

Where History Lives

Communic

As daylight dies
The giant moves in to swallow me
In a belly filled with sins
Is this the ark of suffering?
I would die for your touch
Or at least a sign to believe in
In this spiral darkness
The grief is mine alone

In this spiral of darkness
I ride the tides of the morrow

Where history lives
In the ruins of our past
Where history lives
A place of laughter
A place of tears

Now a place of desperate cries

A flicker of light shining in the darkness
Assurance paid for immortality
A purified heart of stone prides my garden
In this place of gloom
Where old memories gather

In this spiral of darkness
I ride the tides of the morrow

Where history lives
In the ruins of our past
Where history lives
A place of laughter
A place of tears

Remember when eyes were blinded by fever?
Handcuffed for a crime waiting for freedom
Remember the smells
Like I could relive the day?
My only fear is that memories will fade away

In this place of shallow laughter
In this place of desperate cries
A twisting inferno of limbs
A blinding flash into the afterlife

You could walk away with pride
As it slowly decays
The layers of delusion have vanished
From this inner narrow-mindedness

Razor sharp claws of reality
Fear strikes a cord in my burning heart
My last breath could never tame the flame
Leaving a trail behind - of my old memories

In this spiral of darkness

I ride the tides of the morrow

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Remember our hands held together?
The urge to live
Was higher than the sky could reach
Remember the nights we spent
Under the moon?
Our place in history among the stars...
With our tears
Our fears
Our dreams
Our life...