

# Gothminister, We Die In Dreams

She casts no shadow in the streets of the dead machines  
And ruined children are the angels in our dreams

And these are changes in a world she used to know  
She found redemption in a past that came undone  
We are all on our way to damnation  
If we die in dreams we die for real

Empty faces, blind and grim  
Black hearts won't pity sin  
Cold breath, endless quest for  
Sanity in demons nest  
He who sees her watches her fall  
Yet he's the blindest of them all  
He couldn't hear he couldn't feel  
The darkest call from those who bleed