Manuel Cervantes ''Lithia Sagradi''

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The stains of mud beyond his nails of the risk he never climbed for the roses that dried and the candles that melted her eyes could tell a thousand lies

soon the crows were talking
the mistakes he made
in no time the mumbling
was what they say
"take your time
to enjoy your time alone"
She held my hands
but her eyes could tell a thousand lies

He'll scratch the floor for better times that everyone cried "Lithia" And if you can't see I'll give you my eyes For every time you look away I know you are not blind

They repeat those words from their trembling vocal chords "take your time to enjoy your time alone" they remember when I used to haunt everyone who were after your beliefs

and every whisper ther collect with every sin your light reflects I see you denying the gifts of my effect and if you can't see I'll give you my eyes for every time you look away I know you are not blind Shook their wings
they never thought they could be a part of this
soon they were talking
the mistakes he made
More like a symptom
More like a chapter
More like a decadence of their rings

But they didn't know they'll never know the facts of my decay they do know the scent of the failure fo my debt

He'll scratch the floor for better times that everyone cried "Lithia" And if you can't see I'll give you my eyes For every time you look away I know you are not blind

The possesions are now gone the letters are now done for every shot she fired for every thrown black stone

Y si no puedes verlo
Arrancaré mis ojos
y te los daré
cegando mi vida
para alegrar la tuya
Pro que amo tu persona
y desprecio tu humanidad

He'll scratch the floor For better times that everyone cried "Lithia"

She can her this now
She can
She can spy us now
She can
She may cry for us
She could
But she'll never feel like Kirad did
She never would

The stains of mud beyond his nails of the risk he never climbed for the roses that dried and the candles that melted her eyes could tell a thousand lies

And if you can't see I'll give you my eyes He'll hush for now Until better days It won't matter now Lithia

But there are sounds in her coffin now Made of a silk confession I hear them whisper and falter loud

She never would...

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