

Chuck Prophet

"Glory"

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Let Water Wash Away, the shore of bleeding pain.
And erode to start anew, on foundations once
consumed.

Glory [x4]

Pay homage with that pain. And relish all the same.
In fire of warm array, in arms, voice and days of

Glory [x4]

Our days are numbered surely. (La la la la la la la la la
la la la la)

And this breath will soon be passing (La la la la la la la
la la la la la la)

Just as the wind in the mountains (La la la la la la la la la
la la la la)

Carries the dust of the once here (La la la la la la la)

Let water wash away, the shore of bleeding pain.
And erode to start anew, on foundations once
consumed.

Glory [x8]

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