

Failing Winds Of Hopeless Greed

Arsis

So, the sight has finally left us
with dreams of the failing light.
Born again, beneath ashen cloud
and the restless lies betrothed,
I curse this winter.

And my nightmares become your dreams,
come blindness, stealing grief.
On failing winds of hopeless greed
and blindness lead the light,
I curse these winter eyes.

Beneath ashen cloud,
I curse this winter.
Beneath ashen cloud.
I curse this winter.

And my nightmares become your dreams,
come blindness, stealing grief.
On failing winds of hopeless greed
and blindness lead the light,
I curse these winter eyes.

An ashen cloud of hopeless splendor,
A robe of ice unsundered.
A slave to this kingdom winter
Under skies of fire falling.
Falling, falling, falling.

So, the applause have ended,
the plague, lost within sleep.
The last right of spring, now lays beneath.
A shroud of fire as the winds sing...
We curse this winter.

And my nightmares become your dreams,
come blindness, stealing grief.
On failing winds of hopeless greed
and blindness, lead the light.
I curse these winter eyes.