

...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