

Morningstar

Baroness

Far beyond horizons there's a master in martyr's disguise
Pale as the Morningstar
Strung to the sky

Never mind the altars
Or the crooks in their saintly attire
All of us tinder-wood
Bound for the fire

Could you lay me down with my someone
To carry the weight
The damage I have done

Release the hounds my lady
Let 'em tear at the moon and the stars
Torment the heavens
And laugh at the sky

Dry your tears my darling
There's a pistol-whipped look in your eyes
The captain was gentle
He left you alive

Could you lay me down with my someone
To carry the weight
The damage I have done

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The damage I have done