

In Black

Devilskin

Silence, punctuated by distress
Here we stand, In Black now we are dressed
Sadness makes the words choke in your throat
Honour this life, eulogies we wrote

These legs, heavy, heartache for too long
Crack the spine, put bones where they belong
Sadness makes the words choke in your throat
Honour this life, eulogies we wrote

Sorrow is an empty road
Our legs grow weak and tired
We become one with the dirt
Or in the hands of the fire

Pale skin, turning, feelings are well gone
Emotions controlled you for so long
Death makes the black smoke rise in your throat
Goodbye to life, and to life alone

We walk among the ocean
And we dance here in the sea
We feel connections to where a presence still may be
We will now carry on a life for those who cannot see
They sleep among the dirt with
A thousand more lost souls
I will be there until the end, I'll never turn my back
I will be there when time has come
I will be dressed In Black

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