

Crowning of a Heart

...And You Will Know Us By the Trail of Dead

Crowning of a heart, textures and shades
A bitter London night on the motorway
You looked so divine, back in the seat
Wicked desires ablaze in meBack inside the house, into the room
Watching as the lights slowly fade from view
Couldn't even talk, what could you say?
Every thought just racing away.Crowning of a heart, textures and shades
Crescents in her eyes as we gazed away

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