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 downLate at night, she awakes
Arising from her tomb
Late at night, she walks the streets
And comes in search of youBlack flowers, black dress
White faces are for her
When the procession of love goes by
They search for youLate at night, she awakes
Arising from her tomb
Late at night, she walks the streets
She comes in search of youLate at night, she walks alone
Preparing for her feast
Bitches in black, creatures of lust
With the pain that they unleashBlack flowers, black dress
White faces are for her
When the procession of love goes by
They search for youBlack flowers, black dress
White faces are for her
When the procession of love goes by
They search for youBlack flowers, black dress
White faces are for her
When the procession of love goes by
They search for youBlack flowers, black dress
White faces are for her
When the procession of love goes by
They search for you

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