

Like An Angel's Funeral

When Nothing Remains

She was the thorn on the rose
She was the wicked in the dreams
She was the beauty (beauty)
And her funeral was like an angel's

They cried they mourned and screamed
Remembered a pale face

Her golden hair but her heart was made of stone

Like an angel's funeral
They sang for her
But i cursed her
I killed her

I put the dagger in her heart
Like she put it in my soul

My beautiful angel
Sleep now
Sleep now
This is your funeral
My beautiful angel
Sleep now
Sleep now
This is your funeral

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