

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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