

# Ghosts

## Soulfallen

Forged in the fires of our distorted selves  
The burning victims of our self-proclaiming Hell

Invading, assailing  
New darkness once more unveiling  
Beneath the blanket of a thousand stars...

Condemned to a future that none foretold  
In one perpetual midnight of the soul

Waning and cascading  
Our strength is utterly failing  
Beneath the cosmos of our shattered dreams

What brings the end  
What will bring forth the Night  
What kills the soul  
Would surely be worth the fight

"What will be lost  
What will remain  
When life and death  
Have become one and the same..."

We who once reached for the skies dreaming we could fly...

We welcome the darkness  
We welcome the new age  
We welcome all the throes from our past mistakes  
As long as one day it will all end  
For we are bound for death...

No more than fumes of the ired that once befell  
No more than ghosts in the shells that we now dwell

Waning and cascading  
The world beneath us is falling  
Yet our grim cadavers continue marching on and on...

What brings the end  
What will bring forth the Night  
What kills the soul  
Would surely be worth the fight

So we could leave  
This Hell called life  
This undying world  
Finally behind