

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
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