

Phlebotomized, Gone...

They've gone to whatever
They're leaving us behind
Floating... as light as a feather
They'll rise to a different kind

Maybe it was better this way
Although one could have some doubts
For peace we all shall pray
Now... silence's such a dreadful sound

A group of pigeons sing
At some time there was a light
This should have been a new beginning
But the lord is always right...

It's not fair... [4x]