

Raimee "The Sacrifice"

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I'll miss the winter, the fragile heart of things,
I'll miss the forest and the way we used to sing.
There's no escaping the darkness drawing near,
'Til all that's left is the memory of fear.

I can feel it coming on the wind, oh, how it grieves,
The heavens are starting to bleed, for me...

I'm not your sacrifice, no, not now.
I'm not the one to pay the price for your power.
Is it worth my innocence, just to see me bleed?
Your masochistic ritual will be complete,
Through me.

I'll miss the colors, the autumn most of all,
I'll miss your smile, I don't wanna be your fall.
The fields are burning, the end is drawing nigh,
Though I could save us, I don't want to die...

I'm not your sacrifice, no, not now.
I'm not the one to pay the price for your power.
Is it worth my innocence, just to see me bleed?
Your masochistic ritual will be complete...

I'm not your sacrifice...
I'm not the one to pay your price...
Is it worth my innocence, just to see me bleed?
Your masochistic ritual will be... complete...

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