Dying Freedom

Paradise Lost

As a withered hand grips tight through fear
The cold caressing rains
The reaping arms of silence, evolve for us to seeOverruled by a lack of patience, it's untold
That's the secret that has made usConstructive powers flow desire
The last intense degree
Scratching at the surface, for all of us to hearGather round, the secrets that you know
And the speech that makes blood flow
Blame desire, you'll blame revengeStanding at the solemn shores
Where blessed fools are born
Happiness is wasted, wasted blood and tearsRe-abuse infiltration. it's untold
Raping life from other nationsThe ritual explosive fires
Rewarding enemies
Shells of empty faces, crying to be freeDying free, the spirits gather round
While the soul lays underground
Will the voices call again?

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