

Beneath Dying Skies

Through the Eyes of the Dead

Beautiful scars cover my broken temple.
No one tried to save this, the sun's burnt out.
Darkness is beginning, the sun's burnt out.
No more beautiful, no more life.
Hate and cries lie in a life that's deceased.
Awakened by horror and screaming of dying souls.
People kill themselves because they fear dying.
Futile to try and stop this, your time is up.
Beneath dying skies, beneath the skies the air is weary.
Suffer for this, no words can describe death's bliss.
The slaughter of innocence.
The rain that cleanses the scars of ages