

# No Motiv, Fall From Grace

Long days have been thereafter  
Inching forward closer into the fires  
Of self-indulgence of an empire wasted  
Outside it's falling from it's grace

Is this all we have to show  
The falling of a dynasty of sacred  
Out of past into unkown  
It's in the cards but it's out of my hands

Bleeding dry of any truth and any substance  
Drowned out and left to make us beg  
For something more than a thrill instantaneous  
The white noise paints us black again

Is this all we have to show  
The falling of a dynasty of sacred  
Out of past into unkown  
It's in the cards but it's out of my hands

Faded now behold I stand before a dim lit sky  
Only time now can tell me of a way I can find  
Some methodical procedure that can fill my soul

Empty out the blackness and fill the hole  
Get me back on axis and out of the cold  
Leave me now to bring back the days of old

How can we go so easily from classics  
To all times of low  
No shame to show only our greed  
Taking the life from our own  
Bloodflow that once fueled the fires of all

Every now and then I see it all  
For what it's worth

Empties out the blackness and fills the hole  
Gets me back on axis and out of the cold  
Leaves me now to bring back the days of old