Forging Sympathy

Paradise Lost

A mass of breathing souls
For times are desolate
Passing judgement on my sentence
As I perceive my dying day
Give me a promise.
The word I will never hear
Sympathies forging, stalling in meI'm closing all the doors
While my frown remains
Until I reach my golden haven
I'll let the sadness pass my wayPreaching the words of angels, to a darker side of manMy halo's fading with all the sin I deal
Have I been banished, `a forgery'Sear, the tender feeling as my solar glow dies
And I'm waiting for my sweet hell
You'll wait for `your' hell, I wish you hell...In time the hate corrodes
Our brains are desolate
And this prison which we serve in
Will be a witness to our painsPreaching the words of angels, to a darker side of man

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