

Shape of Things to Come

Audioslave

Well it's late in the hour and a few more grains of sand will fall.

On the colorful flowers grown upon the dust and moss.

Now I feel the worst is near,

I hold them close and count their years.

And pray a ray of light appears

To shine down on us here

Breakdown in the shape of things to come

But I'm moving on like a soldier.

And I say now when all is said and done:

It's not ours to break, the shape of things to come.

There's a crack in the clouds, but only for a moment now

Like an owl looking out, the blue sky spies the roads we will go down.

I wonder what they hold for us? I hold my family to my breast,

I feel the worst and hope the best will come to see us blessed.

Breakdown in the shape of things to come

But I'm moving on like a soldier.

And I say now when all is said and done:

It's not ours to break, the shape of things to come.

Hey! Hey!

Give me one more try in what I'll change.

I won't deny the thought is strange.

I've done my best and now will lay no blame myself.

Breakdown in the shape of things to come

But I'm moving on like a soldier.

And I say now when all is said and done:

It's not ours to break, the shape of things to come.

The shape of things to come.

The shape of things to come.