## Blood Has Been Shed, And A Seraphim Cries

now with my voice I call your name and with those hands I reach for you this search is over I covet your taste you are the gift I have longed for

beautiful dreamer sleep eternal and dream of me

a face that follows a face that haunts deprivation awaits but still I ignore what exhumes and destroys my trust and I walk this precipice and I fear the fall

and the two intertwine

there is nothing but you and I be still for I am now your god fall into my arms and weep for me your dying breath a song of love

remember me this body means nothing

my only sin was the longing every object so fleeting you were chosen you were special I pray for innocence you were chosen you were special and once again the hunger begins anew and there is blood on my hands