

Alchemy Sounded Good At The Time

Alesana

'Twas the oldest story in the book
He desires the one thing he cannot have
My darling queen, I lay myself at your feet
And I shall stay the hands of fate
Wind cries out, heavens boil above
Voicing discontent to my sins
I have found the way to trick the ferryman
I have deceived the ancient gods
Cold flesh lends to me
Its secrets for a price too high
I shudder at what I have done
Each day brings me closer to you
My tragic victory
Darling queen, I lay at your feet
Chills take me as she wakes
Throat gasps tainted breath
I've reclaimed you my stolen bride
Can your soul forgive my crimes of passion?
I would not close the casket
I'm so consumed by your pain
Faint screams echo through the night
Cold flesh lends to me
Its secrets for a price too high
I shudder at what I have done
Each day brings me closer to you
My tragic victory
The pains of death can no longer haunt you
As the dawning sky brings forth one forsaken thought
Death can not win for I now dwell in the palace of decay
And I shall stay the hands of fate
Night descends, sinews twitch
My pale queen finally stands
To taste silent lips
Now cursed with her love
Cold flesh lends to me
Its secrets for a price too high
I shudder at what I have done
Each day brings me closer to you
My tragic victory

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