

ASG

"A Number To Murder To"

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As the smoke retreating through the snow
An open door
Foot prints trail by crimson life no more
The skin is cold
Search lights beam to the coast
And ohh
Falls with the tide low

Thoughts from your killer dance my way
Thoughts from your killer dance my way

Way x 3
Marble stones are cast across the shore
Are colorful
Tales of lin of grey the sea alone
Are comin home
I don't know when you go
And ohh
Fells like a lost soul

Thoughts from your killer dance my way
Thoughts from your killer dance my way

Way x3

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