

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