

I Would Dream Of Blood

Anata

Rain falls on my sunny memories
In this trampled heart of mine
I feel sick and my knuckles bleed

I was sold by the goddess
Whom I'd worship and adore
But the price was mine to pay
Left burning at the stake
With hands tied
And the battle raging within

Whore
I worshiped you for long and prayed
For a quick death of my heart
Before the fire would untie my hands

Yet at the same time
For long, I would dream of blood
And that the blood on my knuckles
Next time, would not be my own