

# 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