grace Now so torn

You never said All of this would end so strange Walk to a church across the bridge Find my shame

Never been the type to confess It all seemed to waste away When your double-tongued mouth opens wide Everybody knows you can't hide forever

November fades Never could put this mind to rest Step in the cold and on the mess Feeling scorned

I found myself Hinting with nothing to give or show Never gave a care until now Now it's late

Never been the type to confess It all seemed to waste away When your double-tongued mouth opened wide Everybody knows you can't hide forever

Pariah prophet faltering way too much Crazed crusades got me in a crux Like a mute without a voice With a bottle in my hand, make some noise

It was All Saints Day...

Crowning of a Heart

Crowning of a heart, textures and shades A bitter London night on the motorway You looked so divine, back in the seat Wicked desires ablaze in me

Back inside the house, into the room Watching as the lights slowly fade from view Couldn't even talk, what could you say? Every thought just racing away

Crowning of a heart, textures and shades Crescents in her eyes as we gaze away