

A Cipher In A Foreign Sky

Raised By Swans

I don't feel it
I don't feel it anymore
the city drowns it self
heard the sirens from the shore

I won't suffer this
I won't suffer this for you
fields of orchids burn
and left here standing, frozen through

Your star

Through the scars

Through the scars
I'll find your light again

Dreaming
it's cheap as apathy
the future atrophies
the more I dream

Still I crawl inside your grave
for those lost november days

Your star
through the scars
through the scars
I'll find your light again