

Afterhours, White Widow

There's a world dying at my door
I would die just to taste its blood some more
I knew a world lying at my door
For my lover's sins, they buried my soul

White widow hear 'em say
Her god is wrong, her time has run
White widow hear 'em say
My time is wrong, my god has run

Well I know that my trial has gone
Yes I know that my trial goes on again
And I know that my trial has gone
Yet I know that my trial goes on and on

In my bed as I lied undead
Making love to the snake inside my head
On the floor like a beautiful whore
What may never come may hurt no more

White widow she don't taste so sweet
My god is wrong, my time has run
'cause I know that my trial has gone
Yet I know that my trial goes on and on

White widow sees the sun and sleet
Her god is wrong, her time has run
Well I know that my trial has gone
Yet I know that my trial goes on again

Seem unwell-
Look like hell-
But I don't care-

I've come a long way
I've come a long way
I've come a long way
since sunday-
Girl, get runnin-

Take a drive where your mind will cease to feel
Stay alive if you feel you can stand still
White widow she don't taste so sweet
Her god is wrong, her time has run
White widow she is the sun and sleet
My god is wrong, my time has run

'cause I know that my trial has gone
Yet I know that my trial goes on and on
'cause I know that my trial has gone
Yet I know that my trial goes on again
Yes I know that my trial has gone

Christ I know that my trial goes on and on
Yet I know that my trial goes on again
Yes I know that my trial goes on and on