

Disposable creatures defiling the night,
Receive at my hand the invisible light.
This river of faces, this garden of graves,
It flows and it grows when this boy misbehaves.

Do you hear that song? Now it won't be long,
Until we dance the dance
And rid ourselves of everyone.

Yeah, when I hear that sound,
I'm gonna take you down,
To where the river flows and I tend to the garden
Where nothing grows.

Echoes on the wind,
Faces reflected in mirrored eyes,
Another soul I might have been.
Strangers to me now,
Far from this vision of love...

Emerging from shadows, come out of the rain,
Abandon your body and give me your pain.

Do you hear that song? Now it won't be long,
Until we dance the dance
And rid ourselves of everyone.

When I hear that sound, I'm gonna take you down,
To where the river flows and I tend to the garden
Where nothing grows.

Echoes on the wind...

Long ago, just a boy who knew that love is
Complicated when your lovers die.
Just a boy who needed love...