

# Where History Lives

Communic

As daylight dies  
The giant moves in to swallow me  
In a belly filled with sins  
Is this the ark of suffering?  
I would die for your touch  
Or at least a sign to believe in  
In this spiral darkness  
The grief is mine alone

In this spiral of darkness  
I ride the tides of the morrow

Where history lives  
In the ruins of our past  
Where history lives  
A place of laughter  
A place of tears

Now a place of desperate cries

A flicker of light shining in the darkness  
Assurance paid for immortality  
A purified heart of stone prides my garden  
In this place of gloom  
Where old memories gather

In this spiral of darkness  
I ride the tides of the morrow

Where history lives  
In the ruins of our past  
Where history lives  
A place of laughter  
A place of tears

Remember when eyes were blinded by fever?  
Handcuffed for a crime waiting for freedom  
Remember the smells  
Like I could relive the day?  
My only fear is that memories will fade away

In this place of shallow laughter  
In this place of desperate cries  
A twisting inferno of limbs  
A blinding flash into the afterlife

You could walk away with pride  
As it slowly decays  
The layers of delusion have vanished  
From this inner narrow-mindedness

Razor sharp claws of reality  
Fear strikes a cord in my burning heart  
My last breath could never tame the flame  
Leaving a trail behind - of my old memories

In this spiral of darkness

I ride the tides of the morrow

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A place of laughter  
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Remember our hands held together?  
The urge to live  
Was higher than the sky could reach  
Remember the nights we spent  
Under the moon?  
Our place in history among the stars...  
With our tears  
Our fears  
Our dreams  
Our life...