

Symphorce "Blackened Skies"

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When the mist of the morning falls from the faith, a
silence calls
Everything is growing near to the shadows, why Iâ€™m
here.
Fly on the wind of my soul a blinding light, hands are
cold.

Now when we leave illusions
so weâ€™re fighting under
blackened skies. Now when
we dream and speak in lies

Now the world wonâ€™t turn for me
never really came out what it seemed to be going
nowhere, not today the

great tomorrowâ€™s coming anyway
Not really gone, so far away
donâ€™t want to go,
but I canâ€™t really stay
Slow it down, turn around
stone my soul down below
Now I drift, so far away to go
where weâ€™ll never be
will the door be closed behind
will we fly to where the sun will shine
Blind confusion is in the air,
but thereâ€™s something out there

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