

# Twelve

## Seven Nations

Out from the ashes of gray desire  
Out from the dream and into the fire  
I said a lot, it won't mean thing  
After she's gone these words will sting  
No gods could be that cruel to me  
No gods could be that cruel to me Six minutes gone and I'm still alive  
And who would have thought that I could survive  
With pieces of eight and odd bits of string  
Are all I remember when I hear her sing No gods could be that cruel to me  
No gods could be that cruel to me And I blame the sun  
And I blame the moon  
I blame myself  
And I blame you Twelve minutes gone and I'm still alive  
And who would have thought that we would survive  
With all lines repeating and nothing rehearsed  
I feel so stupid; I feel I'm cursed  
I don't want to think anymore  
I don't want to think anymore No gods could be that cruel to me  
No gods could be that cruel to me

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