

Cold Hands

Aepiel

How I regret what I must do
But you've left me no choice
 Though I still strain
I can't recall the beauty of your fey voice
Now that I've heard come through the walls
 A song I've heard many times
I must return all you gave me
 In the company of swine
 We had found sacred ground
Oh, we had found sacred ground
 You burn down
I thought you sang so tastefully
 But now I see I was wrong
Your serenade turns to filth when I leave
 So, please cut the love song
 How I regret what I must do
 But you must be replaced
 For I cannot go on suffering
Such simple and common tastes
 When you met my eyes
You sang to me of passion, pain and will
 When I blinked you turned away
 To kiss the hand of filth
 We had found sacred ground
Oh, we had found sacred ground
 I'll burn down
I thought you sang so tastefully
 But now I see I was wrong
Your serenade turns to filth when I leave
 So, please cut the love song
 Tell me, who will hear your voice
Your song, when the smoke has cleared
 And the lights are gone?
 Tell me, who appears when I'm gone
I thought you sang so tastefully
 But now I see I was wrong
Your serenade turns to filth when I leave
 So, please cut the love song
I thought you sang so tastefully

I see I was wrong
This serenade turns to filth when I leave
So, please cut the love song, cut the love song

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