

The Dream Is Dead

Type O Negative

Champagne glass of blood and wine
On chocolate hearts alone I dine
Candles weeping waxin' tears
Ten for roses each one a year
Disappear, yea
Arrows fester in my heart
Each memory another dart
Love and death both colored red
Showing my past, the dream is dead
The dream is dead, yea
With 'other lonely Valentine's day
I can't believe that things turned out this way
An' though I hate to see you go
I know it must be so
Another lonely Valentine's day
Nobody will break your fall
All for none, yeah, none for all
Nothings so cruel as the truth
Join the festival of fools
Nobody will break your fall
All for one, yeah, none for all
Nothings so cruel as the truth
Join the festival my fools
Another lonely Valentine's day
I can't believe that things turned out this way
An' though I hate to see you go
I know it must be so
Another lonely Valentine's day
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