The Passing

Tristania

Feel, my hands are turning cold
Time will fill this endless void
As the fires light the sky
At safe distance
I see fearChasing my deliverance
I cross the burning
Borderline
I close my eyes
But still I dare not sleep tonightThis rhythm I pass on
See the land its carved upon
See my fate for what it is
In your eyes its a loss
Or victoryFacing my deliverance
Across the border
Fleeing my
Affliction and
My treason
My sweet misery

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