

Fall From Your Eyes

Inked In Blood

(This is a new morning).
Legions of tears fall from your eyes that have swelled shut.
Assassins come armed with the enmity that kills us.
Your sword - drawn for me.
Your cloak - pulled to conceal the truth from my eyes.
The lies - blood on our hands.
Wars waged - is there hope of peace?
I once called you brother.
Though I cannot tell you, I want you to know....
I still care.
This is a new morning, let's let old fires die.
Close your deceitful lips and I will lay down my pride.