

Pheromone

"Serenity"

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Censored gore, smokeless war
Reality is the dying whore
Time ago she rode the skies
To give us light to destroy the lies
There and then she's been rising up
After that she's been shining

She called herself the new sun
But that time she came undone

We walk our way on the blade of the knife
We call this way our life
We live the war but we show the mercy
In hope we live the serenity

She flight but crashed under the weight of her dreams
Singing her last song among the sunbeams
There and then she's been falling down
Here and now she doesn't shine
Reality is already dead and everyone helpt to make it
end

I hear my angel calling me in the valley of serenity

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