

Orphanage, Veils Of Blood

In the beginning I read the signs of decay
I was not to know what would come over me today
At the arrival of the train my body arrived
It could have been me and my mind was revived
The key of solutions is right in my hand
I've seen the tomb in which that urn stands
My coming days are ruled by death
Maria, why these veils of blood?
Or am I of that little faith?
As I struggled through the corridors of my overactive
imagination, or paranoia as some might say,
the ultimate truth overwhelmed me:
Like a fly in a web she had trapped me
I am doomed...doomed...