

The Sinking Night

AFI

Blackness drips down from both of my hands
The gold in my palm was mistaken for sand
Can you feel it?

The blackness it drips down from both of my eyes
The sand that you made has taken my sight
I can feel it

Over the wind
Under the rain
Out of the chaos
I can hear your name
Through the sinking night
On this sinking night
I see your face
(On this sinking night)
On this sinking night