

# Paradise Lost, Dying Freedom

As a withered hand grips right through fear  
The cold caressing rains  
The reaping arms of silence, evolve for us to see

Overruled by a lack of paitence, it's untold, it's untold  
That's the secret that has mad us

Constructive powers flow desire  
The last intense degree  
Scratching at the surface, for all of us to hear

Gather around, the secrets that you know  
And the speech that makes blood flow  
Blame desire, you'll blame revenge

Standing at the solemn shores  
Where blessed fools are born  
Happiness is wasted, waster blood and tears

Re-abuse infiltration, it's untold, it's untold  
Raping life from other nations

The ritual explosive fires  
Rewarding enemies  
Shells of empty faces, crying to be free

Dying free, the spirits gather round  
While the soul lays underground  
Will the voices call again?