

No Saint

Charon

There's left no love inside,
There's left no righteous life but the hate is strong and stains
the path I
roam.

There's right and there is wrong, yet I chose the one I'm on.
To the hell and back where life is gone.

And it's all to make you worth of dying,
Worth of something like you!
We keep falling down like summer rain...

These wounds are deep enough to make me feel alive.
You're no saint I saw it from your eyes.
Can I taste the bitter fame?
Can I bless the bitter race?
To the hell and back where we belong.

Down,
Down,
Down like the summer rain,
Away from winter's bane.