

Grey Daze, Soul Song

I will be waiting
With a song in my soul
A fortunate weakling
Which I have foretold

He raises his arms tied
Above the oppressed
Singing this sweet song
His melody opens up the sun

And freedom rained
God has come
With the rivers of blood
Pushed back in my veins
She sleeps with her eyes closed
To dream of the past
Her mind has gone blind now
While Her memory closes up the sun