



With this ink in our skin we've sealed our fate,	Leaves at my feet, blown to the ground
and the axe comes early	their echoes are reaching my ears
(only naturally) So what does that matter?	Nights coming fast, suns going down
There's a bed of skeletons (1) for me,	But (5) (6) from me keep away from
on the other side	me
They're waiting for my next move (next fatal breath)	(it's hard, to keep me in (7) place, keep away from
Human lives to me seem so unreal, can't see through the fog	me)
(nothing past a (2) wall) see past the stereotype	We may have created the beginning, mentally
Belief, structure built up in you.	We may have created the beginning, physically
I'll tear you down and the one who created you	To the end of our human existence
If they didn't have One how would they act?	I see through you
If we didn't have hope how would we behave?	The fear that's in your eyes
Would they still feel remorse	A good friend once told me we are our memory
if they (3) innocent beings?	Without it we equal nothing
Or is hope the only thing (4) keeps you sane?	And all I can see is the place I wanna be
A good friend once told me we are our memory	Timeless my life was so free
without it we equal nothing	Leaves at my feet, blown to the ground
And all I can see is the place I wanna be	their echoes are (8) my ears
Timeless my life was so free	Nights coming fast, suns (9) down - confused
	I don't know the answers but neither do you.



- 1. waiting
- 2. grey
- 3. slaughtered
- 4. that
- 5. keep
- 6. away
- 7. this
- 8. reaching
- 9. going

Fill in the gaps