

## **With Passion "Train Wreck Orchestra"**

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A man, who's soul was put away to rest that night,  
awakens in disguise amongst the words embedded in  
the prayers from his final vows. Now he lies there  
breathless and withering from remembering that his  
wounds of devoured flesh will heal today and he will  
rest. For all his life in that he once reigned but now  
deceased he shall be remembered. I can't help but to  
think about how he lived through this. To end his life in  
agony and defeat. To seize the day upon the land he  
once reigned; now buried within. Now he lies there  
breathless and withering from no memories. His spirit  
dies but his blood lives on. We are his children

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