

(Curse Of) The Horse Latitudes Pt. II

A Girl A Gun A Ghost

Dirty doves drink from golden chalices, discuss the state of things.

Talks of empires, towering spires, and what it is that dethrones kings.

Bring me the head of he whom worships Judas.

Paint over his eyes, he'll never see love again.

Sew up his mouth, the dragonflies have revenge...

Pluck the wings. Crack the scales.

Tonight!

The morning hails, wipe the charcoal from sleeping eyes!

We must unfurl the sails!

The whitest wing hears lovely things...

He'll be seduced by the Sirens' wails.

It's like a shipwreck with no crew left and the Captain's floating by me, baby.

Saviors over my head, don't leave me for dead! Take this message to my lady!

"Oh Susannah, won't you cry for me. I am lost and I am lonely floating here at sea."

The good ship Asphyxia brought white clouds of hope, yet now it sleeps.

Love is lost in the wettest grey, this island's only hope is that he will wash up someday.

Burning fields and skeleton trees are screaming at our doors telling stories of forgotten friends on distant shores.

End their lives; end their pain,

For the ravens will reign,

Forevermore.