

Fallen Angel

Ashent

I see your brilliant and intense eyes
The last trace of your presence
I listen to your slow and regular breath
The shadow of that proud and worthy voice
Now clench my hand, listen to my heartbeat
Try to cradle yourself in the warmth of my embrace
Your new residence and together we will dream
Is this the price my friend
That we will pay for what will be?
Embryonic conscience
In the chaotic harmony
Of a sneeze of Universe, of a sneeze of Universe
Fallen Angel
And together we will dream
Where one voice without this pain
Where far from the night
You have won your strife
You have won your strife
Is this the price my friend
That we will pay for what will be?
Embryonic conscience
In the chaotic harmony
Of a sneeze of Universe, of a sneeze of Universe