

Procession

45 Grave

Every night you can hear a sound
Pulsating all around
Every night you can hear a sound
A sound that won't go down
Late at night, she awakes
Arising from her tomb
Late at night, she walks the streets
And comes in search of you
Black flowers, black dress
White faces are for her
When the procession of love goes by
They search for you
Late at night, she awakes
Arising from her tomb
Late at night, she walks the streets
She comes in search of you
Late at night, she walks alone
Preparing for her feast
Bitches in black, creatures of lust
With the pain that they unleash
Black flowers, black dress
White faces are for her
When the procession of love goes by
They search for you
Black flowers, black dress
White faces are for her
When the procession of love goes by
They search for you
Black flowers, black dress
White faces are for her
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When the procession of love goes by
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