Das Feuerordal

Rome

Romedas feuerordalswear never to be gentle
to always be unkind
for love is hard to handle
for love will rob you blind
the burden of saintliness
the temptation to kneel
the mute fear of being caught
in vapours of sinwe who sing of the void
we who burn with love
so strangely plaintive
so strangely complete
in a few drunken hours
in a few hasty words
from our watering mouths
lose all we came here for
if you were mine
i'd blush a little and die

Song Discussions is protected by U.S. Patent 9401941. Other patents pending.

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