

Decoryah, When The Echoes Start To Fade

Ebonies was mixing in the night of dark thoughts...
A cold blow of wind tied me down to the air
The combination of the echoes purple light
the cry of love that dies

Drops of crying heaven and weeping hell
Fondle my skin and I show you the places
Where the chimes. they whine and the chambers. They cry

The crying echoes they fade away ...