

Blue Sky Black

Last Perfection

on the bluest of days i could see straight thorough time / and on that bluest of days i saw the blackest sky /
brainwashed fanaticism set this world ablaze / under ashes lie three though died / in the fires burn our lesson
learned / under the ashes lies my security / on that bluest of days i could see the end of time / and on that bluest
of days i saw the blackest crime / the saddest story i ever read / written in the ink of blood red / forever images
burned into my head / in my dreams dark clouds are always chasing me / until i die / pinned to the pages of
history / with blackened clouds / and drops of dripping blood / and i saw your downtown / crawling through this
burial ground / endless fields of blue / with only grey that will cut through / atrocities carried out on the strength
of fairy tales / this rendition of the sky will still send shivers down my spine.

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