

Omnium Gatherum

"Ammo"

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And here's enough of them for many a nightly breath
And a fine shelter from the jealous too
The rise of an extinguished art
Higher dreams have come to us
And here's enough of them
The depressive season there with sceneries filled with
idols
Hell the space is no more
Who named the crown that fell
What do you think
[From:]
Who were supposed to make it this time
Yes blacken little hearts
I can't believe my eyes
You romanticized the depths of this one
The wisdom of men and women says
Those things we can't speak directly of
We must refer to them
What do you think
Who were supposed to make it this time
Yes blacken little hearts

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