

# The Sinking Night

AFI

Blackness drips down from both of my hands  
The gold in my palm was mistaken for sand  
Can you feel it?

The blackness it drips down from both of my eyes  
The sand that you made has taken my sight  
I can feel it

Over the wind  
Under the rain  
Out of the chaos  
I can hear your name  
Through the sinking night  
On this sinking night  
I see your face  
(On this sinking night)  
On this sinking night