

The Crüxshadows

"Exile"

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Fragments of my life are slipping through time
In washed out memories I just can't seem to find...

It seems I break all my fragile dreams
when I call the angel into me.
So what have I done? What have I done?
Have I made you proud or have I driven you away?

Her eyes are complicated. Silently she slips away,
And in her wake I find a cascade of regret...
All that I believe in, the anchors in my heart,
Cannot be for nothing. But we still stand apart...
In silence.

It seems I break All my fragile dreams
when I call The Angels back to me.
So what have I done? What have I done?
When time has claimed my fire and left me in Exile.
Shadows cross in essence as part of what I am,
When you try to see the Angel. Standing like a man.
Paper hearts and faded pictures that we cherish
all the while, and guard of distant forests,
Raining tears placed in Exile.

What have I done? Who have I become?
Though these words may come alive...
Poets and prophets die...

God are you sleeping?
God are you dreaming?
Are you watching me tonight?
Finding tears to mark the time?

God are you sleeping?
God are you dreaming?
Are you crying for my life?
Falling Angels in Exile.

God are you sleeping?
Never give up.
God are you dreaming?

Never give in.
There is fight within.
Do you hear me in the dark?

God are you sleeping?
Never give up.
God are you dreaming?
Never give in.
There is fight within.
And I long to see your smile...

What have I done? Who have I become?
Though these words may come alive...
Poets and prophets...
Die.

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