

# 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