

Tarot, Bleeding Dust

There's magic in seven virgins
After you've gone through a million whores
All the longing is still for nothing
And our time gets cut short

Lead me out of despair
It never leaves my stare

Roses withering in graveyards
How useless gestures can be?
No dreams ever came from the ground
There's nothing here for you to see

Lead me out of despair
It never leaves my stare

Stab me, I'm bleeding dust
Feeding the wind
Bleeding dust
I hope you choke

Crawling in the cathedrals
Revere the emptiness of all
Hanging in the web of echoes
The mother stalks you from the wall

Lead me out of despair
It never leaves my stare

It stays to haunt my stare

Stab me, I'm bleeding dust
Feeding the wind
Bleeding dust
I hope you choke

Remind me now
I'm dead, but how
The walk is long
Directions wrong