

Yearning, Bleeding For Sinful Crown

Unreal is grip of this dream
Calling out for truth
Mirage that they call life
Hovering in you

EWngulfed in caress of night
And sigh of the dead
Cold rain covers the deeds
That once were done

Virtues have withered now
Beside the sinful crown
No need to ask for more
After the Babylon

The smile in angels face
Will turn to grimace
At sea of decay
Some have basked in haze

You may question your life
And ask me reason why
But I can tell you
Nothing is true

Let's die together...