

Withered

"Lies"

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[Björklund]

The clouded sun has darkened
From the mist his mind has risen
He is imprisoned
Distant cries from all around
In his time of despair
Shadows are everywhere
Hope has faded from life
For the last time the sky is dark
On closing walls he left his mark
"Leave me to myself
No one can help me,
No one but me!"
"Murderer! Admit your crime and life can be spared
Murderer! This may be your final chance!"
But those words were left unsaid
A broken neck to see him dead
Soon his life will come to an end
No angels will come from heaven sent
And the sun will rise
And bury all of his lies
People have gathered to see him die
The crowd screaming questions, why?
Soon his life will come to an end
No angels will come from heaven sent
And the sun will rise
And bury all of his lies
"Murderer! Confess and your life can be yours (again)
Murderer! Confess, or else you will hang!"
("No! I have no regrets, I have no remorse. No, I will
Not cry, I leave myself to die!")
("So, by your own decision we hereby sentence you to
Eternity. May your name fall into oblivion!")
And by the raise of a hand he was silenced
Never again, never again
He was left there hanging as they went away
They left him for the vultures as prey
Now his life has come to an end
No angel came from heaven sent
But the sun will rise

And bury all of his lies
I cry for you my son lost for me
Far from heaven you will be
I shall bury all your lies
All your lies...
Lies...

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