

## **Solstice Coil** **"Even Poets Die"**

Visit "[Even Poets Die](#)" on [MotoLyrics.com](https://MotoLyrics.com)

A line of naked empty faces  
Was stacked up in the courtyard  
Stripped with shiny matching fabrics  
Big ideas, flowing down the drain  
Like tasteless grains in the air  
They all hoped to make a difference

In a land  
Where blind men live forever  
Even poets die  
When dirt means more to you  
Than man

We shall soon all turn to ashes  
In your behalf

We were modified at birth  
Adjusted to hypothetical borders  
Destined to morph  
Into someone else's dream  
Shine your shoes  
Or be locked away  
We're just preparing you  
For the ultimate surrender  
Of your foundations

Visit [Solstice Coil](#) page on [MotoLyrics.com](https://MotoLyrics.com), to get more lyrics and videos.