Far Cry

Darkwell

Like on golden wings
Beneath the misty clouds
My heart is all my joy
Touched by a siren singing
I thought I knew it all about, all about

Me, an exploited gal,
My visions fallen from grace.
Trapped in my own hell.
Faced by realities; derailed
A bitter sweet truth; I failed

There is no gold in the sky
Colors fade to grey
My dreams can't deploy
My breast starts to cry
For my illusions I will pay, I will pay

Me an exploited gal

I will stretch my dark arm
In black my future falls
Finally I am no toy
My victims I will harm
Now I know it all

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