

Nightfall, Christles

Christles

All the truth you told me it could assist
In that endless journey in the mist
Disappeared when I asked for it
And revealed my cruel nudity
Feelings do escape from deep within
Like mice do from the sinking ship
No one would ever dare to stay in
Where are your clothes my fallen king?
I don't believe in Jesus Christ when see this place slowly dies
I don't believe in Jesus Christ when all my life I have to fight
Face your life through the centuries
An endless race to fill in your emptiness