

Viking Moses "Threshold Of Man"

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I see them through the windows in their homes. i stop
and behold. let the falling of their hopes fill my lungs.
there's no doubt that a cold shout in the night can cut
like a knife, so tell the sirens in your life, "hold your
tongues." accept nothing that the soul can never win.
expect nothing but that life will surely end. and
because i know we'll never ever live again, i'm in love.
yes, i'm in love. all through time, yeh, you know it's just
the same, they ignore their heart, and then they chase
it like a dream, all for the sake of their names. i bow
down to the mercy of your hand, because there's tons
of shit i'll never understand, standing at the threshold
of man

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