

Mirrorthrone

"So Frail"

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While the reflection of past scars
Still faintly shines, still weekly whines,
A new flame dawns, calm and pale
Surrounded by a white glow, but so frail.

It enlightened my deafened scream,
Where hatred was reigning supreme,
Thus switching ways, inverting nights and days
And breaking the walls of my rational maze.

Of my past, there remained only a heavy ruin,
Finally allowing my cold self to breath in.
Of my plans of a slow succumbing,
Silent smokes were now escaping, from their ashes
dying.

Down below, deep under my skin
A cold hole, not meant to be filled in
A secret place, where no light had ever made it's way
And where each color would have turned to grey

Right next to that cavity, a dead battering in a lonely
grave
Carrying life as a moribund soul for continuity would
crave
But it's slow pulse one day you troubled
As it's shameful cadence you entered

I am the monstrous soul, The one that never drifts but
always crawls.
Lend me your wings so we can fly
And reach the welkin high.

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