

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