Love.

The Chariot

Victim, my friend, get out! Dancing and shaking and most of all, electric.
Lights on: Lights off. Everyone hit the ground. she was beautiful like cancer.
She was beautiful, but she helped you into the ground. Mayday! Mayday!
A heart-shaped enemy, never underestimate. Samson was impressed as well. I helped you carry all the dead folks that we knew, but you fell in love. You fell asleep and strait into the ground she marches on, one by one.
I open up the earth and let myself in. I bleed into the dirt, all in all, my friend, I am giving in. Wake up! She marches on one by one. she is the wind, the setting sun. death in death, love lost. They lost their voice in the choir.

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