Thorns

Demon Hunter

Bitter thoughts became your every waking breath
Save the nights, your hollow dreams revealed the sweet release of death
In your thoughts you played a symphony of self
But your soul had bled a darker song of close to nothing leftOh, the deliverance of blade and flame, your love
And greater is the bloodYou'll find it in the veil of night where solitude is born
In the emptiness of broken flesh, at the mercy of the thorns
You'll find it in the veil of night where solitude is born
In the emptiness of broken flesh, at the mercy of the thornsEvery line a path into an empty heart
Where the words of now forgotten
Love fall silent in the darkOh, the deliverance of blade and flame, your love
And greater is the bloodYou'll find it in the veil of night where solitude is born
In the emptiness of broken flesh, at the mercy of the thorns
You'll find it in the veil of night where solitude is born
In the emptiness of broken flesh, at the mercy of the thornsSister, don't you sleep through your own eulogy
Don't sever what you are for what you couldn't beYou'll find it in the veil of night where solitude is born
In the emptiness of broken flesh, at the mercy of the thorns
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