

# Circle Of Dead Children, Sons Of Nameless

Could you imagine if I were to spill emotions down upon you?

The streets would flood

Eyes torn and acid scathed and bright crimson visionary of the apocalypse

Randomly place my guilt on your back

With the hands of surgeon

Could you take the thorn in my side?

I prayed for yours

I prayed for yours

No way to torture me that I have not yet dealt onto myself

When you cut your wrists veins to my mouth for your sickness would make me elated

Cut your wrists on the toasting glass

A toast to my happiness

The crystal image that I broke

When bone burns

When clouds spin

Hate this sin, hate this sin, hate this sin

The vision your soul holds... did you forget to grasp it?

You'll learn to love again

I never forgot

Mouth full

My lungs are sinking

With a new coat of self-esteem I'll go out tomorrow and stalk your dreams

I prayed for yours

I prayed for yours

I prayed for your dreams