

Faith And The Muse "Silver Circle"

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Come to life my deviltry Possess this poor company
Our secret be benefit Their unhappy lack of it
Awaken my trusting friend My undisturbed reflection
So fluid your beauty All gears and teeth

Come Alive

Come to life my second skin To protect the madness
locked within
Yet I know a place where we can touch in tongues
Though words did betray us Did bury our past Cry
blasphemy
Cancer masters instinct Sad passive release

Come Alive

Take my dear ones The use of this spell may serve too
well
Our mouth is our chalice Our tongue our sword
And truth holds a dozen doors One thrown open wide
shall yield one more
Yet mystery remains above their eyes

Come Alive

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