

Sad Theory

"Rage Of The Orientals"

Visit "[Rage Of The Orientals](#)" on MotoLyrics.com

Forecasting the eastern rage,
dust from the ground raises like black cloud
covering the horizon line.
An earthquake pushes dropping dry leaves around me.

A crowd without a name!
Chaos! Voices!,
those who had never seen each other before,
Eyes, Steps.

those who do not know each other,
Chaos! Voices! (Victor Hugo in Feuilles d'Automne)

Those are in a desperate union of destiny: the will to
survive
And I wanted to survive!

The truth came with the first relieved breath of outcast.

Visit [Sad Theory](#) page on MotoLyrics.com, to get more lyrics and videos.