

# The Echoes

## Sunshine

the rage is gone  
the creatures feed themselves  
taking bites of your skin  
you're warm inside  
but it's too late  
you won't let me in

is this my funeral march?  
i'm saying it's not  
i'm having this bad dream  
just one more sad night  
and i'll throw myself  
into the prism's beam

the echoes gorgeously shock me now  
i'm afraid to whisper your name  
coz the hanging garden drags me down  
when the sun licks the skyline so low  
my struggle's gonna be the same  
coz the hanging garden takes me down

it's not a surprise  
to see the ice in your eyes  
flashbacks of the first day  
they left you with nothing  
anger grows in the fields  
does someone have to pay?

you hear the sound of slaughter  
it's up to you and me  
now we're hypnotized by fear  
you hear the sound of slaughter  
it's up to you and me  
how to make this promise clear

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the whole world is in riot,  
too much, too late, denied  
there's nothing to show  
where to go, hard to know  
the strobe makes you blind  
the strobe makes you blind  
why you crying?

no love, no hate  
too little, too late  
i'm stuck in hell  
twisted, parallel  
the strobe makes you blind  
the strobe makes you blind  
why you crying?

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