

Lady In The Lake

Blitzkid

She held tight to a photograph, entranced by his mystery
The sun it rose and set for days, with echoes of her agony
What good's a heart without a home, and no one to call her own?
The waters rush up to bathe her of a time, and drown the memories

What's more beautiful than blood, caked on her velvet skin?
The dress she wore that night remains, awash in scarlet sin
A haunting tale of sorrow, underneath a murky deep
There's still a longing in those eyes that hasn't ceased to be.

A broken spirit still exists
The pain calls her up to rise
And though I wanted to dismiss, as a trick of light or in my mind,
standing there so eloquent she cries-

Sing to me and ease my troubles boy, this afterlife has known no joy
Because the death of love took me before my time
Sing to me and provide peaceful rest, for tho' I'm gone, I can't forget
Sing a song and croon to me in the midnight, sing to me....

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