

## Wayd "Flashbacks Of Freedom"

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Crawling forward in the ecstasy of our blindness  
Feelin' above, under the drums of our anger  
Snow burns in our hands  
We're strangers to ourselves  
Society is dying when the spirit flies

An ancient calling makes us die  
With a smile on our faces  
Neverhealing wounds that cry  
Piercing our time, belief and life

One day we'll meet on the same way  
Buried deep in our brains  
We'll recognize each other  
Changed but not insane

As the nothing light crushes and blinds me  
Time drives me ahead  
My memories are pulled from within, I know I'm nearer  
to death  
So, I go on with my insane smile, shaking with inner  
cold  
I defy me bitter night realm, looking for reborn  
freedom of life

Heretical sunshine - face of the future  
Heretical sunshine - with hands open wide  
Heretical sunshine - in my walking shoes  
Heretical sunshine - a day of my sunrise

A piece of immortality to take  
The heart is cold and head in flames

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