

Cadaverous Condition, The Lonely Have No Right

gone gone with the summer
gone gone like the summer

our king so beautiful in deep sleep
precious, immaculate dreams encoded in our blood
pure and deep like our love for him
like an angel like an angel with crippled wings

gone gone with the summer
gone gone like the summer

oh my wintertime arriving with the loss of memory
oh my wintertime a streak of black against the grey
oh my wintertime and a longing for the sea
Emily Valentine together we mourn yesterday

you have gone
like the summer
gone away
like the sun

oh younger eyes you have tears sweet as death
at the sight of blood I faint at the sight of my blood
I pass out
you may never know that I could love you, too
you will never know that I sacrifice for you

wake on another shore
wake and summer comes no more