

Lost Paradise

"DYING FREEDOM"

Visit "[DYING FREEDOM](#)" on MotoLyrics.com

As a withered hand grips right through fear
The cold caressing rains
The reaping arms of silence, evolve for us to see
Overruled by a lack of patience, it's untold
That's the secret that has mad it
Constructive powers flow desire
The last intense degree
Scratching at the surface, for all of us to hear
Gather around, the secrets that you know
And the speech that makes blood flow
Blame desire, you'll blame revenge
Standing at the solemn shores
Where blessed fools are born
Happiness is wasted, waste blood and tears
Re-abuse infiltration, it's untold
Raping life from other nations
The ritual explosive fires
Rewarding enemies
Shells of empty faces, crying to be free
Dying free, the spirits gather round
While the soul lays underground

Will the voices call again

Visit [Lost Paradise](#) page on MotoLyrics.com, to get more lyrics and videos.

[MotoLyrics.com](#) | Lyrics, music videos, artist biographies, releases and more.