

Year Of The Rabbit

"Eyes Of The Black Flame"

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Dead branches standing still
So lifeless with no will
To hide a reign of mournful sky
With no light
Sight is dead

Fading away deep in our pain
Speaking no more, knowing more
Fading away, laughing today
Crawling through waves ever face

And everywhere I roam
Is likely to be shown
That Every silent moment cries
Through these years and black flame

And again the northern wind will blow
Through hearts and fields
Where darkened heaven glows
And the fire grows
There eyes were made for me

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