

Chicosci

"The Strange Case Of The Velvet Murders"

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The rains come early this year
And before the first drop fell
I know this would
This was no ordinary night
The dancing ghosts over our head

Released from the swarm, embracing relief
And you're escaping the sun (include me)
A little feast when I'm gone (so lucid)

Closed eyes could never wonder
But the sky seemed so blood red
(I knew this would be)
And the visiting spirits
Feasting on their own skin as well
Too clear for me to understand
I crush a white rose upon her feet
And I hold my breath

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