

## King Swamp "Walk The Knife"

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Twilight falls of gods  
and men,  
The shadow stalks the  
fields again,  
The broken glass, the  
broken hand,  
The broken song of the  
wedding band,  
Tracherous as  
yesterday,  
You lose your focus,  
fade away,  
Faithless as the ocean  
change,  
You left me standing in  
the rain.  
She says...

Why,  
Is this my life,  
Why, Is this my life,  
To walk the knife?

Awoken by the mission  
bell,  
They're burning books  
in the cathedral,  
The night is black, the  
sky is red,  
Rain comes crying  
around your head,  
Pick up the pen and  
you take up the fight,  
Throwing yourself  
against the wall of  
the night,  
Preacher told me 'bout  
peace and love,  
Now he's looking at me  
down the barrel of a  
gun.

Why,  
Is this my life,

Why,  
Is this my life,  
Why,  
Is this my life,  
To walk the knife?

And every star that  
falls  
Is a soul waiting to be  
born,  
But if love is for the  
bleeding heart  
And work is for the  
poor,  
Tell me who will build  
the house,  
Who will welcome you  
at the door?

Twilight falls of gods  
and men,  
The shadow stalks the  
fields again,  
Innocence dies on a  
city street,  
Lies broken like a doll  
underneath the feet,  
Hold my head and you  
lift me up  
With the bitterness of  
your empty cup,  
Shine like a blade, let  
me know where you  
are  
With your eyes full of  
diamonds from the  
evening star.

Why,  
Is this my life,  
Why,  
Is this my life,  
Why,  
Is this my life,  
To walk the knife?

