

Charon, Colder

Come along with the whispering cold and fall
They left you nothing more to seek from here.
So roll the feast in flames unforgettable
Take a bow to the end, reload your remorse
Every line is a thorn bite through your eyes

Still remains

The everlasting hope for a bitter war.
If it has made you colder
Turning your life for justice
They have learned to obey.
Broken the rules I followed, burning for name so hollow
I will learn to obey.

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They have learned to obey.
Broken the rules I followed
I will learn to obey.