Communion for One

Black robes swept in, the altar cracked
A mirrored mask smiled down the aisle
Shame dressed in white, blame dressed in black
Let all creation stand trial

The angels cheered, the devil sang
And hope was first in line to hang

Crown for the hurt
Blade for the weak
Thorns in the wine
It tastes so sweet
A ghost guards the door
Possessive of pain
Keeps the cuts from healing
And pours wine again
And pours wine again

Where were the angels? Far too high
To hear a broken heart's last cry
Saline was poured where blood had been
Nothing soft was let back in

The angels fled, the devil stayed
And hope was hanged by hands that prayed

Crown for the hurt
Blade for the weak
Thorns in the wine
Still tastes so sweet
A ghost bars the door
Possessive of pain
Keeps the heart from healing
And pours wine again

Look up, no angels
Look down, no devil
Look in a mirror, no

Crown for the hurt
Blade for the weak
Thorns in the wine
Still tastes so sweet
No ghost bars the door
I'm possessive of pain
Keeping the heart from healing
I pour wine again

Crown for the hurt
Blade for the weak
Still tastes so sweet