

Hounds to Hamartia

Poets of the Fall

A single kiss for your treasure
There just left at your door
Life has shown you no pleasure before

Double cross for a symbol
Name your rosary beads
You will nurture the fable till it bleeds
Bleeds for your love

No more tragic love for sale in the crooked gallery
High on acid love gone stale seems like fantasy
Just like magic Hubris leads, leads its hounds, hounds to Hamar
tia

What you eclipse makes your measure
What you leave reaches for you in your stead
Taking flaws for a gamble to get ahead

No remorse for the trouble spread
In the revolution

No more tragic love for sale...

Hit or miss you'll be playing
Paying your dues cos you need the game all the same
Fame draws you like fireflies to the flame
Play all on red

No more tragic love for sale...