

## Gallows

### "Cross Of Lorraine"

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You could never understand what it took for me to be  
your man  
At home in the ice and pines, black nights filled with  
struggled sights  
Some things are better left unsaid, if that were true,  
then I'd be dead  
More sad nights at the hospital, fever swarming around  
my collarbone

Always waiting for the death of the death of love  
Get up, get up, you know it's true  
Always waiting for the death of the death of love

Old ghosts pushing us apart, anthrax rays and a heavy  
heart  
Every chime like an iron voice, never seemed like I had  
a choice  
Bad tattoos and my pocketknife, trophies from my  
former life  
She wreaths her skull so psychically, there's no more  
secrets in-between

Always waiting for the death of the death of love  
Get up, get up, you know it's true  
Always waiting for the death of the death of love  
Get up, get up, you know it's true  
Always waiting for the death of the death of love  
Always waiting for the death

Always waiting for the death

Always waiting for the death of the death  
Always waiting for the death of the death of love

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