

Foolsong

Baroness

That fool who digs his own grave
Im still trying to find my way out!
 But if its the long way
 Ill sleep in this bed Ive made.The kids have fallen on blades
 Its too late to figure out
 Its too late for babies to beg for their bedsIts too late to ignore the storm up ahead
 Its too dark to see my way out
 Now all I can do about anything wrong
 Is dig further down
 Further downWhen we finally awake
 Well burn our bodies on stakes
 A tower of ashes and sawdust will lie
 Where our castles were made

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