

As Tall As Lions

"The Orchestra Of Death"

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Drown in the tears from a mother mourning.
Cause her love can never be undone.
A love that was taken away.
She kneels down to an empty sky.
Praying to a god that does not exist.
Martyrs your sacrifice will be wasted.
The orchestra of death plays the funeral march.
The children of tomorrow.

The ones that would have prevailed have in taken their
graves.
Knowing that we failed them.
With our selfish ways and that we could have saved
them.
The orchestra of death plays the funeral march
The children of tomorrow.
The ones that would have prevailed has in taken their
graves (clean)

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