

# Sheet Of Night

John Mark McMillan

The devil's dealing dirty  
In broken hearts and counterfeit currency  
The living isn't easy  
When a heart's regret can tax the air you breathe

But like diamonds we shine  
Up against the sheet of night  
The jet-black sheet of night  
We overtake the cityscapes  
We scale the heights  
We break but we don't die

Whoa we've got a blood  
We've got a love that'll brave the flood  
Whoa we've got a blood  
We've got a love that'll brave...

The cold will leave you guilty  
And the wind will shake you like a tambourine  
The dogs will leave you hungry  
And your superiors will tax the blood you bleed

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