

## Death In December

### "Come Before Christ And Murder Love"

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Drown me with your sorrow  
Taint me with your treason  
To find your god is hollow  
Brings death to all reason  
Wolf grey adonis  
A cruel life dawns  
Curse me with obsessiveness  
Futility and scorn  
Moved to speak?  
You made your choice  
We had our chance  
And lost our voice  
Your alleyway, your terror  
Glistens in despair  
Dead meat and error  
The only crown I'll wear  
From the ashes of liars  
Grow the flowers of hope  
From the steeples and spires  
Hang each tear from a rope  
Moved to speak?  
You made your choice  
We had our chance  
And lost our voice

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