

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