

# Even Song, Fading With The Sun

Cold wind plucks the string of sorrow  
in a deep and silent forest  
There's no one to caress the wound  
of a dying goddess

Imprisoned in ancient stones  
in a bittersweet eternity  
while the lashing wings of angels  
pour grief to the ground  
New gods came to the land  
presence of a prayer in the distance  
as teh memories of a forlorn time  
are fading with the sun

Bleeding forever with the Earth  
embraced by cold tranquility  
die alone in agony