

Waves of Existence

Trail of Tears

Hear me, all the anger appears to sleep.
For each wound that bleeds within my
Chest, another soul might have found
Some long lost rest.
How did it come to this, where did
We fail? For the world to see i lift my
Glass and treat myself to a small
Sip of melancholy

I see you're standing by the rope
Full of anger, hate and pain.
I feel like screaming out to me,
I want to reach you.
I see you're feeling down again
Can I make you understand
You can reach out for my hand.

It's gone now all that we regret.
So it's time to take another step
Towards what should have been our
Common goal.
Let us raise our glass to what we
Achieved, let us drink to the past
And to all we believed