Kamelot, Elizabeth: III. Fall From Grace

breathe in deep smell these halls of hate carve your name into these walls before it is too late cold and twisted they resisted what was I to do all I ever wanted was a fraction of the truth walking in the shadows of my blackened mind lost inside this shallow vanity of time what if there's a God a hell and heaven fire is the torment I must face dying by the souls I have forsaken no one's going to catch my fall from grace (bleed on me) watch me from your cage as I rejoin my painful prime (suffer and exhale) you and I are relics we provoke and we recline walking in the shadows of my blackened mind angels crave my sorrow sorrow they will find what if there's a God a hell and heaven fire is the torment I must face dying by the souls I have forsaken no one's going to catch my fall from grace walking in the shadows of my blackened mind angels crave my sorrow sorrow they will find