

Audioslave

"Shape Of Things To Come 4:35"

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Well it's late in the hour,
and a few more grains of sand will fall,
on the colorful flowers grown upon the dust and moss.
Now I fear the worst is near.
I hold them close and count their years.
I pray a ray of light appears,
to shine down on us here.

Break down in the shape of things to come.
But I'm moving on like a soldier.
And I'll say it now, when all is said and done.
It's not ours to break the shape of things to come.

There's a crack in the clouds,
but only for a moment now.
Like an eye looking out,
the blue sky spies the roads we will go down.
I wonder what they hold for us.
I hold my family to my breast.
I fear the worst and hope the best,
will come to see us blessed.

Break down in the shape of things to come.
But I'm moving on like a soldier.
And I'll say it now, when all is said and done.
It's not ours to break the shape of things to come.

Given one more try what would I change?
I won't deny the thought is strange.
I've done my best and I will lay no blame,
but on myself.

Break down in the shape of things to come.
But I'm moving on like a soldier.
And I'll say it now, when all is said and done.
It's not ours to break the shape of things to come.

The shape of things to come.
The shape of things to come.

