

Nocturne "A Happy Death"

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The soul of flesh has walked away
A symptom of flash-static pain
Brought through the contrasting of
A world of hate, and a peaceful dove

A saddened face is bathed in light
Unaware of watchful eyes
A victim of the burning night
Assuming no one hears his cries

If one could hear him, then that one wouldn't care at all
If one could hear him, then that one wouldn't care at all
If one could hear him, then that one wouldn't care at all
If god could hear him, then that god wouldn't care at
all

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