

Death In June, Come Before Christ And Murder L

Drown me with your sorrow
Taint me with your treason
To find your god is hollow
Brings death to all reason

Wolf grey adonis
A cruel life dawns
Curse me with obsessiveness
Futility and scorn

Moved to speak?
You made your choice
We had our chance
And lost our voice

Your alleyway, your terror
Glistens in despair
Dead meat and error
The only crown I'll wear

From the ashes of liars
Grow the flowers of hope
From the steeples and spires
Hang each tear from a rope

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You made your choice
We had our chance
And lost our voice