

Oi!

Rising ash, falling snow, she used to lie and adore ye  
Winding long tails of woe, she used to lie and adore ye  
Nightingale, ashen-  
pale, whistling tunes, yeah, the moon still adores ye  
Now, now, you're so young and proud, but another name for that  
will be 'lonely'

Pick the lock, sweep the floor, leave without a sound  
Just allow the empty space to heal

Oi!

Bound in chains with a thousand rains; no wonder the storm stil  
l adores ye  
Hold me down or hold me now, screaming, "I still love and adore  
ye! "

Past the door, winter storms through the streets of your unendi  
ng longings  
Flow down now to frost the ground  
Like cool Hallelujahs  
On the bridge that connects us; high, high above all this torre  
nt  
Should you fall down, that wall of sound's howling, "I still lo  
ve and adore ye! "

Pick the lock, sweep the floor, leave without a sound  
Just allow the empty space to heal (2x)

Oi!