

The Crüxshadows "Clerestory"

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Where the light burns a little brighter
Where the shadows dance on the walls
Where holy men hide their holy secrets
The sacredness of life is sold
Standing under gold and silver
I see the procession rise
Seated in his thrown of power
He proceeds to close his eyes

They try but the stone has broken
They try but the ceiling falls
They try but there's no momentum
They try but don't we all

Na, na, na, na, na, na, na, na, na, na, na, na,
Na, na, na, na, na, na, na, na, na, na, na, na

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