

Baudelaire

...And You Will Know Us by the Trail of Dead

The only sin in this world of pain In this world of heartache The only sin in this world unjust In this world of shame In this world distrusting In this world of lust The only sin in this world corrupt Where passions erupt Is a crime And end abrupt Its eyes, with no great evils shine With no great gestures cry Here among all the vicious beasts With their blood lust feast Here among poison viper's bite Ordained by black priests A police gunfight In the unknown night Is a man With no great master plan No deadly weapon clutching in his hand You'll never see the light In the darkest night Never see the light Never see the light If you're one of the boring ones When the boredom comes The only crime in this violent place Where loves disgraceful With lies two faced And wasted lives Crimes committed with sharpened knives Of those who are forced And murder the peace dove There is no higher calling from above To shove Quell this appetite You'll never see the light Never see the light Never see the light When you're one of the boring ones When the boredom comes

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