

# Fading Light

Aviators

Life's breath in the candlelight  
Lost hearts in the dead of night  
It's a long way down  
To the place they found  
Dark sun, hollowed by the fade  
Our debt they left to be paid  
Seen the blackness stare  
Promising to spare  
The chosen

Born of graves and left below  
Painted ashes, painted snow  
When the dark awakens  
Fires of our last hope are getting low  
Souls of gods and souls of men  
Meet in cinders to ascend  
Fate has chosen  
And our fading light is at its end

I've a tale that time has lost  
Sins of judgment born in frost  
Then he took a name  
For the one profaned  
Know the dark, but let it rest  
Left to lurkers in their quest  
Let the watchers fight  
And the blood ignite  
The chosen

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Souls to revive us  
Or rot us away  
Want for the weary  
And death for the sane  
Cursed yet we listen  
For bells left to toll  
To fight back the depths of  
Humanity's soul  
For the unkindled  
We look to the sun  
Cities in gold  
All the victories won  
Fear not the dark  
Or the monsters, my friend  
And brace for the feast  
Of humanity's end

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(Fading light...)