

A Mouthful Of Death

Night In Gales

How dark has this world become
How painful are those things undone
Nothing left but a mouthful of death

Black suns burnt behind my eyes
An itching darkness for all to rise

Black skies breed behind those walls
Closing in on me, closing in on us all

Black rain falls, all laughter drowned
Our ship has finally run a ground

How dark has this world become
How painful are those things undone
Nothing left but a mouthful of death