

## Fill in the gaps

| Led to the river                                 | (Back in the forest (7) whispers persuade) |
|--|--|
| Midsummer, I wave                                | (More sugar trails, more white lady laid)  |
| A 'V' of (1) swans                               | (Than pillars of salt)                     |
| On with hope to the grave                        | Fall to my arms                            |
| And through red September                        | Hold their mesmeric sway                   |
| When skies fire-paved                            | And (8) out to the moon                    |
| I begged you (2) like                            | As we did in those golden days             |
| A thorn for the holy ones                        | Christening stars                          |
| Cold was my soul                                 | I remember the way                         |
| Untold was the pain                              | We were needle and spoon                   |
| I faced, when you left me                        | Mislaid in the burning hay                 |
| A rose in the rain                               | Bared on (9) tomb                          |
| So I swore to the razor                          | I am a prayer for your loneliness          |
| That never, enchained                            | And would you ever swoon                   |
| Would your dark nails of faith                   | Come above unto me?                        |
| Be (3) through my veins again                    | For once upon a time                       |
| Bared on your tomb                               | From the bind of your holiness             |
| I am a prayer for your loneliness                | I could always find                        |
| And would you ever soon                          | The right slot for your sacred key         |
| Come above unto me?                              | Six feet deep is the incision              |
| For once (4) a time                              | In my heart that barless prison            |
| From the binds of your loneliness                | Discolors all with tunnel vision           |
| I (5) always find                                | Sunsetter, nymphetamine                    |
| The right slot for your sacred key               | Sick and weak from my condition            |
| Six feet deep is the incision                    | This lust, this vampiric addiction         |
| In my heart that barless prison                  | To her alone in full submission            |
| Discolors all with tunnel vision                 | (None better) nymphetamine                 |
| Sunsetter, nymphetamine                          | (Sunsetter) nymphetamine                   |
| Sick and weak from my condition                  |  |
| This lust, (6) vampiric addiction                | (None better) nymphetamine                 |
| To her alone in full submission                  | Nymphetamine, nymphetamine                 |
| None better, nymphetamine                        | Nymphetamine girl                          |
| Nymphetamine, nymphetamine                       | Nymphetamine, nymphetamine                 |
| Nymphetamine girl                                | My nymphetamine gir                        |
| Nymphetamine, nymphetamine                       |  |
| My nymphetamine girl                             |  |
| (Wracked with your charm, I'm circled like prev) |  |



## 1. black

- 2. appear
- 3. pushed
- 4. upon
- 5. could
- 6. this
- 7. where
- 8. dance
- 9. your

## Fill in the gaps

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