

Plutonian Shores

Blume

The silent tears touch the ground,
Forming a vast, sounding ocean;
Someone's calling my name,
But I just can't answer.

I'm crawling on Plutonian shores:
The sky is red, the waves are black,
There is sickness in the soil.
How sadly the city clock tolls,
Where hope is lost and faith is gone,
Where shadows grow and creep like chilly wind.

Reveal your secret, weak man!
Your insignificance hurts me;
Tell me how can you live
In a so senseless world?

I'm crawling on Plutonian shores:
The sky is red, the waves are black,
There is sickness in the soil.
How sadly the city clock tolls,
Where hope is lost and faith is gone,
Where shadows grow and creep like chilly wind.

Lyrics submitted by djwave.

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