

## Elizabeth III: Fall From Grace

Kamelot

breathe in deep  
smell these halls of hate  
carve your name into these walls  
before it is too late  
cold and twisted  
they resisted  
what was I to do  
all I ever wanted was  
a fraction of the truth

walking in the shadows  
of my blackened mind  
lost inside this shallow  
vanity of time

what if there's a God a hell and heaven  
fire is the torment I must face  
dying by the souls I have forsaken  
no one's going to catch my fall from grace

(bleed on me)  
watch me from your cage  
as I rejoin my painful prime  
(suffer and exhale)  
you and I are relics  
we provoke and we recline

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of my blackened mind  
angels crave my sorrow  
sorrow they will find

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