Abysmo

Moonspell

Men with both roots and wings
they tie us down and ask us to leave
they are teachings unheard, they are bodies on smokeMen with both roots and wings
at a singular voice we moan
our teachings mislead, our teachings like smokewe sleep between the storm that was
and the storm which has to comeWe've learnt to learn everywhere
and the very own nature has taught us to wait
difference does sound like sin, equality reliefs
and that fame rhymes with hate yet everything is fair
on the intervals of your deathmisguided demons or forthcoming heroes
each one with an important name
nothing else than an important name.Men with both roots and wings
at a certain time we are one
our little tricks, our innocence stubbornMen with just little wings, men with just little minds
Men with just little eyes, men with just little deedssleeping between the storm that was
and the wind which fails to come (and finally)
blow us away.

Song Discussions is protected by U.S. Patent 9401941. Other patents pending.

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