

# Fear Before The March Of Flames "237"

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as it pours, down the wall  
now it comes, through the hall  
everyone is, brilliantly shining  
everything is, shining bright  
it gets worse, through winter  
don't make a sound, the end is here  
when it floods, bail like hell  
don't make a sound, the end is here  
i must be losing my mind  
let it shine, let it shine this is me this is me now i'm  
home

this is me, now i'm home  
i must be losing my mind  
i'd sell my god damn soul for this to last forever  
i'd sell my god damn soul for this to last, i'm home

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