

The Funeral of Hearts

Him

love's the funeral of hearts
an ode for cruelty
when angels cry blood
on flowers of evil in bloomThe funeral of hearts
And a plea for mercy
When love is a gun
Separating me from youShe was the sun
Shining upon
The tomb of your hopes and dreams so frail
He was the moon
Painting you
With it's glow so vulnerable and paleLove's the funeral of hearts
And an ode for cruelty
When angels cry blood
On flowers of evil in bloomThe funeral of hearts
And a plea for mercy
When love is a gun
Separating me from youShe was the wind, carrying in
All the troubles and fears you've for years tried to forget
He was the fire, restless and wild
And you were like a moth to that flameThe heretic seal beyond divine
A prayer to a god who's deaf and blind
The last rites for souls on fire
Three little words and a question, why?Love's the funeral of hearts
And an ode for cruelty
When angels cry blood
On flowers of evil in bloomThe funeral of hearts
And a plea for mercy
When love is a gun
Separating me from you

Songwriters

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