

## Sick Ceremony

Ambeon

Their little girl said  
Don't tell me how you feel  
You don't understand  
She painted the people  
She disgusted on her way down  
All there is left now  
Is a picture of them  
With their faces on it, and it's my fault

Black roses  
As black as her hair  
white sheets  
As pale as her face

She crossed her fingers  
And apologized to them  
Then she flew off  
Into the stream  
Went to the light  
Which faded meanwhile  
Into the scratches on her cheeks  
And her raining soul

Red blood  
As red as her lips  
Oh believe me  
I loved her too much