

Left Hand Solution, The Bleeding

[words & music: Barthold]

Trees cut the wounded sky
Of autumn it hangs dead
Clouded in silver
Of autumn it hangs dead

Like a voice from within begging me to stay
The same as the one telling me to get away

Deep in my heartache
Scattered like leaves lies love's light
Gather me up
And hold me through the night

Like a voice from within begging me to stay
The same as the one telling me to get away

Your beauty is a wound in me
Serene in virginity