Lions (Live in Chicago)

William Fitzsimmons

And after the rains came
And washed out her remnantAnd again for traces
Of bloodlines in facesAnd you remind me of the breath
That I drew for you
The shadow of a ghostThere's lions between us
They'll cut us to pieces
And before the sun came
Forgotten her old nameAnd you remind me of the breath
That I drew for you
The shadow of a ghostNo more

Songwriters

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