

The Loss

Dakrua

Take A Look Up To The Stars
In The End Of A May's Night
So Near And Yet So Far
Seems Their Light
That's No More Within Your Sight

And Still Turns The Mortal Wheel
Of This World Cold As Steel

Have The Gods Pity Of He
Who Dies Young As Ancients Say?
What Tomorrow Brings Is Unknown
But The Past Has His Cost

And Still Turns The Mortal Wheel
Of This World Cold As Steel

'Til Death Of Sun We'll Cry A Loss...
'Til Death Of Sun We'll Cry A Loss...