

# Arch Enemy, Shadows And Dust

At the mercy of our conscience  
Confined within our fate  
Never really questioned why  
We are refugees in a dying world

To become a part of the end

Are we the ones, the ones to blame?  
We are mortals of shadows and dust

The sun sets on our sinking ship of fools  
On our journey into oblivion  
We ask ourselves again and again  
How will we be remembered

Shadows. . .  
And dust