

Seven Nations, Twelve

Out from the ashes of grey desire
out from the dream and into the fire
I said alot it won't mean a thing
cause after she's gone these words will sting

no gods could be this cruel to me

six minutes gone and i'm still alive
who would've thought that i could survive
pieces of eight and odd bits of string
all i remember when i hear her sing

no gods could be this cruel to me
no gods could be this cruel to me

and i blame the sun
and i blame the moon
i blame myself
and i blame you

twelve minutes gone and still i'm alive
and who would've thought that we would survive
with all lines repeating and nothind rehearsed
i feel so stupid i feel i'm cursed
i don't want to think anymore
i don't want to think anymore

no gods could be this cruel to me
no gods could be this cruel to me