

# Gothminister, Forgotten

Sun sets on the final day  
Waking up from a thousand plagues  
Light hurts in the orphant's eye  
Imprison faith in the newborn child

We are forgotten,  
Our minds locked up in fear  
We are forgotten,  
But now our time is here  
And slowly comes the night  
Inhales a dying sun  
Of shadows will appear  
A ghastly sight of crocked bodies  
Crawling out to breathe the air  
In the fields where light remains  
Far away from all common sense  
Severed hands from a burried child  
Be aware, it's the omen  
From the twisted side

We are forgotten souls with our minds locked up in fear  
So pray for salvation cause the empire is near