

Good Religion

"Rise And Fall"

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Another victim of the rise and fall
Standing naked in the pastures where we graze
Sterile in a darkened pall
Picking pockets of the strangers all the way
Signed off with a cynical sound
Like a chime in a bell so far away
There's a light in the scyllia there
Just where our tarnished virtue lay

I tore a page from every tome upon the wall
Researched a photograph to find my place to fall

So many celebrated victories of pride
I watch the tide erase the lies down from inside
The lies down from inside

If i gaze long enough into the tortured sky
Parading arrogance in terms we can't deny

Or is it all in my mind
Mistakes arising implicitly
In light of factions to desperate to fold

And the blind lead the blind [2x]
The lights have all gone out [2x]

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