

Nightfall, Some Deaths Take For Ever

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What I'd ask my fair

Is to sort this world out

So to get rid of you

From this pity my self hold out

What I'd your gald is

To give you wisdom

So to understand

What the hell's going on with you, morals beware of your creation

In what life my dreams are sinking

Said you care but you've never meant it

In what dream my life's sinking

Said you see but you've never seen it

Strange aeons

Are what I'm living in

What's bright fancy white

It's what everyone believes in

Strange love

It's what you do feel

I'd rather hate my self

Than feeling the way you feel, morals beware of your creation