

## Old Statues

## Other Lives

I awoke troubled by awful sounds  
Where the sky was dim and cities shining  
One by one we're turning the old statue  
Now I have seen all they have offered me  
And all my words will simply die  
One by one, we're turning the old statue

Oh the leaves of the grass  
Death beneath our feet  
has now given way there in the land mass  
inhabits the earth many long years of wondering  
Oh the water will part clear us of this mess  
Restore our good name grace us at our death  
And rise from above, suddenly you feel in the air

Ahh

Wake inside and of the years you tried  
If my mind relents then I will hide  
One by one, we're turning to old statues  
Oh yea

Oh the leaves of the grass  
Death beneath our feet  
has now given way there in the land mass  
inhabits the earth many long years of wondering  
Oh the water will part clear us of this mess  
Restore our good name grace us at our death  
And rise from above, suddenly you feel in the air  
Ah (2x)