

The Reason

"Black Horizon"

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This frozen age of bloom
Weak shivers appear unknown
With all the fears passed by
You'll never make us cry

These minds like faded dyes
Long-ago fining the skies
But now we're calling for gloom
Oh, hollow age of bloom!

No shelter
Are we becoming new?
Black horizon

Find a way to silence the echoes
Twisting in our heads like ghosts
Inviolate the thoughts we tangled
As we shout: woe worth the day!

Don't hope, there is no future
We live in a circle of blight
Don't hope, there's no refusing
We've paid for our own false pride

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