

# I.C.B

## New Order

My love falls from heaven  
To talk of this strange design  
Then it goes forever  
Where all things never die  
People look whenever  
These races have been won  
Minds just for breathing  
When the means for this have begun  
It's so far away  
And it's closing in  
It's so far away  
And it seems to travel in  
Taken from the killing ground  
By all dividing hands  
With no sense or reason  
They came, they found, they ran  
Taking good advantage of  
All the things I'm told  
I washed my hands of innocence  
When you started taking control  
It's so far away  
And it's closing in  
It's so far away  
And it seems to travel in

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