Servants To The Night

Arsis

I remember, the kiss of shame.
The hopeless greed that once united
Our paths from earth to the wretched night.
Now we are closer to hell than to wholeness.Forever in lustful disdain.
The drowning heart shall always remain,
In fear of our lustful disdain.
These eyes shall drown in shame.In the light of our blindness,
Servants to the night, we are.
Bleeding for our hearts' reprisal,
Servants to the night we are.A heart condemned to treachery.
Thick are the rivers of hopeless greed.
Three words to bind madness and mourn the loss of self.I remember, the kiss of shame.
The hopeless greed that once united
Our paths from earth to the wretched night.
Now we are closer to hell than to wholeness.Forever in lustful disdain.
The drowning heart shall always remain,
In fear of our lustful disdain.
These eyes shall drown in shame.In the light of our blindness,
Servants to the night we are.
Bleeding for our hearts' reprisal,
Servants to the night we are.Lost words, heaven-less.
Servants to the night, we are.
In the light of our blindness,
Servants to the night, we are.Servants to the night.
Servants to the night.

Songwriters
MALONE, JAMES ROBERT/MALONE, JAMES ROBERTPublished by
Lyrics Â© Warner/Chappell Music, Inc. Song Discussions is protected by U.S. Patent 9401941. Other patents pending.

Lyrics provided by
https://damnlyrics.com/