

Audioslave

"Shape Of Things To Come"

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Well it's late in the hour
And a few more grains of sand will fall
On the colourful flowers
Have grown upon the dust and moss

Now I fear the worst is near
I hold them close and count their years
And 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 say 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, in blue skies -
Finds 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 say now when all is said and done
It's not ours to break
The shape of things to come

Given one more try, wonder what I'd change?

I won't deny the thought is strange...

I've done my best and I will lay no blame myself

Break down in the shape of things to come
But I'm moving on like a soldier
And I say 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

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