

Calabrese, Voices Of The Dead

Sleep will come when I'm dead
I know that the twilight is the ----- end of death
----- so dark and bright
Now the teeth in our mouth's
Covered in her blood

When you know you have no friends,
you listen to the dead.
They tell us where to go,
Back into the world where no one knows you're alive
Your blood, we are here

We've opened doorways,
that we could never close.
Walked a path that no one had warned me
Incantations of the unknown
We are victims when we are alone

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