

## 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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