Prometheus

Mary W. Shelley

This is the sound of our days
Burning the light of our nights
This is the sign of our times
From my mouth into your eyesThis is the beat of our praise
Setting the pace of our stride
This is the line that we cross
With my torch I light your wayWhen the time is right
We raise our heads and look
When the bridges burn
We leave our homes in flamesThis is the noise of our blood
Telling the age of our nerves
This is the price of our lies
From my lips into your breathThis is the voice of our past
Turning the tide of our lives
These are the tears that we cry
With my tongue I touch your mindWhen the time is right
We raise our heads and look
When the bridges burn
We leave our homes in flamesWhen the time is right
We raise our heads and look
When the bridges burn
We leave our homes in flames

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