

Joys of the Emptiness

Paradise Lost

Breathing here,
And the air is clear
Changes of which I could foresee Violence caressing,
Impending distress
As my body lay sleeping,
Internally bleeding, and Shallow despair, broken years
Years you cannot repair
Summoned here,
And all must see the hypocrisy
Peed back the face, the sorry mind,
A vacant space
Born deprived,
The moods expired in reality A fantasy, based on harmony
A victim released accordingly Scatter the ashes,
Remains of life's passages,
Mocking and meaningless,
Toys of the empty, and Mighty and proud,
Reaching up to touch the shroud
Tangled here,
And far beyond from atrocity
Frozen and cold,
Bleak the memories of old
Times capsize the born
Desires for technology

Songwriters

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