In The Mourning

Fireball Ministry

A savior to some, a devil to many
Walk the line between only all and any
A slave to the soul of here and now
Gave up on the myth of why and howI'll be leaving in the morning
I wouldn't have said it if it wasn't true
It came from nowhere, without a warning
The paths that crossed because of youOnly the blind could see it coming
The guessing game of what was said
The crawl it slowly turned into running
No way to know it was already deadI'll be leaving in the morning
I wouldn't have said it if it wasn't true
It came from nowhere, without a warning
The paths that crossed because of you

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