

Alchemy Sounded Good at the Time

Alesana

This the oldest story in the book
He desires the one thing he can not have.

My darling queen, I lay myself at your feet
And I shall stay the hands of fate

Wind cries out, heavens boil above voicing discontent to my sins
I have found the way to trick the ferryman
I have deceived the ancient Gods

Cold flesh lends to me its secrets for a price too high
I shudder at what I have done
Each day brings me closer to you, my tragic victory

Darling queen I lay at your feet...
Chills take me as she wakes, throat gasps tainted breath
I've reclaimed you my stolen bride
Can your soul forgive my crimes of passion?
I would not close the casket; I'm so consumed by your pain
Faint screams echo through the night...

Cold flesh lends to me its secrets for a price too high
I shudder at what I have done
Each day brings me closer to you, my tragic victory

The pains of death can no longer haunt you
As the dawning sky brings forth one forsaken thought
Death can not win for I now dwell in the palace of decay
And I shall stay the hands of fate

Night descends, sinews twitch
My pale queen finally stands to taste silent lips now cursed with her love

Cold flesh lends to me its secrets for a price too high
I shudder at what I have done
Each day brings me closer to you, my tragic victory