

The Torch

Seventh Star

Wash away all the lines on your face that show how you've aged
It's a long way down, your back's been broken, you can't make the rounds

The tables are turned as the litany goes...

You're a rotten old man who'll be covered in dirt
On your knees, and pray to the maker that caused you to bleed.Chorus:

Turn back the hand on the clock

You're a bitter old man who's done nothing but work

Your hands to the bone on the assembly lines

You've grown cold to the touch of the ones that you love

Ignorance is something you can't overcome

But you've passed it on down and that's something much worse

For a bitter young man... is now taking the torch

A bitter young man... is now taking the torchSilent scorn, you've taken it out on the ones you adore

Inside rage, they've left you before but they'll come back again

They'll pray for you with all their love

But this time your indifference just can't be excused

Forced amends, well it's something you'll die with but it goes on for them...Chorus:

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