Leaders Of The New School "Black Candle"

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The window is open
You have to face the fear
Reacing out for solitude
It's no way near
The wind is embracing
The candle flame
From now on your life
Will never be the same

Black as the touch
Of a painful depression
You struggle to get to your destination
Strokes of a white brush

Will be your salvation
The anguish of your heart will disappear

Avoiding reflections of traumatising scars Your grasping at straws and reaching for the stars Your heart has been ruptured and it will never heal To get another heart you'll have to steal

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