

Come What May

Attack In Black

The darling night called out my name one million times,
"there is nothing to fear, my young, no rest in the divine."
when our urges rest in the hands of you believers,
I really hope that you're believing
and this, the greatest gift to give
I caught a raindrop adrift
amidst the feeling on the day
that you saw everything that you loved in living fade
but I really hope that you're believing
and I really hope it's hope that you deliver

nothing matters
nothing's wrong
nothing feels like anything today

now to open up myself before two suns
there is something to fear
in the undying young who yearn to live forever while
searching for anything but a door that is always closed

but I really hope that you're believing
and I really hope it's hope that you abandon