

Ceremony Of Innocents

Euthanasia

Where are your graves? You cannot hear a bird's song.
Innocent lives witnesses of disaster.
Forgotten names what have become of them?
In wild river never can they awake.
Penetrating flames, they're calling to myself
God sees it from afar, but leaves it till the end.

If I could drive away these clouds by my strong breath,
you wouldn't have to wait for salvation and empty future

I knew the gorgeous woods and valleys scents of flowers and trees,
now you are living in Lakeland and dying days.