

Paradise Lost, Another Day

Another day and the guilt is gone
Another day will stress the weak and the strong
Just a memory that we've become
I have taken without warning
When the day has just begun...
A summer's day and my blood runs cold
I can hear you in the morning
As I'm reaching out to haunt you
A summer's day and my blood runs cold
You will never hear me calling
As I'm reaching to destroy you
Another day won't ease the sorrow
Another day will help frustration to grow
All pictures and the face of hope
I have taken without warning
When the day has just begun.