

Gothminister, We Die In Dreams

She casts no shadow in the streets of the dead machines
And ruined children are the angels in our dreams

And these are changes in a world she used to know
She found redemption in a past that came undone
We are all on our way to damnation
If we die in dreams we die for real

Empty faces, blind and grim
Black hearts won't pity sin
Cold breath, endless quest for
Sanity in demons nest
He who sees her watches her fall
Yet he's the blindest of them all
He couldn't hear he couldn't feel
The darkest call from those who bleed