

Ghost

Dawn of Solace

The dawn comes with cold white light
Casts the bright daggers of the sun
It draws with its shining knife
A shape of the ghost I have become

This morning feels colder than before
Strange and unfamiliar
Something has changed
What the night took away
The day cannot repay

Forlorn is this scene I built
Can I just step down from the stage?
Run down and worn broken will cannot repair
Can I walk out from this cage?

This morning feels colder than before
Strange and unfamiliar
Something has changed
What the night took away
The day cannot repay