

## Forging Sympathy

Paradise Lost

A mass of breathing souls  
For times are desolate  
Passing judgement on my sentence  
As I perceive my dying day  
Gime me a promise.  
The word I will never hear  
Sympathies forging, stalling in me

I'm closing all the doors  
While my frown remians  
Until I reach my golden haven  
I'll let the sadness pass my way

Preaching the words of angels, to a darker side of man

My halo's fading with all the sin I deal  
Have I been banished, 'a fogery'

Sear, the tender feeling as my solar glow dies  
And I'm waiting for my sweet hell  
You'll wait for 'your' hell, I wish you hell...

In time the hate corrodes  
Our brains are desolate  
And this prison which we serve in  
Will be a witness to our pains

Preaching the words of angels, to a darker side of man