

Imperial

"Drinking Wine From The Wounds Of Our Dead Wives"

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So take your vows and seal them with a kiss
Pour out your lives and seal them with a kiss
Vows that fail with a kiss

We will not sympathize with the life
With the path you have chose
You have lived
Fill these wounds with wine
Drink these wounds dry
And drink into vengeance

Drinking wine from the wounds of our dead wives x3

Lips once soft now razor sharp
Body once warm now dead, cold

I take your hand in sickness and in health
Or until I feel this love is dead
And with this ring I will destroy your heart
Dear so called love till death due us part

We drove her to her grave
And never thought of who it would affect
To be one
Death to me
Goodbye my bride

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