

Southern Gothic

Ulver

I want to tell you something
About the grace of faded things
The draped compositions
Hiding from the new world
Behind old French doors
The last rays of the setting sun
On the cheeks of cherub faces
The traces of their tears

But you do not listen
Your mind is somewhere else
I speak with a frozen tongue
In a dead language

There' s a world between us
There' s a sunken garden
Love lies bleeding there
And words they mean nothing
To anyone anymore