

A Dead Language For A Dying Lady

Vanna

As her insides, screaming, let me out
She speaks as if someone's in the room with her
(someone sits quietly on the ceiling tile)
Still facing the corner with eyes gouged out
These tears of blood fall for blood is
(all she's crying now)

As he cuts into her chest, her heart beats on
She's just not giving up yet
Though blinded by the devil's touch
She rises above him
She floats towards the light, as the darkness recedes
(let me out, let me live again)
In this most desperate hour (she cries)
A most desperate hour...

In this crowded room
In this crowded room
In this crowded room
(with an empty view)
In this crowded room
In this crowded room

Save your goodbyes, we all know it's not the end
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