

The Calm Before the Storm

Arcana

Holding heard on to the wings of the angel,
so afraid to let loose.

And we have kept our hands over the eyes,
so afraid to take sides.

But now when the dark age has come,
maybe we will see through the storm.

Through the lies and the world of grey,
all these lies...

So come with me through the storm,
see the other side of common sence.

We can no longer deny the truth,
how horrible it may seem...

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