

Becca

"The Well Of Tradition"

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Riot and remember to take all that you can
As you shake to the floor
I'd give all to break your fall

To the angels up there, I don't care
And if I can prevent you from being here
I could say just let us live long
The innocent keep movin' on
As a second's so long
It lets a heart beat on
The guilty, the divide that unites
Your last salute in site
So what evils make us so afraid
It's impossible to handle it
Tear the pages from this ending

And the pendulum swings again
Off the end of gravity
Black out and fall
You black out and you fall

What do you do when the situation
Has passed the point of words
And in the well of tradition
The author of the day
Tears the pages of his own ending
Because only the guilty deserve to be punished
Oh why I
This day has gone too far
The fear is on its way.

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