

Converge

"The Year Of The Swine"

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You carry the loyalty of dogs
so you shall be led to the slaughter as swim
It all seemed so real in your whispers
Adorned with the best of intentions, bleeding softly
It's late and my ears can't listen
and these is no one to list me to my feet
But still i dream of you
twisting and contouring beneath a barbage bag veil
And this is how it ends, pretty and black as the soul
Just for one split instant i want to be the lucky one
Not to have the pleasure of tasting the salt of tears
when we kiss

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