

Fall From Grace

No Motiv

Long days have been thereafter
Inching forward closer into the fires
Of self-indulgence of an empire wasted
Outside it's falling from it's grace Is this all we have to show
The falling of a dynasty of sacred
Out of past into unkown
It's in the cards but it's out of my hands Bleeding dry of any truth and any substance
Drowned out and left to make us beg
For something more than a thrill instantaneous
The white noise paints us black again Is this all we have to show
The falling of a dynasty of sacred
Out of past into unkown
It's in the cards but it's out of my hands Faded now behold I stand before a dim lit sky
Only time now can tell me of a way I can find
Some methodical procedure that can fill my soul Empty out the blackness and fill the hole
Get me back on axis and out of the cold
Leave me now to bring back the days of old How can we go so easily from classics
To all times of low
No shame to show only our greed
Taking the life from our own
Bloodflow that once fueled the fires of all Every now and then I see it all
For what it's worth Empties out the blackness and fills the hole
Gets me back on axis and out of the cold
Leaves me now to bring back the days of old

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