

A Dark Congregation

The Hush Sound

A dark congregation of familiar faces gathered around the quiet
earth

A red rose fell upon the soft snow, prayers were whispered so s
low from our mouths

Our breath rose in the cold like a hundred souls escaping

Save me, I am swallowed by the guilt of this
You're gone, sleeping in the dust
We will not let time erase us

We are surrounded by all of the quiet sleepers inside the quiet
earth

A fear that I cannot shape - you dared to kiss the face of the
night

Our lips were cold as clay, we couldn't speak anyway

Save me, I am swallowed by the guilt of this
You're gone, sleeping in the dust
We will not let time erase us

Our breath rose in the cold like a hundred souls
We, we are alone, I know you're gone

Save me, I am swallowed by the guilt of this
You're gone, sleeping in the dust
We will not let time erase us