

Black Maria, The

"11:11"

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Don't say goodbye
'Cause I'm still right here
And don't you give up
My love for you
Is stronger than this

I'm a tightrope walker
And a vagabond poet
Who was killed
For an artist's guilt

Time will disappear
And kill you
Without any conscience
But I'll still always be here

You know I know how much
This hurts you my dear
Just give it time
I promise we'll meet again

I'm a tightrope walker
And a vagabond poet
Who was killed
For an artist's guilt

Time will disappear
And kill you
Without any conscience
But I'll still always be here

The highway is a ghost town
And the roads are paved with glass
The moon is our spotlight
And the stars our final crowd

There's blood in the backseat
And our screams the only sound
And soon they'll be nobody here

