

Ascension Of The Watchers, Ascendant

Dreams are like razors I hold in my hand
Memories bleeding I don't understand
Blood stained prayers are left unanswered
Fading echoes that no one has heard
Every word I have ever written
Falls like rain from the dark heavens
I lost all control of my heart and soul
Now every praise is for whom I toll
These mortal moments will be lost in time
Like every tear I shed from my eyes
Like fallen angels who dream of ascent
My every regret becomes a lament