

The Bled

"Sound of Sulfer"

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Waiting for the sun to set my wings ablaze.
The show must go on.
The funeral needs a star.
Tonight I have become the gossip and the choir.
The useless and the used.
The one who reaches for her arms.
I am denial.
You are the one who fell from grace for them.
Is there a reason why?
The funeral needs a star.
As you walk away for the last time
could you hear my heart consumed behind you?
As you turn your back from the dying
did you feel the sun burn out inside you?
You set my wings ablaze.
You will run from familiar arms into their embrace.
I hope they love you like I did when you needed me and
I came
for you that night.

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