Good Luck

Broken Bells

Yeah, the face
The face of evil is on the news tonight
We see the darkness overâ€ lightButâ€ have we reallyâ€ ever lived in better times?
Hey, strange,â€ they say we're coming to the end of the line
But is there still a chance to change your mind?
Or have all the colors turned to black and white?I had another dream, I had another life
No one saw the blood on my hands
When I woke, I was there alone
Where will it end?
After the twilight, always a sunrise
But the blood of morning comes from small arms fire
Ignore the deadline, there's no divine right
Enter the gods and all the sacred signs
At the end of your line
Good luck, my friend
In time it ends
Heads up, dead lamb
My heart, your hands
Good luck, my friend
In time
Heads up, dead lamb
My heart, your hands

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