

Reminder

Moderat

I Steal from the beggers empty plate.

And give to the fat man.I dance in the halls of the newly insane.

And pray to a god that is vacant again.Dark is the shadow filled with predjudice, not pride.

Worn out, unwelcome, his truth birthing lies.A whisper now speaks what words used to say, fallen from grace,
luster this way.Burning witches light my way.Burning witches light my way.Burning witches light my way.And
while the rain keeps coming down.

A rope of hopes too thin to climb.The night is closing in.

We're down the bottom of the well.Burning witches light my way.Burning witches light my way.Burning
witches light my way.Burning witches light my way.

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