

Veil of Mourning Black

Arsis

Flawless wounds of the loving kind
Pierce the skin and adorn the flesh
Shadows slow with the wear of time
Mimic still, our endless pain

Mimic still, our pain
Slow with the wear of time
Mimic still, our pain
Mimic still, our pain

Trapped behind the mirrors of our eyes
That reflect our fears and sins and lies

So enter now, the scarlet blade
Pierce this heart of mine, slit the wrists of time
So enter now, the shadows slow
Aged beyond our years, prey upon our fears

Trapped behind the mirrors of our eyes
That reflect our fears and sins and lies

Come forth now
Mimic still, our pain
Come forth now
Mimic still, our pain