

From above; it's falling down
Chilling me, a punisher of lies
In my head a photograph
I see clear now; I don't need them

And still the rocks will roll
But why don't I?
Another hopeless goal
Take it back

Offered me a pot of gold
-Here you are; your entrance from the cold
Paradise can turn to Hell
Stop to preach; 'cause I don't know you

But still the rocks will roll
So how could I?
Another heartless soul
Take it back

Now the deal once made is gone
Waking up the dead of my life

And still the rocks will roll
But why don't I?
Another hopeless goal
But still the rocks will roll
So how could I?
Another heartless soul
Take it back