September Sun

Type O Negative

September sun blowing golden hair Now keep in mind son She was never there October's rust Bisecting black storm clouds Only the deaf hear my silent shouts Yet in the dark, still he screams your name Nights living death with witch rhymes insane Ten years amassed, para toda mi vida? Lost man in time, was his name Peter? September sun, rotted flatbush porch I would have run then, had I known the cost Autumnal rays turned your eyes to stone Did it give you pleasure to steal my soul? Yet in the dark, still he screams your name Nights living death with witch rhymes insane Ten years amassed, para toda mi vida? Lost man in time, was his name Peter? Leave her, Leave her alone I said leave her alone Me? I know why