

A.F.I. "Story At Three"

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Again and again they blend into one, my
Father the morning pushes through my moonlight love,
so what's sleep
(Sleep)
Sleep
(Whoa)
I'm tired, so tired, so tired
But it seems that there's someone here with me

We are the wakeful, wry and watchful, we're awaiting
(Deathless ones)
We are the wakeful, wry and watchful, we're awaiting
(Deathless ones)

A story at three with the shrillest of cries, my
Mind fights with the sparkles in the corner of my eyes,
so what's sleep
(Sleep)
Sleep
(Whoa)
I'm tired, so tired, so tired
But it seems that there's someone here with me

We are the wakeful, wry and watchful, we're awaiting
(Deathless ones)
We are the wakeful, wry and watchful, we're awaiting
(Deathless ones)

We are the wakeful, wry and watchful, we're awaiting
(Deathless ones)
We are the wakeful, wry and watchful, we're awaiting
(The deathless ones)

I hear the mourning choir
Sing to me
Their elegy
I hear the mourning choir
Sing to me
Their elegy

(Sing to me)
I hear the mourning choir

(So beautiful)
(Sing to me)
Their elegy
(Beauty)
(Sing to me)
I hear the mourning choir
(Ah, they sing to me)
(Sing to me)
Their elegy
(Requiem)
I hear the mourning choir
Sing to me
Their elegy

We are the wakeful, wry and watchful, we're awaiting
(Deathless ones)
We are the wakeful, wry and watchful, we're awaiting
(Deathless ones)

We are the wakeful, wry and watchful, we're awaiting
(Deathless ones)
We are the wakeful, wry and watchful, we're awaiting
(The deathless ones)

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