

Infernal Grays

Majesty Of Revival

yeah!

The state we're calling white
Reflects all colours.

The state we're calling black
Absorbs them all.

If someone tells: you will die
In next 3 monthes,
What you'll do?

Will you stay before you're fall? Nothing here
Depends on you,
But any time
You feel your fault.

When something's wrong
It should be right

Somewhere on the other side... The state we're calling gray
Is a mix of colours.

Places never seen
From reality we know,
Almost gray. You have to

Walk for miles - just to reach them; road lies
Through netherworld.
Bound to current life,

We're not eternal. Maybe death is like - "miles"
Ethereal travel - "lanes"

Travel by the lanes... - "Grays"

By Infernal Grays... The state we're calling gray
Is a mix of colours.

Places never seen
From reality we know,
Almost gray. You have to

Walk for miles - just to reach them; road lies
Through netherworld.
Bound to current life,

We're not eternal. We afraid to die - "die"
But tell me, why? - "lanes"

Travel by the lanes... - "grays"
By Infernal Grays...

Lie!

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