

## Hounds to Hamartia

Poets of the Fall

A single kiss for your treasure  
There just left at your door  
Life has shown you no pleasure before

Double cross for a symbol  
Name your rosary beads  
You will nurture the fable till it bleeds  
Bleeds for your love

No more tragic love for sale in the crooked gallery  
High on acid love gone stale seems like fantasy  
Just like magic Hubris leads, leads its hounds, hounds to Hamar  
tia

What you eclipse makes your measure  
What you leave reaches for you in your stead  
Taking flaws for a gamble to get ahead

No remorse for the trouble spread  
In the revolution

No more tragic love for sale...

Hit or miss you'll be playing  
Paying your dues cos you need the game all the same  
Fame draws you like fireflies to the flame  
Play all on red

No more tragic love for sale...