

## **The American Tragedy "Galaxy's Wall"**

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I heard you speaking to me  
I felt you tugging on my need to be completed by you  
I saw the most disturbing thing  
A hundred singing swords raised up against you  
You cleaned the scales from my eyes  
With the mud from the mire called self, id, ego, I  
I pray I'll never return to being my only concern

You've opened up my eyes with the ignorance of others  
Why to give something existence that curses the Maker  
And self and plays the desolate role?  
When you fuel your own fire your retire your own soul  
I guess we'll all see in the end

We want something better,  
We need something better,  
We'll be something better when we get to Heaven

I'm needing but bleeding from the inside out  
I'm still waiting for the signal that I'm praying about  
In a shout I overcome the negative ones  
And the songs who pack the guns of a black kingdom  
come

I guess we'll all see in the end...

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