

## 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