Cold Hands

Flevans

How I regret what I must do
But you've left me no choice
Though I still strain
I can't recall the beauty of your fey voice
Now that I've heard come through the walls
A song I've heard many times
I must return all you gave me
In the company of swine
We had found sacred ground
Oh, we had found sacred ground
You burn down
I thought you sang so tastefully
But now I see I was wrong
Your serenade turns to filth when I leave
So, please cut the love song
How I regret what I must do
But you must be replaced
For I cannot go on suffering
Such simple and common tastes
When you met my eyes
You sang to me of passion, pain and will
When I blinked you turned away
To kiss the hand of filth
We had found sacred ground
Oh, we had found sacred ground
I'll burn down
I thought you sang so tastefully
But now I see I was wrong
Your serenade turns to filth when I leave
So, please cut the love song
Tell me, who will hear your voice
Your song, when the smoke has cleared
And the lights are gone?
Tell me, who appears when I'm gone
I thought you sang so tastefully
But now I see I was wrong
Your serenade turns to filth when I leave
So, please cut the love song
I thought you sang so tastefully

I see I was wrong
This serenade turns to filth when I leave
So, please cut the love song, cut the love song

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