# Curse of The Virgin Canvas

## Alesana

(I am here to tell you a story.
A story that will torture your thoughts by day and poison your dreams by night.
And though I will do my best, there are no words
That can be written nor brush strokes laid on canvas
That can describe the stark and utter horror of the night that Annabel died.
The emptiness will haunt you.)This is a nightmare, is my Annabel really gone?
My eyes are stung by daylight, I find it hard to breathe.
Her body teases me as the sun reveals the dawn.
The smell of blood still crawls, I kiss you softly goodbye.Baby, lay in my arms and cuddle me close.
Soon this will be just an awful memory...
Will I ever be able to sleep again?My angel lie to me and tell me I'm dreaming.
(Please wake me up, please wake me).
A girl like you will always be such a tragic part of me.
(Oh ecstasy you torture me).I watch the blood drip from the corners of your mouth.
Your icy flesh is lying, your pallid skin still glows.
I'm starting to believe what my eyes are seeing now.
You're still so beautiful and yet so morbidly still.Baby, lay in my arms and cuddle me close.
Soon this will be just an awful memory...
Will I ever be able to sleep again?My angel lie to me and tell me I'm dreaming.
(Please wake me up, please wake me).
A girl like you will always be such a tragic part of me.
(Oh ecstasy you torture me).Sweet revenge... He will pay (my!), he will pay (dear!)
Empty eyes accuse a face so evil, I'm coming undone.
The mirror says it all, a crimson story of innocence lost.
Empty eyes accuse a face so evil, I'm coming undone.
What have I done to her?So terribly memory returns of her struggle, of her screams, of her.
Lord forgive me!
My stomach heaves as I see the blood that covers me.
Blood that was once hers.
I'm a monster!Such an awful memory... Will I ever be able to sleep again?My angel lie to me and tell me I'm dreaming.
(Please wake me up, please wake me).
A girl like you will always be such a tragic part of me.
(Oh ecstasy you torture me).Sweet revenge... I will pay (my!), I will pay (dear!)(A mirror never lies.
They know.
Everybody knows.
Do you not see what they see?
A mirror never lies.

I see what they see. Everybody knows. Everybody knows.)

Songwriters
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