

Def Leppard, Gift Of Flesh

I am all destiny, a trade
A grain of sand
I am the lesson to be learned
I take the throat of innocence
And leave decay
I stain the way for all to see

No fear, no voice, no reason
In God no guiding light
When all the guilt that's in your head
Turns its back and plays for dead
You scorch the earth and torch the sky
Conscience low with head held high

Indulge and multiply
And sacrifice
As lack of breath chokes underground
Divulge degenerate
The darker side
From windows watch the screaming sky

[Repeat Chorus]

When all the guilt that's in your head
Turns its back and plays for dead
You scorch the earth and torch the sky
Conscience low with head held high

From all the truth comes all the shame
The curse of flesh just takes its aim
On hallowed ground and tortured sky
Walk in fear with spirits high