

Celtic Woman

"Hunger Of The Innocence"

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The ruins shall bear witness to what I've become
Damned by the riddles of shame
Now they lower me down into the mouth of flames

The disease now lives again
So, the thorn has grown since then
Animation of disgrace
From the years when I had a face

Long lost pictures come to life once more
The sewers of yesterday spreads it's breath into this
dream
The smell of dying colours, and illusions that bleed

The threads are all wearing thin
But still they let no sunshine in
Desolation comes alone
As the skin falls from our bones

Oblivion lies safe within these hands
A hangman shadow resting upon my back
Imprisonment - A godly state of being
Where time is merely a word existing in past tense
Feed the hole and welcome to my wound
Down the void of perception a shallow vision streams
Reality brings deception and dust of past dreams

The witness of my ruin came to follow me
The riddles soon perished in shame
As they lowered him down into the mouth of flames

The hunger claws inside
My innocence went with the tide
Served the agents of decay
Now watch impurity wash away

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