

Love of mine, someday you will die but I'll be close behind.  
I'll follow you into the dark. No blinding light or tunnels to gates of white.  
Just our hands clasped so tight waiting for the hint of a spark.

**If Heaven and Hell  
DECIDE THAT THEY BOTH  
ARE SATISFIED & ILLUMINATE THE  
NO on their VACANCY signs**

*If there's no one beside you when your SOUL embarks,  
Then I will follow you into the dark.*

In Catholic school, as vicious as Roman rule, I got my knuckles  
bruised by a lady in black. I held my tongue as she told me,  
"Son, fear is the heart of love." So I never went back.

You and me have seen everything to see from Bangkok to Calgary.  
The soles of your shoes are all worn down. The time for sleep is now.  
It's nothing to cry about cause we'll hold each other soon.

(the blackest of rooms)