

Obsidian Halo

The Autumn Offering

I thank you for the scars
They are the lines that grace my wrists today
Have you come to collect the heart
Of the ghost you left of me?
The purest cloth drapes sinners
Fetid shroud if lifeless need
In my heart she lies embedded
Yet I know she'll never set me free

Fire burns my blood when I touch you
Your heart bestowed upon me

How I prayed for a fallen angel
With worn out wings and a vampire's smile
I was sent a broken angel
Yet I'm still alone on this crooked mile

She's beauty and death
Take my last breath
I'd gladly give it away
She's wet on my lips
The scars on my wrists
Inflicted by her misery

So I'll speak in fragments
My daily crucifixion
You can't hold on anymore

Fire burns my blood when I touch you

Your heart bestowed on me
You tell me that its art and your tears
Are made of lies
Lies

Hanging from your halo

Fire burns my blood when I touch you

Your heart bestowed on me
You tell me that its art and your tears
Are made of lies

Hanging from your obsidian halo
The problem with the dead
They always come back again
Choking on your obsidian halo
Save your screams for savior scenes
Hanging from your obsidian halo
The problem with the dead
They always come back again
The dead come back again