

Medieval Art

"Cries"

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[1] Agony and suffering, the contents of this life
What is left of my believes? The answers I can't find
No release from the heavens, to the moaning from
below
All I had is taken away, despair begins to show

All my cries remain unheard

[2] Every time I try to scream, no one seem to hear
Reality's a strange dream, it's turning into fear
Nothing more inside of me - but this draining sorrow
Is there a reason to believe in a new tomorrow?

All my cries remain unheard

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