

To Die Among Strangers

Rome

To a find a cooler place in the grass
To brave my fire
A jury heard, a sentence passed
To brave my fire
We lust for the wine you bolt
Like all things impure, like all things undead
We beg from these swine
Who told you to love and endure
And to live in our stead
The whores of rome and the kings of france
Have tried to brave my fire
Now the snakes curl up, the curtains part
Will you try to brave my fire?
We lust for the wine you bolt
Like all things impure, like all things undead
We beg from these swine
Who told you to love and endure
And to live in our stead
To find a little place in the grass
Tune up for the funeral march
Keep your treason brittle as glass
You could have been the first
Could have been the last to brave my fire