

# Death In June, Hollows Of Devotion

And I shall your eyes  
Into tears  
When all that's left  
Are the hollows of devotion  
And, out of vision  
We shall bring  
The void  
Crowned with hoods  
And crying with hope  
Eagle on arm  
And terror in eye  
Resist and struggle  
Your faith is a lie  
And, the death of dreams  
Shall be a beautiful end  
With flowers of filth  
And wine and fine men  
Certains slips of the tongue  
Are laced with disappointment  
With disappointment  
From start to end  
Confront me with your dream  
And lives so cruel I curse  
And, I shall turn your eyes  
Into tears  
When all that's left  
Are the hollows of devotion  
And, out of vision  
We shall bring  
The void  
Crowned with hoods  
And crying with hope  
And, the death of dreams  
Shall be a beautiful end  
With flowers of filth  
And wine and fine men