Armistice

Centuries

Coat of black, coat of black
Weary waiting, weary waiting

I turn out the light, we kiss goodnight
And weary waiting
Weary waiting to come closer
Closer to where we belong

Outside the city children brandish
Sharp their knives
Sharpen knives and come closer
Closer to where we belong

If you'll be weak then I'll be strong
When the night is long, oh

Trust all the years you'll wait to find
This man who's loved you your whole life
So come closer
Closer to where we belong

Just close your eyes, let those foxes fight
The children of this city sharp their knives
Come closer
Closer to where we belong

And if I be weak, won't you be strong?
When the night is long

If I'll be weak
Chomreedhoo, chomreedhoo
When the night is long

Close your eyes, let the foxes fight
Close your eyes
Come closer to where we belong
Where we belong

When the night is long
When the night is long

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