

# Heather Dale, Crashing Down

You must be getting pretty tired  
Of the man who once inspired you  
Going back on what he asked you to believe  
All the promises of power  
From his glittering ivory tower  
Where's the height that he once told you you'd achieve?

Those other men believe what you and I will never see  
But I say why belief in place of proof?  
Let those others keep on praying  
You know I'm only saying  
What the others are afraid might be the truth

Well, they say nothing grows  
'Til the oak has hit the ground  
So let's clear the way, my boys  
And let the giant come crashing down

Where are all the things you fought for?  
All the dreams you shed your blood for?  
Are they shabby now and fraying at the seams?  
Was this your boyhood vision  
To endure the world's derision  
While the culprit sits and laughs behind the scenes?

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'Til the oak has hit the ground  
So let's clear the way, my boys  
And let the giant come crashing down

Let us cleanse this force with fire  
Strike the fool who leads the liar  
Let it all come crumbling down  
Like the firebird from the ashes  
We will rise to lead the masses  
The strongest will emerge to wear the crown

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