

Gothminister, Swallowed By The Earth

If we died tonight
Would it ever be the same
If it's over now
Would I comfort you again
If there's no return
From the realm of blackened wings
If there's no release
From the pain you feel within

You stop the world for a while
The weight upon your shoulders scraping off
Reflective eyes of a child
And the creatures stretch their arms
To the sky

If we die died tonight
Would it ever be the same
If it's over now
Would I comfort you again
If there's no return
To the sting that makes you real
Then should everyone
Always fear their inner dreams?

If we died tonight
We've lost control of what is real
In the fear of night
Only children learn to breathe