

Anathema

"Beauty Is In It's Embrace"

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Inside display of broken wings
So smooth porcelain face cracks and flakes away
Turns to pulse flying down telephone lines
To the pictures on your wall
Burning on contact

And the branches were stripped under winter's numb
(What was precious gets lost)
With the breath that was a fire burning through the
room
(What was precious gets lost)

Lies! Struggle! Fires! Grow long!
Something is broken, it's unmend...
Lies! Struggle! Fires! Grow long!
Something is broken, it's undone

And we won't come back under
Backdrop of mountains above pastels in flames
Flames that crawl up, time won't stop for the hurt

And the branches were stripped under winter's numb
(What was precious gets lost)
With the breath that was a fire burning through the
room
(What was precious gets lost)

It hits the backseat, tearing fabric from the lines
Till the clouds come to swallow the night
Leaving less piled on the floor...

This one hands you, the all we fall (x 4)
This one takes life, loose your face!
This one hurts you, won't wake up!
This one takes life, loose your face!
This one hurts you, won't wake up!
This one hands you, the all we fall (x 4)
This one hurts you, won't wake up!
This one hurts you, won't wake up!
This one hurts you, won't wake up!
This one hands you, the all we fall

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