

Holy Grove, Nix

Mistakes are made
By fools who pray
In the dark for the babe
In the hopes that you'll find
Him by the river

Unbaptised and brave
To their watery grave
Trying to find that which
Directs you away from their lair

Yeah the river wild
Rowan, run along my child

Three ladies wait
With raven hair
At The edge their legs wet
In the hopes that you'll find them there

Unbaptised and brave
To their watery grave
Tried to find that which
Directs you away from their lair

Yeah that river wild
Rowan, run along my child

From their reach, from the beach
Where you once smiled
Yeah you know the river's wild

Relying on your impulses
Endless corruption with the changing tides
Those loveless hallucinations
That terrorize

And soon their grip is gonna take you under
Past the point of no return
Forgotten and outnumbered
And left to burn

Relying on your impulses
Endless corruption with the changing tides
Those loveless hallucinations
That terrorize

And soon their grip is gonna take you under
Past the point of no return
The pathway to your damnation
Fear the maidens
Good intentions
Cause for concern
Soon you will learn
Treacherous bathing
You'll need saving
Hang back in the trees
From infantile fantasies