

I don't mean to hold a gun up to your head  
I'll be fine once you are gone, of that I'm sure  
Another time + I'd be smiling in your eyes  
For the sake of all our love  
And that I know  
But the rising of the Moon  
Means the ending of the day  
Time waits for no-one just takes you away  
I don't mean to hold a gun up to your head  
It's just the anticipation I can't stand.  
Well, I feel sure that the Genius who did this  
Didn't even feel a thud as he drove by  
Now I know my day must end with me alone, dear,  
And I see more than only dark on my horizon.  
Treason + Infamy enter my life  
Tear out the spark that illumines the Sun  
Down comes the Universe - tumbling down  
Everything is come un-Done  
Everything is come un-Done.  
Cut like a knife in the soil with a spade  
Merge with the one light possessing the other  
Scream, "Holly Murder, he's done us tonight."  
Come, little sister, behold ye the Mother,  
Come, little sister, behold ye the Mother