

The Leavers Dance

The Veils

Berenice

My hands my feet are worn
As much as yours are
And though my head my hands my heart are forming
They still feel worlds apart

Berenice

Beneath it all you're golden
And that's all I'm feeding on
And though my head my hands are growing colder
We move circles now

Berenice there's no release at all
That's not worth dying for

Berenice

My hands my feet are worn
As much as yours are

Berenice there's no release at all
That's not worth dying for
And it's not for our desires but our design that we all fall ap
art

Berenice there's no release at all
It's worthless crying for
And though my 'cause we all fall down