

Raining Ashes

The Generators

I walk this road banished
All the faces that pass
None I can trust
That dead feeling in my gut
Comes around to boil my blood
I stand scorned under the fire of this burning sun

I've been in contempt
Since my very first breath
And the rider who rides beside me
Carries the name of death
I will borrow and I will steal
I won't see Elysian fields
I'm not going up to no mountaintop

When the end of the days passes
It will be raining ashes
Will angels drop out of grey skies?
Upon the prairie grasses
It will be raining ashes
The who will stand in
Judgement to our eyes?

This torment lies heavy upon my back
No faith in
Or beside me
Wherever I am at
No words I've found to follow
While this soul grows more hollow
I will never stare into the eyes of a king

When the end of the days passes
It will be raining ashes
Will angels drop out of grey skies?
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The who will stand in
Judgement to our eyes?