

Pietasters

"Blades"

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You hold my head, I cannot hurt
You touch my heart, I cannot bleed
You close my eyes and I can see
Caress my skin my sickness sleeps
My dreams are golden
My dreams are golden
She said "The leper sleeps tonight"
She said...
The greatest good for the greatest number
From the greatest evil comes though they slumber
The greatest triumph proves the greatest blunder
Greatness dies but will still hunger
She strokes and tumbles into my vein
She gently turns the tide of shame
Steal to the city with no name
The scent of darkness smothers pain
My dreams are golden
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She said "Your wounds will heal tonight"
She said...
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The greatest triumph proves the greatest blunder
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