

Judgement Day

Memory Garden

I've sworn a bow so sacred
An ancient whispering so honoured
The fall from grace of God
Bleeding for a decade in respect
The fall from grace of God

Low in spirit - old in thought, so tired
Evolution spinning psychotic backwards
A road to madness walked by generations

As the waves roll with the tide
In your innerself you will hide
As the waves roll with the tide
In your innerself you will hide

Our heritage - a sour ground
Paper on table and pencil in hand
An almost forgotten land
Covered with ashes and sand

There has to be a better place
Than travelling a path of a dying race
The pullotion has taken control
Leaving me in a coma of souls

Say goodbye, we all know why
Air and sun we took for granted
I'll make a bow for all we wanted

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