

The Eyes Of A Traitor "Echoes"

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The ashes of an angel's wings
Blown across your pathway
Were tied down to
The path of others

Face yourself in the mirror

Now... s the time left in
Eternity

You'll pay your dues on judgment day,
To mutineers' with heads
Held high

For the others, glasses raised
High in wakes of life

Wait,
Wait for the end;

Here it matters when you're alone.

Echoes of
Memories will always return

To those who believe in star crossed
Lines

Now we await that day.

Walk the line when you've got one chance to
Stay alive

Weak prevail this time were gods, it's clear were gods

No
Fucking memories of the battle,

A thousand lights

Will this ever change
Now?

Burn out, these weeks end dead

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