

Cross of Lorraine

Gallows

You could never understand what it took for me to be your man.
At home in the ice and pines, black nights filled with struggle
d sights.

Some things are better left unsaid, if that were true, then I'd
be dead.

More sad nights at the hospital, fever swarming around my colla
rbone.

Always waiting for the death of the death of love.

Get up, get up. You know it's true.

Always waiting for the death.

Old ghosts pushing us apart, anthrax rays and a heavy heart.

Every chime like an iron voice, never seemed like I has a choic
e.

Bad tattoos and my pocketknife, trophies from my former life.

She wreaths her skull so psychically there's no more secrets in
between.

Always waiting for the death of the death of love.

Get up, get up. You know it's true.

Always waiting for the death of the death of love.

Get up, get up. You know it's true.

Always waiting for the death of the death of love.

Always waiting for the death.

Always waiting for the death.

Always waiting for the death of the death.

Always waiting for the death of the death of love.