

Fireball Ministry, In The Mourning

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 how

Ill be leaving in the morning
I wouldnt have said it if it wasnt true
It came from nowhere, without a warning
The paths that crossed because of you

Only 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 dead

Ill be leaving in the morning
I wouldnt have said it if it wasnt true
It came from nowhere, without a warning
The paths that crossed because of you