

The Reeds of Time

It's calling from another world

It's trying to finally find the word

Alone, and far away... they came a long, long way

All in form their gone

Oh, bitter mystery, of fate

(an..) Lord, how I wish to see some faith

The truth of lies gathered suicides

Alone, and far away... they came a long, long way

Low memories... came a long, long way

When we fail to find a single sign, solo we go

Oh, bitter mystery, of fate

Lord, how I wish to see the faith

Oh, bitter misery, sustained

How I wish to see, to see the end

The Reeds of Time... call you

EZRIN ZYZYX