

A world like this
we never before have seen
A prism in which the
shadows are all dispelled
- THE LIGHT IS SCARPENED!
ALL THAT REMAINS IS THE LIGHT
We are not so far away from home
We are leaving again

Are you the one who will bleed my tears
of will my enchantment
burst once again?
Burst under your horrific words?

We do not seek to be the source
of your spells of sadness

I seek and I find my power to
creation, deliberation to expulsion
Do not sense, but see, my falsification

While I know this, I do not longer know
All there is, the taste of blood

AS LONG AS THERE IS LIFE
THERE IS HOPE
FOR AN END