

27 Years

The Claymore

You were the prophet in a foreign land
You were the idol to the dumb and blind
You were a legend and their sanctuary
You took no prisoners on your last crusade

And you've been searching all your life
You've been falling from the edge
And you've been searching for the truth
You've been searching on and on

Twenty-seven years -the hunger and the pain
Drowned in emptiness-the loss of innocence
Twenty-seven years- desperation everywhere
Twenty- seven years - your age of consequences
Twenty-seven

You gave the masses just what they want
You took their money and their credit-cards
But you couldn't buy their souls and tears
So you killed yourself and faded away

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