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Deepest Blue "Wayside"

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Where will you run when your kingdom falls? Will you think of the world? Where will you hide when your saviour laughs in your face-

Here in this world how would you know What the angels look like? Here are my wings, flightless and tired of the burden

When things fall by the wayside I have my faith in reason

At the joke you've made of his name?

What a man tells a man becomes institution In your book of dead words And it never ever fails how the idiots prevail Or at least outnumber us

Here in this world how would you know What the angels look like? Here are my wings, flightless and tired of the burden

When things fall by the wayside You have no reason for faith

Wise men still seek him now But i'm skeptic of the holy epileptics And the seers of visions And the mocking of a fabulous fairy tale

Here in this world how would you know What the angels look like? Here are my wings, flightless and tired of the burden

When things fall by the wayside I have my faith You have fallen by the wayside

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