

45 Grave "Procession"

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

Every night you can hear a sound
Every night you can hear a sound
A sound that won't go down
Pulsating all around
Arising from her tomb
Late at night, she walks the streets
Late at night, she awakes
Black flowers, black dress
She comes in, in search of you
White faces are for her
When the procession of love goes by
They search for you
Late at night, she awakes
Arising from her tomb
Late at night, she walks the streets
She comes in, in search of you
Late at night, she walks alone
Preparing for her feast

Bitches in black, creature of lust
White faces are for her
With the pain that they unleash
When the procession of love goes by
Black flowers, black dress
They search for you
Black flowers, black dress
White faces are for her
When the procession of love goes by
They search for you
Black flowers, black dress
White faces are for her
When the procession of love goes by
They search for you
Black flowers, black dress
When the procession of love goes by
White faces are for her
They search for you

Visit [45 Grave](#) page on MotoLyrics.com, to get more lyrics and videos.

