

Twelve

Seven Nations

Out from the ashes of gray desire
Out from the dream and into the fire
I said a lot, it won't mean thing
After she's gone these words will sting
No gods could be that cruel to me
No gods could be that cruel to me

Six minutes gone and I'm still alive
And who would have thought that I could survive
With pieces of eight and odd bits of string
Are all I remember when I hear her sing

No gods could be that cruel to me
No gods could be that cruel to me

And I blame the sun
And I blame the moon
I blame myself
And I blame you

Twelve minutes gone and I'm still alive
And who would have thought that we would survive
With all lines repeating and nothing rehearsed
I feel so stupid; I feel I'm cursed
I don't want to think anymore
I don't want to think anymore

No gods could be that cruel to me
No gods could be that cruel to me