

ICIBILLET

Paroles de chanson

03/05/2026

Forging Sympathy

Par Paradise Lost

Album : Icon 30

A mass of breathing souls

For times are desolate

Passing judgement on my sentence

As I perceive my dying day

Gime me a promise.

The word I will never hear

Sympathies forging, stalling in me

I'm closing all the doors

While my frown remians

Until I reach my golden haven

I'll let the sadness pass my way

Preaching the words of angels, to a darker side of man

My halo's fading with all the sin I deal

Have I been banished, 'a fogery'

Sear, the tender feeling as my solar glow dies

And I'm waiting for my sweet hell

You'll wait for 'your' hell, I wish you hell...

In time the hate corrodes

Our brains are desolate

And this prison which we serve in

Will be a witness to our pains

Preaching the words of angels, to a darker side of man

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