

Hollows of Devotion

Death In June

And I shall your eyes
 Into tears
 When all that's left
Are the hollows of devotion
 And, out of vision
 We shall bring
 The void
 Crowned with hoods
 And crying with hope
 Eagle on arm
 And terror in eye
 Resist and struggle
 Your faith is a lie
 And, the death of dreams
 Shall be a beautiful end
 With flowers of filth
 And wine and fine men
 Certains slips of the tongue
Are laced with disappointment
 With disappointment
 From start to end
 Confront me with your dream
 And lives so cruel I curse
 And, I shall turn your eyes
 Into tears
 When all that's left
Are the hollows of devotion
 And, out of vision
 We shall bring
 The void
 Crowned with hoods
 And crying with hope
 And, the death of dreams
 Shall be a beautiful end
 With flowers of filth
 And wine and fine men