

## **Red Goodbye "Golden Times"**

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With a burst of cold wind  
As the night fades through  
I am left on my own  
Clinging to hopes of you

Six great seeds of disdain  
Against what once was we  
It's funny how it crumbles  
So easily

I can't wait for the sun  
To bring another day  
For now I lie in wait

Have the changes passed by  
Or are these golden times  
Much too good to last?

As I wander, wide awake  
About my certain fate  
How can I redirect this road?  
How can I escape?

Looking out to the distance  
I think I can see through  
Tidal waves come crashing down  
No more hope...

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