

# Type O Negative, September Sun

September sun glowing golden hair  
Now keep in mind son she was never there  
Octobers rust bisecting black storm clouds  
Only the deaf hear my silent shouts

Yet in the dark still he screams your name  
Nights living death with witch rhymes insane  
Ten years amassed para toda mi vida?  
Lost man in time was his name Peter

September sun rotted flat bush porch  
I would have run then had I known the cost  
Autumnal rays turned your eyes to stone  
Did it give you pleasure to steal my soul?

Leave her alone  
I said leave her alone

Me? I know why