

Junius, From The Isle Of The Blessed

Bright flare, stars, mirror
Down came the reign of springtide life
He breathes his first breath and tries to see,
But the sounds beneath cut all the lights

Now that he feels it
Whenever he breathes in
Nothing can slow it down
It's so abrupt, it's on us now

Fade out of sight for another life

Down the isles adorned
(with all those beautiful bright lights)

In the chambers
He will learn how to fight
To recover all the blood lost in life
And he can't hear the fall of another
He lights a fire up above undercovers