

On The Fray

From Ashes Rise

Black smoke rise and fill the blood red skies,
man made dust designed to blind our eyes,
screened illusions masked in blatant lies,
black smoke rise and fill the blood read skies.
Black smoke cloak the mother's weeping cries,
store the pain inside your vast device,
hide the truth behind your blatant lies,
black smoke rise and fill the blood red skies.
Tears of pain can never purify the rust of years gone by.
We're the ones who tell the sun to shine,
tell the rain to pour, to keep your broken mind on the fray.