

## Converge "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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