

The Willing Victim

Von Herten Brothers

Air in her hands
Her will begins to bend
Couldn't imagine
A more tragic end

Fear, penetrative like a knife
Feeding on the dying vapors of life
Her breathing is fading
I'm failing again

Morning rain
Is just the same
As my tears on her grave
True to her Love that remains
Without a name, without a face
Like the air in the space
Pure as her sacred embrace

Morning rain
Is just the same
As my tears on her grave
Trying to reach underground
Will she forgive me the next time around?

I'm feeling out of place
I'm lost without a trace
My life is torn
I'm burned
I never really learned
That no one in this world
Can ever be compared to her

She showed it once again
Her Calling never ends
She's bearing through all times
The burden of our crimes
Her Love remains the same
And her Love will save our lives