

From Behind the Blinding Sun

Saline Grace

Where a carnal shell so sadly groans
A ghost of love the thirsting mind does wish
We all create rooms in a room that coerces us
A swampland bears a lovers weeping
His yearning, a beggars room of memory
We all create rooms in a room that coerces us
Tales arise from behind the blinding sun
Withered roses tell an unheard story
Whispering ugly truths from Mother Earth
An unloved harlot that unloved lover kisses
He lusts for illusions of the unleashed soul
We all create rooms in a room that coerces us
Where poorness shouts the harlot is driven
Her face, just dead stonework of cold disdain
We all create rooms in a room that coerces us
Tales arise from behind the blinding sun
Withered roses tell an unheard story
Whispering ugly truths from Mother Earth
But moneybags do rule in twilight castles
High there almighty walls blare out a threat
We all create rooms in a room that coerces us
Tales arise from behind the blinding sun
Withered roses tell an unheard story
Whispering ugly truths from Mother Earth

Lyrics provided by

<https://damnllyrics.com/>