

Thread Of Light

Pale Saints

Hey percy,
The beauty hidden in the pain.
I smile, and I bleed
Body rain.

Between the scenes
You should hold someone.
Every piece is time
You've undone.

Pretty boy,
Everything lost, and still a sound
Of mother's arms and soul
Can be found.

Between the scenes
You should hold someone.

Between the scenes
You should hold someone.
Every piece is time
You've undone.