

# 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  
When the procession of love goes by  
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Black flowers, black dress  
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When the procession of love goes by  
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