

Even Song, Lost Tales Part 2

The moon has thrown her pall
to look down to our dying land
and she spills a silver tear for us
for our long dead heaven
as we're lying in the great tomb
of our loneliness

We've lost our way, lost our tales
in our own created mist
Only the vacant eyes of sorrow follow our steps
We're just empty shades of an empty life
failed to reach the skies