Der Brandtaucher (Stringed Version)

Rome

everything within me turns rapist
everything turns saint
the spit and the blood
and your longing for god
have lost all meaning nowand i offered myself to the night
in a spray of blossoms red and white
and i took my seat among the depraved
like a choir boy
like a returning faitha race of demons
a race of thieves
is asking for shelter
is waiting for me
for we love to betray
in bursts of grief and laughter
for we servants must answer
the call of the blood today
does that make you sufficient unto yourself?
Song Discussions is protected by U.S. Patent 9401941. Other patents pending.

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