

# 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 eyes This 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 way When the time is right  
We raise our heads and look  
When the bridges burn  
We leave our homes in flames This is the noise of our blood  
Telling the age of our nerves  
This is the price of our lies  
From my lips into your breath This 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 mind When the time is right  
We raise our heads and look  
When the bridges burn  
We leave our homes in flames When the time is right  
We raise our heads and look  
When the bridges burn  
We leave our homes in flames

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