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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