

Joastelle

They Ate Isengard

Don't know, it's just been so quiet lately when you're around,
I've seem to've lost myself completely this time, but I don't mind
She is full of expectations I could never satisfy
I can hear her exhalation and can only fantasize
There's a room full of people but there's nobody home
The curtain's on the floor, the good ones die alone And as we gathered all the silver from the snow,
There was a moment when the moonlight hit our plough,
And we bled There's our only fear floating up the stairs,
Hold your hand in mine, sway away the night Joastelle, It's like the heavens never cared enough

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