

## A Phoenix Lament

Ministry of Magic

I'm tired and thin  
Haven't slept since the war  
I'm a mess of wounded skin  
Like a wine sack that's been torn.

In the sacred space  
Behind the lids of my eyes  
Mad-Eye darkly holds my gaze  
And I can still see Fredrick's laughing face.

It's not enough  
To say that time  
Can mend my wings  
That one day I'll fly.

And it's not enough  
This acheless scar  
Some wounds are still burning  
Let me live as one earning his life.

And we all fall down  
And we all fall down

Behind the lids of my eyes  
I can still see Fredrick's laughing face  
Far away  
And I can still see Fredrick's laughing face.

It's not enough (not enough)  
To say that time (say that time)  
Can mend my wings (mend my wings)  
That one day I'll fly (one day I'll fly)

It's not enough (not enough)  
This acheless scar (acheless scar)  
Some wounds are still burning (wounds are still burning)  
Let me live as one earning his life.

Darkest nights turn into dawns  
Golden lights are chords of songs of love  
Something death cannot erase