Raven Woods "...And Emotions Are Spilled"

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A morning epilogue with all colors grey
Lapses on the street with discouraged pray
A never ending grief ever dishazed
Laughters forgotten inside the past
How fast they have drowned
Years from this empty way
That when the wind blows
Whispers your name
The autumn prologue
With all it's grievance
Dishaze the memories of crestfallens
Every day, every second
Behind other's way of lives

Bleach the hopes, wash them from greed
Take time to clear your mind
Figure your thoughts under the sun
Concealed in black and white
Never get old
Never get young
Lives are kept in the street behind the time
There are times emotions are spilled
From bottles of defeat
To the scars of past
There are times that I walk alone
After traces I will never find...

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