

# 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