

Deraptors, Frozen Light

Frozen light
Cities made of clay
No one knows
your endless smile

the games you want to play
the cat across my way

your whispers is vengeance
guilt and my sentence
pleasing your pleases me

in the sand
you lost your face
my old friend
this is not dying

I wait for you to come
my mind I about to blow, wohoo

your whispers is vengeance
guilt and my sentence
pleasing your pleases me
pleasing your pleases me