

Death In December "Hollows Of Devotion"

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And I shall your eyes
Into tears
When all that's left
Are the hollows of devotion
And, out of vision
We shall bring
The void
Crowned with hoods
And crying with hope
Eagle on arm
And terror in eye
Resist and struggle
Your faith is a lie
And, the death of dreams
Shall be a beautiful end
With flowers of filth
And wine and fine men
Certain slips of the tongue
Are laced with disappointment
With disappointment
From start to end
Confront me with your dream
And lives so cruel I curse
And, I shall turn your eyes
Into tears
When all that's left
Are the hollows of devotion
And, out of vision
We shall bring
The void
Crowned with hoods
And crying with hope
And, the death of dreams
Shall be a beautiful end
With flowers of filth
And wine and fine men

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