

Charon, She Hates

Say no more, he's craving for your heart
Deep where secrets have been kept in ice
And the fire in these hands burns when you must keep it inside now
Pray no more when every path is through

It has got to be faith, it has got to be the end of the race

Cold whispering sounds of breeze
Makes her to forgive
Something we deceived

Frail me slowly gave it up to you
Healed needs blacken every heartless words
And the fire in my soul turns into a liquid as I crawl
Pray no more when every line is through

It has got to be faith, it has got to be the end of the race

Cold whispering sounds of breeze
Makes her to forgive
Something we deceived

Buried in to your wounds it cries
For the sorrow she hates the life

Cold whispering sounds of breeze
Makes her to forgive
Something we deceived

Buried in to your wounds it cries
For the sorrow she hates the life
For the sorrow she hates the life