

Fliptop box "Wings"

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WINGS

FAR AWAY FROM THE CITIES I' M BURNING.
SIRENS ARE SCREAMING IN MY HEAD,
CORRUPTED LIFE FOR A CHANCE TO FEEL SOMETHING,
PLANTED MY GARDEN WITH GUNS

FAITH, DEFY MY FAITH TO FEEL THIS NOTHINGNESS.
SAINTS, THOSE FALLEN SAINTS INHALE MY OLD
REGRETS.

NO DIRECTION FOR MY SOUL
UNDER YOUR WINGS- DESCENDING ANGEL

I WAS BLIND AND CONFINED TO MY PRISON
SINCE MY PRISON BECAME MY RELEASE
THIS IS MY NAME WRITTEN IN FIRE.
BELOVED CHILD OF A BROKEN KING

DENY MY FAITH TO FEEL MY INNER PIECE
SLAVES-NO MORE WHISPERS FOR THE SLAVES OF MY
BELIEFS

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