

Ancestors, The Ancients

Chelsea Wolfe

Release your dead
Release your dead
Holy ancestors
Holy ancestors
I saw in you a pattern
I saw the reason why
They never saw it in you
But I swear I saw it then
In my head there's a war
In the end it's a horror
Can't help the chemical's form
In my head there's a warrior
I saw in you a pattern
I saw the reason why
He never saw it in you
But I swear I saw it then
Release your dead
Release your dead
Holy ancestors
Holy ancestors
In my head there's a war
In the end it's a horror
The urge to kill getting stronger
In my head there's a warrior
And it's a war to feel whole
And it's a fear to feel at all
And it's the wonder at love
And it's the weight of her
Release your dead
For me they've bled
Release your dead
Those wild men
Believe your dead
To give me dreams
Believe your dead
To bring me dreams