

Diary Of Dreams, Allocution

When the sweetest voice is murdered in this stubborn and precocious throat
When the glimpse is gone and the stare remains
When the moment dies and eternity prevails
When the single sound becomes a lasting tone

What was it all good for
If you give it up now
If you lay down now to rest
If you stop the fighting

When four seasons merge and only one is left
When all the movements of this world end up to be just one
When all these tears we cry would gather to the flood
And when it hurts you feel the pain in every single bone

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