

Autumns "Siren Wine"

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Slip this one last drop
I won't be smiling slit your wrist and drop
I won't be smiling

We'll spin the girls
And wear the joy out on our faces
Like the swans we sing
This one last drop is worth the dying

One last drop
And don't remind me
All the things I've lost
Are not behind me

We'll kill the girls
And wear the mirth out on our faces
In our masks and wigs
This one las dace is worth the dying

Bow the hull to seven seas
Now I only see what you want me to see
The sorrow on the breese

One last drop I won't be smiling
One last drop I won't

Come that drip
I won't be smiling
Gilds the bed in foil and gold leaf

Until the end
We do pretend
The end the end the end

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