

Moderat, Reminder

I steal from the beggars empty plate
And give to the fat man
I dance in the halls of the nearly insane
Pray to God
That is vacant again

Dark is the shadow filled with prejudice, no pride
Worn out and welcome his truth birthing lies
A whisper now speaks what words use to say
Fallen from grace
Luster this way

Burning bridges is not my way

And while the rain keeps coming down
A rope of hopes to thin to climb
The night is closing in
We're down the bottom of the well

Burning bridges is not my way /3x