

Nightfall, Some Deaths Take Forever

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