

# Eumenides

## Esben and the Witch

These good hearts  
Are falling fast  
With these black marks  
Too far inscribed  
A vicissitude  
Scores your palm  
A soul bequeathed  
To martyrdom  
Chevalier  
To witch i'm bound  
Pulls me  
I don't blame you  
I don't blame you  
For we are men  
Who seek to undo themselves  
For we are men  
Who seek to undo themselves  
Again  
These tumults turn to frenzied fights  
Inside this addled mind  
Breeding gall and wormwood  
To make me feel maligned  
Thou shalt find judges  
You will find acquaintances  
Be quiet cursed wolf  
For the sinners bark  
(Uncontrollable...  
Inconsolable...  
Horses...)  
Silver bullets  
For sinners bark  
Silver bullets  
For sinners bark  
(This is for madmen only)

Lyrics provided by <http://counterlikes.com/>