

# Himmelfall

Tristania

The familiar taste of the bullet you bite  
It's your kind - the flaws of your mind  
As you fall from above to a place with no love  
Free your dog of desire  
The familiar face of the fear that you fight  
Reappears - and you're left behind  
Find your seat - now the tide and its choir are here  
Hum along - drown your silence  
Swing the axe for those who ran but never crawled  
Raise your glass for those whose names were never called  
Swing the axe for those who looked into the sun  
Raise your glass for those who lost - whose games were never won  
All the feelings and tears you fight to be here  
Will be gone - will expire  
Swing the axe for those who ran but never crawled  
Raise your glass for those whose names were never called  
Swing the axe for those who looked into the sun  
Raise your glass for those who lost - whose games were never won  
Swing the axe for those who always hit the mark  
Raise your glass for those who lost - whose hearts were never spared  
Swing the axe for those who killed your final hopes  
Raise your glass for those who smiled - swaying from their ropes