

Colony 5, Black

Black eyes, black lips, black nails.
We're dancing a slow dance.
Kiss of ash, my tongue fails,
at the sharp blade of romance

Tongue of ash catches drop
from sharp and bloody steel.
We've danced too long to ever stop,
it's time for a broken mind to heal.

Black stare could shatter stone.
Black knife rests - white body prone.
Dark angels watch the play below
Black soul wants to die young,
Black lips smile when dark tongue
tastes the wine from your kind

Crimson tongue catches drop
from nails like razorblades
the dance is done, the game is won
it's time for a broken heart to feel