

September Sun

Type O Negative

September sun blowing golden hair
Now keep in mind son
She was never there
October's rust
Bisecting black storm clouds
Only the deaf hear my silent shouts
Yet in the dark, still he screams your name
Nights living death with witch rhymes insane
Ten years amassed, para toda mi vida?
Lost man in time, was his name Peter?
September sun, rotted flatbush porch
I would have run then, had I known the cost
Autumnal rays turned your eyes to stone
Did it give you pleasure to steal my soul?
Yet in the dark, still he screams your name
Nights living death with witch rhymes insane
Ten years amassed, para toda mi vida?
Lost man in time, was his name Peter?
Leave her, Leave her alone
I said leave her alone
Me? I know why