

Faith And The Muse, The Silver Circle

Come to life my deviltry
Possess this poor company
Our secret be benefit
Their unhappy lack of it
Awaken my trusting friend
My undisturbed reflection
So fluid your beauty
All gears and teeth

Come Alive

Come to life my second skin
To protect the madness locked within
Yet I know a place where we can touch in tongues
Though words did betray us
Did bury our past
Cry blasphemy
Cancer masters instinct
Sad passive release

Come Alive

Take my dear ones
The use of this spell may serve too well
Our mouth is our chalice
Our tongue our sword
And truth holds a dozen doors
One thrown open wide shall yield one more
Yet mystery remains above their eyes

Come Alive