

# I Would Dream Of Blood

Anata

Rain falls on my sunny memories  
In this trampled heart of mine  
I feel sick and my knuckles bleed

I was sold by the goddess  
Whom I'd worship and adore  
But the price was mine to pay  
Left burning at the stake  
With hands tied  
And the battle raging within

Whore  
I worshiped you for long and prayed  
For a quick death of my heart  
Before the fire would untie my hands

Yet at the same time  
For long, I would dream of blood  
And that the blood on my knuckles  
Next time, would not be my own