

Colder

Charon

Come along with the whispering cold and fall
They left you nothing more to seek from here
So roll the feast in flames unforgettable
Take a bow to the end, reload your remorse
Every line is a thorn bite through your eyes
Still remains the everlasting hope for a bitter war

If it has made you colder turning your life for justice
They have learned to obey
Broken the rules I followed, burning for name so hollow
I will learn to obey

Among the weak and heartless I can breath the air veiled just like them
Still remains the everlasting hope for a bitter war

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