

## Fall To Sorrow

The Rifles

The walls around come down and they're crashing around me  
And there's a taste in my mouth that feels like the bitter end  
And if I get away from the pain and the voices that hound me  
Well I'm not quite sure I've got the strength to start over again

But if I make it to the setting sun  
Well I might have a story to tell before the day I'm gone

If I fall to sorrow, and find it hard to see to the end  
Do I have the heart to go, and try it again?