

# Avec Tristesse, Paean

The reign of earth will end here utterly  
And by the eye of Ra behold its final doom.  
The nightless sky burns home and field,  
As some try desperately to flee into the moon.

From the stars came unknown saviours,  
To free man from tragedy.  
Giant forms of celestial bodies,  
That took man away from here.

Eternity as I've always dreamed,  
Thus we've been granted a second chance.

Cries of joy; Joyous cries of human tears.  
Our own tears; The same that bled for many years.  
A million cries; The voice of children with hoping hearts.  
We are free; With courage even death we'll beat.