

The Merciless Tide

Vallenfyre

In a second
The life I knew
Existed no more
The cold hands
I could no longer warm

My lungs could be your lungs
My life should be your life
These shreds of flesh
Rejected
These screams are silent
To the dead

Pleas mean nothing
Prayers would be
An hypocrisy
Both to him
And to me

My lungs could be your lungs
My life should be your life
These shreds of flesh
Rejected
These screams are silent
To the dead

Shards of terror
Strike in the four chambers
An uncertain gloom descends

[Guitar solo]

I now understand eternity
Like a porcelain God
The merciless tide of reality
Face the orchestral roar

My lungs could be your lungs
My life should be your life
These shreds of flesh
Rejected
These screams are silent
To the dead