

## 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