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The Dagons

"Amaroq"

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Will they bury me with their folding arms? Who will cry for me when my kind is gone? Tuck your head under your wing and sleep like a lowlying fog. I will come up at the end of the world to send you on your way. It's like poetry, birds fall dead from the sky. The ground is lace, the blood is silk. It's shattering and bright. Tuck your head under your wing and sleep like a lowlying fog. I will come up at the end of the world to send you on your way. I tell all my bones to remember me, and to mutter underground when I melt away. Tuck your head under your wing and sleep like a lowlying fog. I will come up at the end of the world to send you on your way. Will they bury me with their folding arms? Who will cry for me when my kind is gone? Tuck your head under your wing and sleep like a lowlying fog. I will come up at the end of the world to send you on your way. Visit <u>The Dagons</u> page on MotoLyrics.com, to get more lyrics and videos.

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