

# Autumn Tears, A Shadow Painted White

A rose for the dead ones...  
Sometimes they want to die  
Sometimes they want to live  
When they live they come to me  
When they die they are silent

No tender mercy shall I give as they plead for us  
Without remorse I shall take their lives  
Silently in chaotic passion  
From their impending, mindless presence  
Reaping the emptiness within  
My blackened eyed the last horror they shall see

Damned am I... no  
For there is no damnation my soul hath not taken  
Shall I be swayed in my vengeance  
As time tears open my wounds?  
I think not!