

The Visitor

The Black Heart Procession

Now from the tides one crawls out
so to stand we may move on
you bleed you blister in the sun
you bleed for everyone
now it's time for all visitors here to leave
now so close we turn back
but remember no one leaves
you bleed you blister in the sun
you bleed for everyone
our visit here is through
and now it's time to leave