

Moths to the Flame

From Ashes Rise

When the street's symphonies meet the last opposition
to the harmonies embedded in their sequenced affairs,
angels will scatter the land, fluttering, flying like moths to the flame.
Rising to march on the eastern plague, rising to march on the savages ways.
Fluttering, flying like moths to the flame.
Wait until tomorrow.

Lyrics provided by

<https://damnllyrics.com/>