

The Snake The Cross The Crown "Echolalia"

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Flowed pattern covers the wall
Presenting colors when called
Like dim lights searching for eyes
They're searching
Turn for the light
And puts there acts into place
Crashes dimly against
A small bet best left explained
A shade of morals
And gray goes away
Some great shades of me
Some quiet ghost is there
Speak of belief
So you want be good but it hurts
So they want to be bad
But they don't want this to be the way of there lives
So they want to be bad but they cant
So they want to be good
But the shadows have had there ways with everyone
A shoulder whispers her loss
As hard wood falls on her cross
And under two sided boards
Well he stands yearning for more
Chasing to the door frame
As her sings of escape
And he eyes softly collide
With the will he tries to combine
Come on he makes his own as she stares in
A lone sheep
He stands firmly by the door
She calls come in boy
Grey goes away
Some great of shades of me
Some quiet ghost is there
Speak of belief
So you want be good but it hurts
So they want to be bad
But they don't want this to be the way of there lives
So they want to be bad but they cant
So they want to be good
But the shadows have had there ways with everyone

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