

Passageways

Tombs

There's a figure on the lake.
Suspended by the moon.
The golden dawn shines in her eyes.
Feel the heathen pain.
The nightmare calls.
Her eyes fill with tears as shadows cross the sky.
I wear a crown.
I eat the heart of her memory.
I bear the mark in the shadow of her effigy.

Lyrics provided by <https://www.omusic.in/>