

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