

Within The Realm Of A Dying Sun

Love Like Blood

those landscapes you see
are not made of life at all
they are made of death
they're like a cancer that's covering the earth
and everything you see is just
grey walls and wasteland around
I lost my voice I lost my thoughts
and pain is tearing me appart heart on ice, this heart's on ice
is weak and frail, so weak and frail. red light blue light flashing fear
there's too much stone around here
another door slammed on my face
and you don't bother to here
it is dark no noise around me
when I was in that statered blood eyes flame in the sky
and walls are breathing by hate
nothing new in the dying sun
and on the western front
a perfect reflection a senseless action
suburban homes you know

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