

Symphorce, Blackened Skies

When the mist of the morning falls from the faith, a silence calls
Everything is growing near to the shadows, why I'm here.
Fly on the wind of my soul a blinding light, hands are cold.

Now when we leave illusions
so we're fighting under
blackened skies. Now when
we dream and speak in lies

Now the world won't turn for me
never really came out what it seemed to be going nowhere, not today the
great tomorrow's coming anyway
Not really gone, so far away
don't want to go,
but I can't really stay
Slow it down, turn around
stone my soul down below
Now I drift, so far away to go
where we'll never be
will the door be closed behind
will we fly to where the sun will shine
Blind confusion is in the air,
but there's something out there