

In a flash, the wicked won  
Oh the moment seemed so, moment seemed so clear  
I'll rest your weary head beside my own

I will take these clothes and cover you, my dear  
God bless your soul, He has not blessed mine

I'm a seizure  
I'm a flash of light  
I'll caress you more  
Than fathers of your own  
I'm the reaper  
I'll have your soul  
I'll break your holy heart  
Till you're lonely and forlorn  
With all your oaths  
You're my heart  
My rain, my poison, my fawn

La-da-da-da-da-da-da-da  
La-da-da-da-da-da-da-da

I will take these clothes and cover you, my dear  
God bless your soul, He has not blessed mine