

The Veils, The leavers dance

Berenice

My hands and feet are worn

As much as yours are

And though my head, my hands, my heart are forming

They still feel worlds apart

Berenice

Beneath it all you're golden

And that's all I'm feeding on

And though my head, my hands are growing colder

We move in circles now

Berenice there's no release at all

That's not worth dying for

Berenice

My hands and feet are worn

As much as yours are

Berenice

There's no release at all

That's not worth dying for

And it's not for our desires but our design that we all fall apart

Berenice

There's no release at all

That's worth all this crying for

Berenice

There's no release at all

'cause we all fall down