

And here's enough of them, For many a nightly breath  
And a fine shelter from the jealous too  
The rise of an extinguished art  
Higher dreams have come to us

And here's enough of them, The depressive season  
There with sceneries filled with idols

Hell, The space is no more  
Who named the crown that fell

What do you think  
Who were supposed to make it this time  
Yes, Blacken little hearts

(I can't believe my eyes)  
You romanticized the depths of this one

The wisdom of men and women says  
Those things we can't speak directly of  
We must refer to them

What do you think  
Who were supposed to make it this time  
Yes, Blacken little hearts