

Lovers Led Astray

Creeper

Lovers led astray to an early grave
Is it inhuman to believe
That god might bleed the same as me?
We're lovers led to an early grave

Jet-black submissionaries in the fringes of the night
Heartless lovers living in the crosshairs of the light
Are you ready to release your final breath?
Are you ready to receive the kiss of death?

But when I see you, laid and slayed across the bed
Red all over, now all her victims have been bled
I'd pick a rose for every blood-stain on your clothes
The night holds her in submission
Submission

Unholy ceremony in a masochistic fire
Tell me, baby, are these things that you desire?
Someone to pull you apart?
Another song to stake your heart!

But when I see you, laid and slayed across the bed
Red all over, now all her victims have been bled
I'd pick a rose for every blood-stain on your clothes
The night holds her in submission

Led astray to an early grave
She sent our souls to hell
Led astray to an early grave
She sent our souls to hell
For every blood-stain on your clothes
Well I picked another rose
And damned our souls to hell
To hell

But when I see you, laid and slayed across the bed
Red all over, now all her victims have been bled
I'd pick a rose for every blood-stain on your clothes
The night holds her in submission
Submission
Submission