

Hush Sound, The "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
A fear I cannot shape
You dared 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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