

Ashengrace, Figurine In Grey

and every night it begins again... asleep in your eyes, oh sweet Evelyne.
I lay me down on your throne, no gifts left to bring,
my curtains are drawn no wind under your wings.
And over the sigh as you set in the west,
my fingers inside all these feelings suggest...
I'm embracing the stone that once was your light,
one more empty voice, all alone in the night
I'm just one fading star that used to be in your light.
I'm just one empty voice all alone in the night.
I'm just one who'd have given whatever you need.
I'm just one of the few who tried to believe...
Awakened beside your echoing song, this aching inside it still lingers on.
A memory of dust, in the words that you say
adrift in the tides, your figurine in grey.
Like towers you fall into nowhere land
and the millions you hold are like stars to my hands
I had given it all, no matter the cost.
You were all that I knew, you were all that I lost.
And we're still wailing hearts awakened and one.
I wanted to believe in "you are the one",
but dreaming is done, another is waiting.
When all this is aside, these feelings remain.
But you wouldn't try, to look into these eyes,
in this endless dream wide awake on your river of sorrows.
You made me believe, you drew me into your room,
and only silence remains...
only silence remains...
only silence remains...