

Amaran, Seven Long Years

My revolution dies
straight from the wound to the soil
Didn't need long enough to be named
Did need long enough to be mourned

Shadow mirror on the wall
looking at my reflection
Seven long years to endure
to my resurrection
If I'd sail the seven seas
would you still be here for me
When I found my way back home

My execution fails
left to the chariots of the switch
Burning the flesh and staging more
like a phoenix I've opened your throne

Father carry her for me
For I lack of empathy