

# 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