Dying Kind

Cindergarden

Closer darling
we're the dying the kind
lucid, feel me
touch where I am blind
In the shadow that you make
In the serpent that you wake
Says the bell of every tower
You take a piece of power
Closer darling
through our deep disguise
waking underneath
the darkest skies
In the shadow that you make
In the serpent that you wake
Says the bell of every tower
You take a piece of power
Closer, find me
through, we seek and hide
quiet soldiers
to the other side
In the shadow that you make
In the serpent that you wake
Says the bell of every tower

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