

Loudblast

"After Thy Thought"

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Caught in the machine where use became the law,
Compelled to trust they need you.
Gonna lose my soul, Gonna waste my life, This can't be
true...
Epilogue of a fairy tale.
Heartrending cries.

What started this slow erosion?
The mourn of our dearest hope,
An internal rain bloats my soul,
After thy thought being alone.

We have to learn to be independent,
Burning a path everywhere we've gone.
A new existence, The past for experience and future
for freedom.
The beginning of solitude.
End of all lies.

What started this slow erosion?
The mourn of our dearest hope,
An internal rain bloats my soul,
After thy thought being alone.

We decided to go different ways.
We went our separate ways.
Who knows if they will meet one day? One day?

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