

Fionn Regan, End Of History

I feel your sorrow chasing tomorrow
There is no distance in your absence

If you call the monster he will appear
Like I disappear, Blackout
Like I disappear, Blackout

There is resistance behind enemy lines
There goes the hatred bursting through the fabric

If you call the monster he will appear
Like I disappear, Blackout
Like I disappear, Blackout

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