

David Shankle Group

"The Tolling Of The Bell"

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The path to unknown glory, the road to unknown fate
The never-ending story, a prophet or a snake
Being doomed from the start, transgression a la carte
Theories state the sadness to the human mystery
Temptation to the madness that plagues society
Strapping crosses to our back, we brace for the attack

The tolling of the bell, prophets do foretell
A soul to buy and sell, no sentence with reprieve
The tolling of the bell

Sanity of honor, insecurity of shame
Rounding of the corner to a street that bears your
name
A destiny in doubt, a spinning roundabout
The sanctity of knowledge, a thunderstorm of tears
A future now acknowledged, the facing of your fears
At the end you'll pay the cost for the game you've
played and lost

The tolling of the bell, prophets do foretell
A soul to buy and sell, no sentence with reprieve
The tolling of the bell, the spirit leaves the shell

Magic of the spell created to deceive
The tolling of the bell

Cleansing of obsession, a soul hung out to dry
Bleaching of confessions, excuses, alibis
False redemption of the heart, false reality is art
Holidays in Babylon will finally end one day
You'll testify to goings on, a lifelong resume
The mirror's coming clear, revealing yesteryear

The tolling of the bell, prophets do foretell
A soul to buy and sell, no sentence with reprieve
The tolling of the bell, the spirit leaves the shell
Magic of the spell created to deceive
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