

A Number To Murder Two

ASG

Pistol smoke retreating through the snow
An open door
Footprints trailed by crimson life no more
Skin is cold
Search lights beam to the coast
And hope falls with the tide low

Thoughts on your killer dance my way
Thoughts on your killer dance my way
Way, way
Way, way

Marble stones are cast across the shore
A coast of foam
Tales of men who brave the sea alone
No coming home
I don't know where you roam
But home, feels like lost souls

Thoughts of your killer dance my way
Thoughts of your killer dance my way
Way, way
Way, way