

411**"Scars Flown Proud"**Visit "[Scars Flown Proud](#)" on MotoLyrics.com

We Are The Inheritors: The Evidence of Heaven
Descendants of a Legacy gone but not Forgotten
We Are The Inheritors of the Grand Persuasion
Descendants of it's Masquerade Numb but not
Defeated

Welcome to the silent war, to the world we never hoped
to
Gain
The great Disguise Wandering between two realms,
One dead the other rarely dwells beyond our eyesLest
we
Be sorely recognized

What little good intentions seem
But obviate the bloom of self esteem We'll save our
Prayers
Inured to wounds from bleeding minds Where Wisdom
dares
Not mix with Time Never Fear
They'll age they'll change they'll disappear

In every dance no steps are placed And every path
Mistakes are made
And if all paths lead but to the grave Then let us dance
Along our way

Gliding from room to room all cast in celebrated gloom
With no where yet to rest our head
Waiting for a door to open from within and bring us
home
Lest we possess our souls again

You Are A Wonder And I Will Sing Your Praise

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