

Psychotic Waltz, Ashes

ashes like a veil of black have lifted to the sky
with the frightened face of death revealed
the last ones left alive find they've nothing now
not even the vaguest memories
of what they've all been fighting for
what they've to receive

find another way they say, it's over
nothing can make not a man out of so much less
his eager taste for victory
i'm short of impressed
where would we be standing now if never stood we here
had we never been reborn we'd never disappear
along with all the damages we've done through all these years
i wonder now i wonder now