

## Some Deaths Take For Ever

Nightfall

What I'd ask my fair

Is to sort this world out  
So to get rid of you  
From this pity my self hold out

What I'd your gald is  
To give you wisdom  
So to understand  
What the hell's going on with you, morals beware of your creati  
on

In what life my dreams are sinking  
Said you care but you've never meant it  
In what dream my life's sinking  
Said you see but you've never seen it

Strange aeons  
Are what I'm living in  
What's bright fancy white  
It's what everyone believes in

Strange love  
It's what you do feel  
I'd rather hate my self  
Than feeling the way you feel, morals beware of your creation