

## To Die Among Strangers

Rome

To a find a cooler place in the grass  
To brave my fire  
A jury heard, a sentence passed  
To brave my fire  
We lust for the wine you bolt  
Like all things impure, like all things undead  
We beg from these swine  
Who told you to love and endure  
And to live in our stead  
The whores of rome and the kings of france  
Have tried to brave my fire  
Now the snakes curl up, the curtains part  
Will you try to brave my fire?  
We lust for the wine you bolt  
Like all things impure, like all things undead  
We beg from these swine  
Who told you to love and endure  
And to live in our stead  
To find a little place in the grass  
Tune up for the funeral march  
Keep your treason brittle as glass  
You could have been the first  
Could have been the last to brave my fire