

Would we ever meet beyond these words of deceit?
Would I be entangled over there in your golden hair?
As the renegade priest is entangled in muffled prayer
We'd run through blazing summers

O, I never quite liked the way you cried out for more
For you were not hesitant
And yet you were not sure
I'll serve my time at your stillwell
I'll serve my time
At your stillwell

And I smile and murder while I smile
But you'd be safe with me, Sarah

Many were your gifts to me
But this loneliness I love the most
You're the stranger in my house
Everyone mistook for a ghost
And you put me in my place
With your master race

Jag stannar min tid, vid din källa
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