Sirens In Filth

Novembre

Bitterness blows in the heart
Like chilly draughts in the hall
Of a crystal castle
Lost among clouds made of goldThose anxieting visions
Images behind frozen windows
Make my eyes bleed
Ebony bloodWhen the silvergray fluid shall crack reality's walls
Mixing with blood and filth as sirens swimming in pitchWhen the sweet arcades of these desperate our owns
Trickle down upon yhe misery of this dead everyday lifeLike pitch on your wings
Like a child lost in a war
Like dark paint upon a shiny picture
Like dirty sperm on a toyAnd whwn the new star will shine of its own black
And there will be nowhere to shelter
Maybe they'll understand who we are
What we'll always cry for

Song Discussions is protected by U.S. Patent 9401941. Other patents pending.

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