Hollows Of Devotion

Death in June

And I shall your eyes Into tears When all that's left Are the hollows of devotion And, out of vision We shall bring The void Crowned with hoods And crying with hope Eagle on arm And terror in eye Resist and struggle Your faith is a lie And, the death of dreams Shall be a beautiful end With flowers of filth And wine and fine men Certains slips of the tongue Are laced with disappointment With disappointment From start to end Confront me with your dream And lives so cruel I curse And, I shall turn your eyes Into tears When all that's left Are the hollows of devotion And, out of vision We shall bring The void Crowned with hoods And crying with hope And, the death of dreams Shall be a beautiful end With flowers of filth And wine and fine men