

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