

Describe your day,  
As one in which,  
You washed the hurt and pain away.  
A cleansing day,  
To ride the wave of hope, to lay,  
In lakes of tears,  
That burn your fears...  
The ruined heaven,  
You sought forever...  
Gone are the clouds I knew before,  
Dead are the trees that grew before.  
For now what remains, in this lifeless place,  
Is the sound of my soul, and it cries for sleep.  
Is it granted?  
Or am I stranded?  
I hope to see the light of day,  
I hope this darkness burns...  
The ruined heaven,  
You sought forever...