

## Covette "After All"

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The cold my love  
Is much cooler than the frost beneath my lungs  
A sudden touch will break the thought of us  
Clearing out our minds from all the lust  
And all the time worth giving in.

After all of this ends  
(Will you?)  
Count the blessings gave with my hand  
Put back the fire that burns underneath us  
After all of this ends  
(Will you?)

Surprised to see you up on your feet  
Killing men for money  
Can't trust the scent of caring humanity  
Pouring out their hands  
Win the help of need  
Take a good look at nothing.

After all of this ends  
(Will you?)  
Count the blessings gave with my hand  
Put back the fire that burns underneath us  
After all of this ends  
(Will you?)

18 months have passed...  
Dead flowers grow from my chest  
The roots, they steal the years  
Leaving decades burn and bruised

After all of this ends  
(Will you?)  
Count the blessings gave with my hand  
Put back the fire that burns underneath us  
After all of this ends  
(Will you?)

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