

Shadow Keep "Seventeen"

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What is this forced sympathy for heartbeats in the
universe, distracting masses from our dirt
The planet earth is dying so how more can we wait for a
signal sent from far, from deep
I'd like to spare your belief but how could they hear our
call: it's echo has spinned and trapped our scream

"There are 2 worlds and 2 worlds only
But the plane between them count as 1
From the sides, dim and twice as many...
Mark my words 8 and 8 and 1 will be the magic
number, 17"

... at least that's what the lady said
A tragic number, 17 - That's what revealed the Star, le
dix-sept

Whatever these words may mean... The omen is upon
us, the Gipsy read our blood red dusk
Philosophers and prophets have failed to bend our
curse - Ashes to Ashes for this world
It doesn't really matter for no one seems to care what
happens in the final stage

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