

## Ligeia "The Blackout"

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The going rate on seduction must be a dime a dozen.  
So don't get your hopes up.  
This life's a contradiction, a typecast for hypocrisies,  
But you run the miles away only to sell yourself short.  
And I am the one who dreams of you.  
I dream of you, I still dream of you.  
Sirens fade from silence this is where the story ends.  
In a dream of truth they'll never find you.  
Yellow tape and empty chalk lines, that's all she wrote.  
Head first through a noose.  
I'd shed a tear for you, but you're not even here.  
I scream your name for one last time.  
Can you hear me now?  
Can you feel me now?  
But I must move on I find reason for years of  
weakening disaster.  
So wait for passion, but tell me, do you fear for  
heartache?  
There's no hope left for solace.  
I know, I know so I let go.  
This blackout begins to define this sorry moment.  
So wait for passion, but tell me, do you fear for  
heartache?  
I let go of everything I loved.  
From all the bridge drops I leave her crimson tide.  
There's no hope left for solace.  
I know, I know so I let go.  
This blackout begins.

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