

Day of the Lords

A Storm of Light

This is the room, the start of it all
No portrait so fine, only sheets on the wall
I've seen the nights filled with bloodsport and pain
And the bodies obtained, the bodies obtained
Where will it end? Where will it end?
Where will it end? Where will it end?
These are your friends from childhood through youth
Who goaded you on, demanded more proof
Withdrawal pain is hard and do you right in
So distorted and thin, distorted and thin
Where will it end? Where will it end?
Where will it end? Where will it end?
This is the car at the edge of the road
There's nothing disturbed, all the windows are closed
I guess you were right, when we talked in the heat
There's no room for the weak, no room for the weak
Where will it end? Where will it end?
Where will it end? Where will it end?
This is the room, the start of it all
Through childhood, through youth, I remember it all
Oh, I've seen the nights filled with bloodsport and pain
And the bodies obtained, the bodies obtained, the bodies obtained
Where will it end? Where will it end?
Where will it end? Where will it end?

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