

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

You're a gargoyle, on this building top.
With your teeth bared, and your claws sharp and ready.
You have seen me, walking, in hatred,
With the sidewalks wet, beneath my feet.
In winter, the trees loom above,
In december, are you trouble prone?
In december, hatred.
In winter, hatred.

A dark shadow, reigns this night,
My eyes shadow, with conviction,
In all noir, you descend,
You go for the kill,
In all noir,
In all noir, you descend,
In all noir, you go for the kill,
In all, noir,
In all noir, you descend,
A dark shadow, reigns this night,
My eyes shadow, with conviction.