

Bride

"Now He Is Gone"

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On a hill there is a spark
Where the light would spread and strangle the dark
A little girl stands at the door
Looking at the blood stains on the floor

Now he is gone, my little darling don't you cry
For he will return, you must decide

Through the city they carry a man
Washing their hands in the brandy of the damned
Torches burn oh so bright
Burn out the day burn out the night

A soul cleaves unto the dark
It melts for heaviness in the musk
The stranger wandered the face of the earth
Coming with the answers or on a search

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