

This Ending "Army Of The Dying Sun"

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In splendour we progress
This whimsical world
All we consume
And let time progress

Blessed are the blind for they see no evil
Every moment a chance, a chance to forget
Like animals we flee from the flames
Ignorance conceals the blood on our hands

There is no goal
Abstract faith our shelter
Spiritual self-medication
And the faithless are lost

Blessed are the blind for they see no evil
Every moment a chance, a chance to forget
Like animals we flee from the flames
Ignorance conceals the blood on our hands

Conducting our own end
With sublime paradox
We are the army
Of the dying sun

Blood loss of an entire people
We draw the lies of this self-imposed evil
There is no hope, our spirit is broken
Choked out by our own hand

She'd no tears for this our demise
We are the makers of this ending
Architects of downfall, diplomats of suicide
We are the army of the dying sun

[Solo: L. Pignon]

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