

Lunar

Priestess

you let him fold
she watched him go
never to see him again with coloured strides
you lead the march
turning malice to dust why should we waste a shadow's breath
for those who choose to run
if you can't stand to take this heart onto your hand
just let it go this moon the flames will rise
without her by your side
cuts his hand and wipes the blood
who'll discover the dead there is no line between the weak and those who choose to run
if you can't stand to take this heart into your hand if you can't stand to take this heart onto your hand
just let it go
just let it go
just let it go pick up the pieces and end what you started
he-he-he-he-here

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