

The Hurt Process

"A Dark Congregation"

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A Dark Congregation
Of familiar faces
Gathered around the quiet earth
A red rose fell upon the soft snow
Prayers were whispered so slow from our mouths
Our breath rose in the cold
Like a hundred souls escaping

Save me
I am swallowed by the guilt of this (you're gone)
Sleeping in the dust
We will not let time erase us

We are surrounded
By all of the quiet
Sleepers inside the quiet earth
I feel that
I cannot shape you
Dare to kiss the face of the night
Our lips were cold as clay
We couldn't speak anyway

Save me
I am swallowed by the guilt of this (you're gone)
Sleeping in the dust
We will not let time erase us

Our breath rose in the cold
Like a hundred souls
We, We are alone
I know you're gone

Save me
I am swallowed by the guilt of this (you're gone)
Sleeping in the dust
We will not let time erase us

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