

# 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