

Sheet Of Night

John Mark McMillan

The devil's dealing dirty
In broken hearts and counterfeit currency
The living isn't easy
When a heart's regret can tax the air you breathe

But like diamonds we shine
Up against the sheet of night
The jet-black sheet of night
We overtake the cityscapes
We scale the heights
We break but we don't die

Whoa we've got a blood
We've got a love that'll brave the flood
Whoa we've got a blood
We've got a love that'll brave...

The cold will leave you guilty
And the wind will shake you like a tambourine
The dogs will leave you hungry
And your superiors will tax the blood you bleed

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