

Blackened Skies

Symphorce

When the mist of the morning falls from the faith, a silence calls

Everything is growing near to the shadows, why I'm here.

Fly on the wind of my soul a blinding light, hands are cold.

Now when we leave illusions

so we're fighting under

blackened skies. Now when

we dream and speak in lies

Now the world won't turn for me

never really came out what it seemed to be going nowhere, not today the

great tomorrow's coming anyway

Not really gone, so far away

don't want to go,

but I can't really stay

Slow it down, turn around

stone my soul down below

Now I drift, so far away to go

where we'll never be

will the door be closed behind

will we fly to where the sun will shine

Blind confusion is in the air,

but there's something out there