

Echoes

The eyes of a traitor

The ashes of an angel's wings
Blown across your pathway
Were tied down to the path of others
Face yourself in the mirror

Now's the time left in eternity
You'll pay your dues on judgement day,
To mutineers' with heads held high
For the others, glasses raised
High in wakes of life

Wait, wait for the end;
Here it matters when you're alone.

Echoes of memories will always return
To those who believe in star crossed lines
Now we await that day.
Walk the line when you've got one chance to stay alive
Weak prevail this time we're gods, its clear we're gods

No fucking memories of the battle,
A thousand lights
Will this ever change now?
Burn out, these weeks end dead

We have the time!