

The Start of Nothing

When there are no songs left to sing
When there are no words left to write
You take the window seat again
As you watch the fading light

Never thought you'd ever see the day
The wind comes up to sweep it all away

This is the start of nothing

Here comes the night you're waiting for
Here comes the dark and bloody moon
Here comes the cold you won't survive
Don't try to say it came too soon

In the streets they're walking all alone
Waiting for the dark to take them home

This is the start of nothing

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