

Pristina, Blackberry

A gentleman comes calling
She says "Leave him at the door
Let's dark out the world
And lay our cards down on the floor."
The cups are overflowing
And the crowns are set with sin
But the game is in her favor
Cause her deck is stacked to win

You can't fight forever
She'll throw you down be warned
And your will catches fire
When she takes you in her arms

Her open invitations
Ring bells inside your head
You'll reach for her unconscious
Of all the hell you'll catch instead
She'll take all that you give her
Till theres nothing left to mourn
Cause she's the crow that flies away at dawn
To shelter in the devil's horns

In order to forget her
You trade the pain for war
Till it doesn't even matter
What it is you're fighting for

She gave you what she promised
And that's nothing at all
All her suitors smile grimly
Pacing down her empty halls
Her house becomes a graveyard
With cards to mark your tombs
The broken looms weave empty rooms
That smell like ghosts and shallow wounds

You paid her price, remember
Then you let her lock the door
Now there is nothing you can do
But wring your hands
And count the score