

Aion

"Unfulfilled Hopes"

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You see buildings full of emptiness, darkness, and
cold
Yet he restored vision of the blind, hearing of the deaf,
life to the dead
Now in the corners lurks the laughter wrapped in
sorrow over the lost paradise
The world full of saviours sneers at the master
Who abandoned among poems, cries over shabby
sandals
What's the price of the death?
Richness, power and disit brotherly roll in the holy mud
of destiny
Howl in triumph the ode to nonentity
There's only a bird with the clipped wings left
But he too slowly skins in the sea of unfulfilled hopes
Unfulfilled hopes [x4]

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