

Psyclon Nine "Harlot"

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The withered thorns that caress my tainted flesh
The shattered halo that shattered all our dreams
We've been condemned by the pages of false hope
We've been caressed by each others' lives in death

Blood stained sheets
Mask our grief
Will render out tryst incomplete
(x2)

Trudging through the carcass of what used to be a
living world
Ten-thousand lovers of God's forgotten child
We take our mark while on bent and bloody knees
Not saved alone but together we are exiled
(x2)

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