

Demise "Unjust"

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This is the day
The day when the went away
Will it come again?

His hands lie silent
The old wooden guitar
Sits in a corner but not too far

While at his rest from the unjust ordeal
In they came for his things
Did they steal

The anger
The rage
The tears of a friend
Won't bring back
The tings of lifetime

Now a few years have passed
Since this unjust ordeal
Back stronger than ever
Is this real?

He takes the stage
One more time
The crowed is hushed up he climbed
With guitar in his hand and smile on his face...

Once more he is embraced...

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