

It used to be unreal  
Fairy tales of yesterday  
I washed away with all my pain  
But they won't ever fade away  
Once freezing some ideals  
The cold wind took them all away  
No sunshine to brighten up our memories  
Who can turn back into old times

We pray for a dying hour  
This season is not the theme  
We only pray to cry our dream  
Upon this emptiness  
We pray for clouds that hug  
The thunder's trumpet roars  
The rain comes down upon my head  
Tonight we gonna pray

We pray for the end of the season

The sound of the coming darkness  
A crown of thorns which burns  
That falls into the soul like rain  
The day that the sun will depart  
Once freezing some ideals  
The cold wind took them all away  
No sunshine to brighten up our memories  
Who can turn back into old times

We pray for the end of the season