

The Predictable End

Eucharist

Low the music falls, tell me how sad are the tunes of death
You sang to me, with a leper tounge you kissed me with your darkness

I thirsted for your water
I hungered for your love

So bravely, fly upon my broken wings into the cold
Shapes of the night, leave me here with sorrow growing from my chest

Low the music falls in sombre gloom I die every day
in silence, choked by the devils inside your embrace
The predictable end

and trampled like a serpent underneath your feet

lead me by the light of your eyes, by your hearts labyrinths
when trembling in your footsteps the deeper became my wounds