

Audioslave, Shape Of Thing To Come

Well it's late in the hour and a few more grains of sand will fall.
On the colorful flowers grown upon the dust and moss.
Now I feel the worst is near,
I hold them close and count their years.
And pray a ray of light appears
To shine down on us here
Breakdown in the shape of things to come
But I'm moving on like a soldier.
And I say now when all is said and done:
It's not ours to break, the shape of things to come.
There's a crack in the clouds, but only for a moment now
Like an owl looking out, the blue sky spies the roads we will go down.
I wonder what they hold for us? I hold my family to my breast,
I feel the worst and hope the best will come to see us blessed.
Breakdown in the shape of things to come
But I'm moving on like a soldier.
And I say now when all is said and done:
It's not ours to break, the shape of things to come.
Hey! Hey!
Give me one more try in what I'll change.
I won't deny the thought is strange.
I've done my best and now will lay no blame myself.
Breakdown in the shape of things to come
But I'm moving on like a soldier.
And I say now when all is said and done:
It's not ours to break, the shape of things to come.
The shape of things to come.
The shape of things to come.