

Flashbacks Of Freedom

WAYD

Crawling forward in the ecstasy of our blindness
Feelin' above, under the drums of our anger
Snow burns in our hands
We're strangers to ourselves
Society is dying when the spirit flies

An ancient calling makes us die
With a smile on our faces
Neverhealing wounds that cry
Piercing our time, belief and life

One day we'll meet on the same way
Buried deep in our brains
We'll recognize each other
Changed but not insane

As the nothing light crushes and blinds me
Time drives me ahead
My memories are pulled from within, I know I'm nearer to death
So, I go on with my insane smile, shaking with inner cold
I defy me bitter night realm, looking for reborn freedom of life

Heretical sunshine - face of the future
Heretical sunshine - with hands open wide
Heretical sunshine - in my walking shoes
Heretical sunshine - a day of my sunrise

A piece of immortality to take
The heart is cold and head in flames