

If Crimson Was Your Colour

Witchcraft

Within the darkest hour, whoa where the dragon releases its power
They feel the urge to meet, yeah to share and intertwine
Lead the leader of the water, men and demons are soon
The killer grants his grace, they are reflections of the master's face

The night is young and fresh
Whoa the scent of macabre on it's breath
Scattered they form a pattern
To be seen from the sky yeah

If crimson was your colour, could your conscience bear your soul
Will you paint the place with murder, spirits breath so cool

Oh they are cowards falling from their own days
Infants raiding bet is raiding with hey
Rounding up and marching into the womb
Catatonic spending time unseen

Oh the husband slaves

Lyrics submitted by Kyle Goebel.

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