Time Table

Zo!

A carved oak table, tells a tale
Of times when kings and queens sipped wine from goblets gold
And the brave would lead their ladies from out of the room
To arbor's cool
A time of valor and legends born
A time when honor meant much more to a man than life
And the days knew only strife to tell right from wrong
Through lance and sword
Why, why can we never be sure till we die
Or have killed for an answer
Why, why do we suffer each race to believe
That no race has been grander
It seems because through time and space
Though names may change each face retains the mask it wore
A dusty table, musty smells
Tarnished silver lies discarded upon the floor
Only feeble light descends through a film of Grey
That scars the panes
Gone the carving and those who left their mark
Gone the kings and queens now only the rats hold sway
And the weak must die according to nature's law
As old as they
Why, why can we never be sure till we die
Or have killed for an answer
Why, why do we suffer each race to believe
That no race has been grander
It seems because through time and space
Though names may change each face retains the mask it wore

Lyrics provided by
https://damnlyrics.com/