

# The Snake The Cross The Crown "The Fields Of Ius"

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A solitude  
And oh I sit  
Slow  
Some seize  
With our words  
For sales  
And there's greed  
That's always behind  
And I can not recall  
Knowing what we find  
Or what is planned  
I'd hoped that it's nice  
Or better then this  
But everything is so beautiful  
And nothing hurts  
I tell myself but  
I am so alone  
And so scared  
And so anger less  
But I must carry on  
Towards his rise  
In hands  
Through the waves  
And oh so fragile hands  
So there  
Oh just like my own  
And I can not recall  
Knowing what we'd find  
Though we'd have the love  
We heard that it's not sure  
Or better than this  
And everything is so beautiful  
And I think it hurts  
I tell myself but  
Everything is beautiful  
And nothing hurts  
I tell myself  
But they're forsaken of anything  
And these plans cause  
I'm scared and alone  
And I'm seeing a doorway  
For my life

To be more than a point  
On a wake lost  
Its bones I can't bare

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