

Fall To Sorrow

The Rifles

The walls around come down and they're crashing around me
And there's a taste in my mouth that feels like the bitter end
And if I get away from the pain and the voices that hound me
Well I'm not quite sure I've got the strength to start over again

But if I make it to the setting sun
Well I might have a story to tell before the day I'm gone

If I fall to sorrow, and find it hard to see to the end
Do I have the heart to go, and try it again?

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