

99 Burning "7 Devils"

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Without a word she tells you to go
Waves of hair caress her cheek
Filtering down but is it,
For your good, for your dream

No it isn't, for your good, not to let her hear your silent
scream.

Can you imagine, soaring through the universe?
Unencumbered, unentwined?
Can you imagine, your own dreams?
Can you imagine new worlds and new Gods?

Without a word she tells you to go
A single tear kisses her cheek
Spilling down but is it,
For your own good, for your dream

No, it couldn't ever be, for your own good
Not to let here hear your silent scream...
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