

Even Rude

"Fading With The Sun"

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Cold wind plucks the string of sorrow
In a deep and silent forest
There's no one to caress the wound
Of a dying goddess

Imprisoned in ancient stones
In a bittersweet eternity
While the lashing wings of angels
Pour grief to the ground
New gods came to the land
Presence of a prayer in the distance
As teh memories of a forlorn time
Are fading with the sun

Bleeding forever with the Earth
Embraced by cold tranquility
Die alone in agony

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