

OnceOver "Nightingale"

Visit "[Nightingale](#)" on MotoLyrics.com

"They all watch while she's on fire
they can see her coming from miles away
she could buy pretty things till' night comes
pretty things are pretty dirty like the rest
the end of all the things that fall
the trace of crimson on the wall
she's tied to the rail till night comes
once the flash hits her eyes she's gone
the end of all the things that fall
the trace of crimson on the wall
smeared from the hand that rubs her thin
a wooden heart in rubber skin
press her face against the glass she's dancing in...
never cry
tears lubricate the sweetest arrest
the nightingale laid to rest"

Visit [OnceOver](#) page on MotoLyrics.com, to get more lyrics and videos.