

## Psychotic Waltz "Halo Of Thorns"

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whispered alone  
the song of an angel  
echoes of a fallen tear  
frayed by the wind  
a weed by a willow  
withered and yellow  
she lays her head to die  
lays to die  
reading the script  
of the play that we lead  
christ I'd die again  
o' if I could save you now  
you knew this had to come  
spare me the sacrilege  
this play had brought upon us  
lay in my dying hour  
it feels like I'm  
falling, falling  
flying, tripping  
this crown of kings  
this bloody halo bleeds me dry  
hear me cry  
as in the script  
of the play that we lead  
so I rise again  
much stronger than before  
a child sacrifice  
let me lay down this bloody cross  
we've dragged so far behind us  
and close this theatre now  
weeping over this crooked cross  
lying face down in the blood of saints  
just write me out of this play

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