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Sundown, the age of atonement
Bringing forth what is right from wrong
Ridden with the terrors of plague and dismay
Rummaging the earth desperately searching for purpose

Likewise, certain things are never set
Finding the path can never be foretold
Always looking to the sky
Always knowing that you will get by

What is losing when it is not defeat?
All loss comes with a purpose
The purpose of knowledge
When nothing is taught,
It is nothing more than a defeat

Sentimental, the era is forgotten
Pathetic values destroy our foresight
The truth in someone is so hard to see
Only if the seeker looks hard to see

From another world, from another time
From another place, from another mind
From another faith, from another sight
From another spirit, from another might

Sundown, finding the deeper meaning
Only when a soul is truly shown, will the sun truly rise