Fear Before The March Of Flames, Given To Dre

(she cried when she found it...its feathers were matted and pressed to its side, its wings were no lo
the devils in the daughters room

there will be no second knife
(i will look into his eyes)
there will be no second knife

she reached.....
for a dream.....

and he smiled as he watched her she was ever so beautiful in sleep
like father (his son made in his image)
her eyelids gently closed the lids concealing her dreams
he stood over her bed

one deep stab kill the hourglass
(let the sand leak slowly from its body draw out the time until it breathes its last)

spilling
why
spilling
why
spilling
why
spilling...