

Fools Gold

Nemesea

Sew my heart on my sleeve
My innocence is leading me
Towards the guillotine
Of broken and forgotten dreams

'Cause my heart
Speaks in tongues
I'll always fail to move on
'Cause your words will always
Burn like black smoke in my lungs

Under velvet skies
I undress my mind
And I let you wander in
How I loved the way
Your name tasted on my tongue

Sweet, talk to me
Like a salesman would do
Come raise your blade
I will lay me down for you
Beat your own drum
But you played it to my song
You were my fools gold
And the silence knows...

Out of sight, out of mind
I am free, I am mine
Still I move needled by
A broken compass all the time

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Like a salesman would do
Come raise your blade
I will lay me down for you
Beat your own drum
But you played it to my song
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