

# Shape Of Things To Come

## Audioslave

Well it's late in the hour  
And a few more grains of sand will fall  
On the colorful flowers  
Have grown upon the dust and moss Now I fear the worst is near  
I hold them close and count their years  
And pray a ray of light appears  
To shine down on us here Break down in the shape of things to come  
But I'm moving on like a soldier  
And I say now when all is said and done  
It's not ours to break  
The shape of things to come There's a crack in the clouds  
But only for a moment now  
Like an eye looking out, in blue skies  
Finds the roads we will go down I wonder what they hold for us  
I hold my family to my breast  
I fear the worst and hope the best  
Will come to see us blessed Break down in the shape of things to come  
But I'm moving on like a soldier  
And I say now when all is said and done  
It's not ours to break  
The shape of things to come Given one more try, wonder what I'd change? I won't deny the thought is  
strange I've done my best and I will lay no blame myself Break down in the shape of things to come  
But I'm moving on like a soldier  
And I say now when all is said and done  
It's not ours to break  
The shape of things to come [Repeat: x3]

Songwriters

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