

Back To The Underground

The Black Heart Procession

I was headed to the gallows I was to hang or
Burn in flames
I remember the day you lit the fire
And watched our love turn to dust
I remember the flames higher and higher
I remember the way you laughed before you
Finally set me free
I try to recover every time
But every time I'm back on the ground
Back underground every time
I was forced into the shadows
I was the fool beaten and bruised by the game
I held on to all of our ashes