

Zonata, Hollow Rain

The rain is falling down again
I reach for the end an act of no faith

I see future been set
My childhood a link to regret

I roam in darkness
A sign from my past
Losing my freedom
Closing the rest

My mind is healing with the time
New seasons will come harvest of pain

Every sin the last one will gain
The air seems cold but I never change

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A sign from my past
Losing my freedom
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