Forgotten

Gothminister

Sun sets on the final day
Waking up from a thousand plagues
Light hurts in the orphant's eye
Imprison faith in the newborn childWe are forgotten,
Our minds locked up in fear
We are forgotten,
But now our time is here
And slowly comes the night
Inhales a dying sun
Of shadows will appear
A ghastly sight of crocked bodies
Crawling out to breathe the air
In the fields where light remains
Far away from all common sense
Severed hands from a burried child
Be aware, it's the omen
From the twisted side
We are forgotten souls with our minds locked up in fear
So pray for salvation cause the empire is near
Song Discussions is protected by U.S. Patent 9401941. Other patents pending.

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