Torch Song

Christian Death

there is no sound or meaning - the world is dead
for five entire nights emitting no decisive life
crushed into dust or sorrow - fade away a lifetime lost in vain,
stumbling towards the death of faith solemn men dwell deep within
i know not how I should fly, waiting for the fall
a land of light awaits us on this side, or not at all
i know not how I should fly, calling out to you
nameless angel, face the death of faith which cripples you
there is no sound or meaning - the world is dead the world is dead
days of mourning, night to follow drawing to a close
dawn is breaking, amputate the thoughts that you love most
never in the hand, no seas of sand and resin
there's love on crutches which always plays a part in the game of sorrows last remembrance, Sorrow's last remains
there is no sound or meaning - the world is dead

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