

The Labyrinth

Poets of the Fall

Down on your knees to find your way
Through this labyrinth of whys
Time and again, rig and replay
When nothing justifies
Or leaves a trace to tell
A way out of your shell
To sample life

Time is a wraith
At the point of no return
A memory of the light of day
Time is ablaze
And so we burn
Until the ashes of our lives
Are blown away
Wish I had the power to make you stay

Out through the frozen haze of grey
If constellations align
More brutally sliced by lie than blade
Three acts of cruel design
Disconnect the dots
And against all odds
Still survive

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A memory of the light of day
Time is ablaze
And so we burn
Until the ashes of our lives
Are blown away
Wish I had the power to make you stay

For the sake of thrill
Would you own the kill?
Would you impose your will
On another still?

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