

# 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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