

The Betrayers

A Plea for Purging

We are betrayers of perfection
Love spoken from these lips means nothing
All eyes on me
Looking left from right
Pulling poison from petals
Crimson roses corrode
Murder meadow
Death fills your harvest
In fields of blood
Your betrayals stretch for miles
Oh how my hands do shake
Stretched out to receive
The coins sing, as they hit the ground
Oh, how the silver shines in our eyes
We are betrayers of perfection