

Garden Of Stone

2nd Suicide

A morning in the garden of stone
Abundant with shades of grey
Through hardship and misery she must pace

Endure, she has the world to face
By every thought worries awaken
In a shameful light the night
Will bring dreams of disgrace

Passion's Bane
A shadow of doubt here lies
Will she find a way
A narrow path under barren sky

Eve of the garden of stone
Weary of the weights of the world

No child of a paradise
On a path seemingly endless
Through the garden of stone
She treads on still With a sullen will

Passion's Bane
A shadow of doubt here lies
Will she find a way
A narrow path under barren sky

The burden's got to be born
Yes the freedom's yours, it's the blame or thorn
Ever uncertain of what is to come
The world is boundless to the lost one

Still a destination looms just outside of reach
The countless turns are bound to lead somewhere

The burden's got to be born
Yes the freedom's yours, it's the blame or thorn
Ever uncertain of what is to come
The world is boundless to the lost one