

Agents Of Oblivion

"The Hangmans Daughter"

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Woman and child...Like a feather falls from the sky...
so dark, so dark...in the moonlight...

Naked, we worship the dark night sky...

No man can hold what the darkness can sew ...
You're gonna leave an ugly skull when you go.

Tongues like horn, violently born...
..a new...soul...
The soft dead, awake alive in love..
..hard...for the Hangman's daughter...

Naked, we worship the dark night sky...
Naked, we worship the dark night sky...

No man can hold what the darkness can sew...
You're gonna leave an ugly skull when you go.

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