

## Come What May

Attack In Black

The darling night called out my name one million times,  
"there is nothing to fear, my young, no rest in the divine."  
when our urges rest in the hands of you believers,  
I really hope that you're believing  
and this, the greatest gift to give  
I caught a raindrop adrift  
amidst the feeling on the day  
that you saw everything that you loved in living fade  
but I really hope that you're believing  
and I really hope it's hope that you deliver

nothing matters  
nothing's wrong  
nothing feels like anything today

now to open up myself before two suns  
there is something to fear  
in the undying young who yearn to live forever while  
searching for anything but a door that is always closed

but I really hope that you're believing  
and I really hope it's hope that you abandon