

# Audioslave, Shape Of Things To Come

Well, it's late in the hour  
And a few more grains of sand will fall  
On the colorful flowers  
Have grown upon the dust and moss  
Now I fear the worst is near  
I hold them close and count their years  
Pray, a ray of light appears  
To shine down on us here  
Break down in the shape of things to come  
But I'm movin' on like a soldier  
And I say now when all is said and done  
It's not ours to break the shape of things to come  
There's a crack in the clouds  
But only for a moment now  
Like an eye looking out  
In the blue skies finds the roads, we will go down  
I wonder what they hold for us  
I hold my family to my breast  
I fear the worst and hope the best  
Will come to see us blessed  
Break down in the shape of things to come  
But I'm movin' on like a soldier  
And I say now when all is said and done  
It's not ours to break the shape of things to come  
Given one more try, wonder what I'd change?  
I won't deny, the thought is strange  
I've done my best and I will lay no blame myself  
Break down in the shape of things to come  
But I'm movin' on like a soldier  
And I say now when all is said and done  
It's not ours to break the shape of things to come  
The shape of things to come  
The shape of things to come