Halves Rupture

IGNEA

There is no glimpse of a previous sky
The burdens now are grey
A shade of prominence is further now
We are the demon's pray

Solstice hid above the clouds of mourn
Moon behind shines brighter than our hearts torn

A ghost of somewhere near
Is now for miles and miles
Instead of sun amidst the sky
The burning angel flies

I will forget the brighter times
How nights were lit by glowing moon
I won't recall your ghostly name
How warm your touches were that noon

Solstice hid above the clouds of mourn
Moon behind shines brighter than our hearts torn

Entwining mourn will be my friend
And all the darkness is my norm
And never I will rise from fiend
Until I'm buried in my tomb

Solstice hid above the clouds of mourn
Moon behind shines brighter than our hearts torn
Stop this madness, scatter the tempest away
Sun will light our path to the freedom today

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