

# Morningstar

Baroness

Far beyond horizons there's a master in martyr's disguise  
Pale as the Morningstar  
Strung to the sky

Never mind the altars  
Or the crooks in their saintly attire  
All of us tinder-wood  
Bound for the fire

Could you lay me down with my someone  
To carry the weight  
The damage I have done

Release the hounds my lady  
Let 'em tear at the moon and the stars  
Torment the heavens  
And laugh at the sky

Dry your tears my darling  
There's a pistol-whipped look in your eyes  
The captain was gentle  
He left you alive

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The damage I have done

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