

Horizon

Shamrain

In teh evening The figures are moving Blood rushes to my head I
t becomes harder to accept The person I am becoming

In core of the soil They are waiting I hope you could wake me u
p When the time is near In the evening The figures are moving

How can we be free There's nobody on our side There's no more d
esire, reasons The dark stains mark the mind Black horizon welc
omes The horrors of the night