

Buried In Verona

"Cut Wrists And Sinking Ships"

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This tragedy of the rising sun marks the curse of
another day without you
The dream betrays, day by day it's sails far away
Pull the wings of butterflies and turn the water black
I carve your name across my chest as we looked down
from the cliffs
And threw our bodies down, down upon the rocks
And if I ever wake, tie this anchor around my neck
I will not sink without you, I'll sink alone
I dream of cutting wrists aboard your sinking ships
I'll burn the cities down to kiss those poison lips
I dream of cutting wrists aboard your sinking ships
I'll burn the cities down to kiss those poison lips
This tragedy of the rising sun marks the curse of
another day without you
I dream of cutting wrists aboard your sinking ships
I'll burn the cities down to kiss those poison lips
The sun cannot bleach my soul nor the tides wash it
away
The sun cannot bleach my soul nor the tides wash it
away

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