

A Tale for the Ages

Hot Cross

Give me back one last chance to drink from the sky. I'm sick of chasing echoes and fighting a lost cause just to let words fly. Once there was so much left to what was real but these days I'll never bet my hand on the first thing you feel. Eight generations passed on one last curse one last chance to shake free one million nights passed losing sense once so easy to see. Fell short of real. Stuck in a world, with no in's or out's. "I've left to many lives behind," she cries. Stronger words for a fading will when a new language only serves to cut even deeper still, and pennies for your thoughts are simply wasted on chance, and we are twisting through years without looking ahead.

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