

Falling Kind

The Chant

Save the falling kind this time
We know that it means finality
We see it's terrifying to someone
In need of hope
This reality defines everything
Though hides as a ghost behind the empty words
Out of reason
Save our falling kind
We dreamt of a sourceful entity
Just to see it torn by the empty talks
All for need of hope
Save our falling kind this time
We have no belief in elusive salvation
Guide this quiet type this time
Away from the false light into a new kind of vaqueness
Save the falling kind this time
Away from the false light into a new kind
We have no belief in elusive salvation
There's nothing after this
But a will to dive into the void
Restful and timeless
Feel free to float away
There's nothing after this