Torches

The Bronx

You cannot change the life you were born to live
As you play your part the world will take and give
and magnesite may not be guaranteed
This empires a burden you'll see
The hand cannot owe
What the mind cannot read

The war is just an inch under your skin
And your palace, just a trophies of your sin
Your body just important as your soul
Your powers not complete without control
This empires a burden youâ€™ll see
There no polishing this poverty
Iâ€™m passing my touch to the blind
I hope your lucks better than mine

Won't you circle the sky waiting for something to die?
Children stare at the sun waiting to bathe in its blood

I wonâ€™t dull sense of time

I'm passing my touch to the blind
I hope your lucks better than mine
This empires a burden to me
My hands cannot owe
What my eyes cannot see

Vultures circle the sky waiting for something to die
Children stare at the sun waiting to bathe in its blood
Vultures circle the sky waiting for something to die
Children stare at the sun waiting to bathe in its blood

You cannot change the life you were born to live

Lyrics submitted by Uncle Wizard.

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