

Blood Like Wine

Balthazar

How long since I got some sleep
How long since she grew her hair to keep
The night from getting colder for

The owl living upon her shoulderCause one way or the other she will drink my blood like wine

The only question left is whether that day the horns will sound

And one way or the other it will keep me dragging on
For hell knows how longAnd now the carnival band is gone

This land reaching from the riverside where it begins to the hour where it ends

It belongs to me or at least that's what she pretendsAnd one way or the other she will drink my blood like wine

The only question left is whether that day the horns will sound

And one way or the other it will keep me dragging on
For hell knows how longLike the oldest was sent ahead of the other

In the middle of a small town where everybody sleeps with friend and enemy one after the other

Yeah baby, that's where we were born for each otherRaise your glass to the nighttime and the ways

To choose a mood and have it replaced [x6]

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