

Fractures

Parkway Drive

The devil's at our door
The Bloodwoods shiver in the glare of summers haze
Dust of ancient lands breathes beneath our feet
Since the dawn of time, giver of life divine
Shadowed by dark ruination, looming down the line
The poisoned lies of narrow minds
Now spread into the soul of life
Bitter blight fractures life
This call for change won't be too late
The devil's at our door
Selling fool's gold and a miracle cure
Hearts of fire unite and man their barricades
Truth is overwhelming and yet
Hollow men still talk in vain
Sowing sickness, shifting focus away
Setting in stone a future we cannot sustain
We can't quench our thirst on profits gained
And we can't turn back once it begins
Bitter blight fractures life
This call for change won't be too late
They poison the well and expect us to drink
When the river runs dry only then
Then will they see
You can line your pockets, but you can't buy back your soul
These gates are locked, this future is not yours to own
Bitter blight fractures life
This call for change won't be too late

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