

## **Mighty Mighty Bosstones**

### **"Fall Of Byzanz"**

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Gold-sprinkled servant, east-roman child  
Like God's own creation, where the blisters of ages in  
glory subside.  
Speaking of wisdom, speaking of pride,  
I stare down the bridges and conjure up the old heart  
of mankind.

Justinian's children saw the coming of the Osman  
Foray.  
Failing allegiance no friend in need, so that's what they  
say.

They build a bridge to heaven  
To see the Word unfold.  
But seeds of disillusion  
Were planted in sand, to blossom in enemy's land.

When bloodshed has started, the siege began.  
A clash of religions, as some failed conversations  
brought death in the end.  
Thinking about sadness, thinking about pain  
I still hear the echoes, paradise shattered by steel-  
bladed rain.

The prophet's disciples went for battle and for  
heaven's reward.  
Belief is a leader, inspiration, and a reason for war.

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