

# The Agony Scene, We Bury Our Dead At Dawn

Their whispers become like cries  
Tears fall from blinded eyes  
Ninty nine have burned as embers  
Ninty nine have lost their lives  
Tired arms now fight for life  
Amidst the crashing waves they're drowning  
Will you hold me until mornings light  
And I'll tell you what it's like to die

Tonight it's too late to cry now  
She sees her face and screams was once so beautiful  
Now kissed by flames and showered with glass  
So beautiful, yet so cruel

The way love tends to be  
Her beauty so cruel  
The way love tends to be  
Her beauty so cruel  
The way love tends to be

Will you hold me until mornings light  
And I'll tell you what it's like to die  
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