

**411****"Solitary Shell"**Visit "[Solitary Shell](#)" on [MotoLyrics.com](https://MotoLyrics.com)

Shiny minstrels of worn out time  
Look down upon you and me  
Sing their praise of a time long gone  
When freedom meant more than life

Kings would hold on to all Gods given  
The swords and armour bright  
Ground would shake below his feet  
The day of the freedom call

It's all in the flow of the mysterious travelling show  
It's all in the flow, this ever confusing show  
In the end that's all I know

King is afraid to lose the grip  
He's tired and not so well  
He'll walk all night on shaky ground  
And dine with the dogs of hell.  
A single whisper will crack the wall  
A song is a wrecking ball  
Lost in the vortex of friend and foe  
A solitaire in his shell

And it's all in the way that every kingdom fall  
And it's all in the way all good men must go

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