

May The Times Change

Lullacry

Go, My Songs, To Those Who
Have Instinct Lust
Go, My Harmonies, To The Ones
Who Have Lost Their Trust

Speak Against The Desperation
Of The Vanishing Breed
Be Against The Ones
Who Have Left Their Souls To Bleed

Tripping Slowly Through The Same And Safe
The Notes Of Disappearing Swan Song
Never Knew How Much The Hurt Could Give, So
May The Times Change When I Live