

A Thorn For Every Heart

"Curse The Sun"

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Curse The Sun
Her setting sun will never rise.
Watch as the flames consume.
She's drowning under her burning halos.
Never to breathe again.
This is where the lonely go to rest their heads.
On the cold gates of hell.
Her world crumbles without a trace.
The blank expression says it all.
Tonight we'll set it all ablaze.
Tomorrow this will all be gone.
Frayed edged photographs.
As frail as these rusty hands.
Now turn to dust.
As the fires consume her every move.
I'm still waiting to bid farewell to this world.
This is where the lonely go to rest their head.
On the cold gates of hell.
I'm starting this war.
To cleanse myself.
Of everything you've ever thrown at me.
This is where the lonely go to rest their heads.
Her setting sun will never rise.
Watch as the flames consume.
She's drowning under her burning halos.
Never to breathe again.

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