

Black Mourning

Pure Reason Revolution

Lies so cruel
It's like you tear the hurt from my arms
Life's so cruel?
It breaks the flesh enslaves our vices
It breaks the flesh and stakes

A million lives
We convalesce and disarm tonight
You sell the vision of love
You sell a vision

Help, help, help!
There's no wounded in here?
Down, down, down
Close your eyes
Help, help, help!
We're all wounded in here
It's only lives, only life

Our lives to lose?
It's like you veiled the words from my harm
With our lives to lose
You're on your own
It breaks the flesh we taste revival
Each time the guns fade
Each time undone
It stakes a million lives

I'll rest while I'm feeling tired from these sombre nights
We disarm the words
Dissolve the night