

# 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