

Ghost of Fallen Grace

Revolution Renaissance

Barrens of nowhere land
The scars of a lone man
A once powerful ship crumbles from the rust
Skeletons that wilt to dust
Sands shift on the plain
As the wind stirs up the memories of mine
I hear whispers

Searching through decaying ruins
Digging for spiritual druids
Fragments of emotional atrocities
Concealing my hypocrisies
On the blazing desert sun
Glares down on the deeds
That I have done

As sweat drips from my face, feel my skin start to crawl
I catch a glimpse of the Ghost of fallen grace

Making my way across this wasteland of tombs
Right where the road to hell passes through
I'm coming home
And then I come to the place where God's Mercy is borrowed
Entranced by the billowing smoke from the burning bridge of sorrow

Inscription on the Guardian's stone
This reads "Poet, you've come home"
As tears trace lines on my face
Succumbing to the Ghost of fallen grace