

Dying Sun

Bleed from Within

Determined to wage a war with fate
Don't you stand in my way
Give me the strength to take your pain away
To take your pain away

Yet to defeat this
Death feeds on your weakness
But in the shadows of borrowed time
We'll rise once more

I see a man with cracks in his glass heart
He'll trade his soul to never be apart from you
His hands were stained by the twisted grip of fate
But you won't see him hate
No, you won't see him hate

Nothing is as it seems
Bleed out your broken dreams
And play the role of someone on his knees
I bow to the dying sun

Under your fallen sky, we come undone
I bow to the dying sun
The only one

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His hands were stained by the twisted grip of fate
But you won't see him