And A Seraphim Cries

Blood Has Been Shed

now with my voice I call your name
and with those hands I reach for you
this search is over I covet your taste
you are the gift I have longed for

beautiful dreamer
sleep eternal and dream of me

a face that follows a face that haunts
deprivation awaits
but still I ignore what exhumes
and destroys my trust
and I walk this precipice and I fear the fall

and the two intertwine

there is nothing but you and I
be still for I am now your god
fall into my arms and weep for me
your dying breath a song of love

remember me
this body means nothing

my only sin was the longing
every object so fleeting
you were chosen you were special
I pray for innocence
you were chosen you were special
and once again the hunger begins anew
and there is blood on my hands

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