

Out Of The Clouds

Fall of Serenity

Time stands still and the past never dies; to be buried
I try to forget but the nightmare has no end
Eternal echoes on my mind
I feel the hands on my throat
My wings turn to dust
The world is slipping through my fingers
Nothing can cool my burning wounds
Why is there tar dropping out of the clouds
My soul collides
(I try to breathe)
I feel the hands on my throat
My wings turn to dust
Cold sweat reflects in my eyes
Whatever I do
Have I lost control over my pointless games