

Your Reflection

Trouble

High above the mountains, and far below the
waves lie the only places free of all malaise
that mankind has caused
Tired of all the nonsense, and tired of all the bull
Bet against me, underestimate this
fool - roll your dice

The guns are drawn for the final stand
When you force the hand of the gambling man
The rivers rise as the moon desires
Only your reflection shows no scars

The sun brings the golden hands
but tonight it's the end of the line
Turn away from the helping hand
Salvation is wasting your time
Blood spills at the sacrifice
Your children give you every last drop
So in denial when you're sicker
and it just won't stop

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