

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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