

Heavenwood, Season '98

It used to be unreal
Fairy tales of yesterday
I washed away with all my pain
But they won't ever fade away
Once freezing some ideals
The cold wind took them all away
No sunshine to brighten up our memories
Who can turn back into old times

We pray for a dying hour
This season is not the theme
We only pray to cry our dream
Upon this emptiness
We pray for clouds that hug
The thunder's trumpet roars
The rain comes down upon my head
Tonight we gonna pray

We pray for the end of the season

The sound of the coming darkness
A crown of thorns which burns
That falls into the soul like rain
The day that the sun will depart
Once freezing some ideals
The cold wind took them all away
No sunshine to brighten up our memories
Who can turn back into old times

We pray for the end of the season