

# 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  
AgainThese 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 acquaintancesBe quiet, cursed wolf!  
For the sinners bark...(Uncontrollable, inconsolable, horses...)Silver bullets  
For sinners bark  
Silver bullets  
For sinners' heartsSilver bullets  
For sinners bark  
Silver Bullets  
For broken hearts

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

Lyrics provided by  
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