

Solido

"Lament"

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A world turning
In opposite direction
Bells toll of my lament
Skies not blue

Rain on the path
I wander
Empty and alone
Never looking up

Mo not sad - just hollow
Each breath gone
Expelling life from myself
Closer to ash

Speak to me of beauty
- Maneuver with grace
Enter my thoughts with light
- Maneuver with grace

Waking from nightmares
A life of repeat
We continue on
Straight to the end

And all I need
- is what I need
- to breath of my Soul

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