

Gothminister

"Forgotten"

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Sun sets on the final day
Waking up from a thousand plagues
Light hurts in the orphan's eye
Imprison faith in the newborn child

We are forgotten,
Our minds locked up in fear
We are forgotten,
But now our time is here

And slowly comes the night
Inhales a dying sun
Of shadows will appear
A ghastly sight of crooked bodies
Crawling out to breathe the air

In the fields where light remains
Far away from all common sense
Severed hands from a buried child
Be aware, it's the omen
From the twisted side

We are forgotten souls with
Our minds locked up in fear
So pray for salvation
'Cause the empire is near

And slowly comes the night
Inhales a dying sun
Of shadows will appear
A ghastly sight of crooked bodies
Crawling out to breathe the air

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Inhales a dying sun

Of shadows will appear
A ghastly sight of crooked
Bodies crawling out
Of crooked bodies crawling out
To breathe the air

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