

Heirs of Sorrow

Evadne

Stars, no message, worn by barren prayers
Apocalyptic skies where our fatal fates are blurred

We plead for more light of distant stars
But their brightness fades in the blackness forever

We move away as falling, falling stars
We close our eyes with fear, too fear

We walk between water and mud
Into this dark moor of obsidian lakes
Beneath the mantle of mystic darkness
Our prayers shall drown in a grief as deep as our grave

We shed the light of our shames
We exhale the last breath among tears of absent glances

Our world faints towards despair
Heirs of sorrow, orphans of hope

Wailing with wrath that we have been born to lose

Stars, eternal lights in distance, oracles of time
Hidden by a blinding sun
By a blinding sun

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But their brightness fades in the blackness forever

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