

Noumena, Burden Of Solacement

The sun draws a line, how scathing, divine
Yet under cold grief I shiver like a leaf in October gale
My skin turns so pale and feels burning sore
It happens once more

Release me from this guilt
Set me free out of this hell

Will you bring solace when this pain floods my soul?

As anger abates deep sorrow awaits
I'm drained and alone
On the edge of the unknown