

My Shameful, The Wind That Burns All

Save your last prayers
come down to meet me here
lower yourself to my level
let your hate be free
see yourself
and what we've become
a lower form of life
as we tumble through the last times

Fall down on your knees
Pray for mercy before me
ask for forgiveness
from the one who can't speak

Created this, a setting for a soul
to die away, to die away in the cold
a gray sky upon us
snow is black ash now
do you feel how it comes closer
every day

and would you believe when I say there's nothing we could do

Fall down on your knees
Pray for mercy before me
ask for forgiveness
from the one who can't speak

Here it comes -the terrible
the beautiful -the last of sunsets

here it comes -the terrible
the beautiful -the wind that burns all

here it comes -finally
suddenly -the end to all this

here we go -the feeble
the small -finally... we all are dead