

Bleeding In My Arms

Frank the Baptist

The stench of something old stains the air where we live
Has all that we've been told been a lie?
Lifetime after lifetime I prepare to go on
Once again somethings gone awry

Why are you lying here bleeding in my arms?
Why are you lying here bleeding in my arms?
But you just got here why must you leave so soon?
Why must you leave me by myself all alone?

The driver of the carriage said the storm's on it's way
Man sometimes needs a purpose to survive
Shout it from the rooftop with a lantern in your hand
Does that crusade still make you feel alive?

Welcome friends to the brotherhood of sleep
Come one and all
There's no fee you just dream your life away
There's no pain here