

# Left Hand Solution, Scorns Of Time

(words & music: Barthold)

Singing that died away  
The nightingale silenced  
In this world, our decadence  
The sweetness turned sour

Naked and bled  
Her blackened wings spread  
Feathers - burned and frayed  
Sore and sick she fades

The nestling falls down  
Dead on earth  
As sickness takes hold  
Of the essence

Naked and bled  
Her blackened wings spread  
Feathers - burned and frayed  
Sore and sick she fades

Together we die  
Born unable  
Expose the filth  
Suppressed within