

Eisley, Blackened Crown

A face broken upstairs,
I fall down,
Tumbling I lose my ground,
Paint my hair a blackened crown.
Lift my head as I cry out...

Did you hear me hollar at you,
to come save me I'm in danger,
my pearls have fallen into mud,
And you are too late.

This breath,
Precious to you knocked from me,
Taken so faintly and,
I never feel 'till it's too late.

Did you hear me hollar at you,
to come save me I'm in danger,
my pearls have fallen into mud,
And you are too late.