

Eumenides

Esben and the Witch

These good hearts
Are faling fast
With these black marks
So far inscribed
A vicissitude
Scores your palm
A soul bequeathed
To martyrdom
Chevalier to which I'm bound
Pulls me
I don't blame you x2
For we are men
Who seek to undo themselves x2
Again These tumults turn to frenzied fights
Inside this addled mind
Breeding gall and wormwood
To me make me feel maligned
Thous shalt find judges
You will find acquaintances Be quiet, cursed wolf!
For the sinners bark...(Uncontrollable, inconsolable, horses...) Silver bullets
For sinners bark
Silver bullets
For sinners' hearts Silver bullets
For sinners bark
Silver Bullets
For broken hearts

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

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