

Darkday

Lay Down Rotten

Whispers, Travelling with the wind
Like fragments of unbecoming, the
gathering of our sins.
Crying, tears from the blind man.
Now you see so much better without eyes,
when something dies.
He sees the unbecoming.
The one's nevermade.
The unmaking (of worlds) he knows them.
This man now weeps and prays.
No. This wasn't meant to be.
In all the dreams that I have dreamt
this wasn't our destiny.
As explorer of earths
and adventurer of the stars I know that
I should've known.
Now the sorrow spectrum
grows and the world will stay unsaved.
I know that I should've seen.
I know the unbecoming.
The worlds nevermade.
The unmaking, I know them.
And now I weep and pray.
Whispers, Travelling...

Now, the darkday has come.
Now O know, now I see, that evil
never dies, it just sleeps.
It just sleeps...