

## **With Faith Or Flames**

# **"A Thin Line Between Profound And Profane"**

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Time will pass before us and before the sun is gone  
We shall sing in victory as if it were our only song  
For the wicked here are brewing and a dark day we  
shall name  
As we surround ourselves in pleasure we subject  
ourselves to pain

The life of a sinner is a song you've yet to sing  
But the tune is surely ringing in your ear  
Inside you admire what the truth has come to be  
A false security to numb your deepest fear

Your hopeless bliss, your dreamless nightmare  
Their endless bliss, their perfect nightmare

A warrior I must become  
If I'm to see the morning sun  
Some heartbeats fade, still mine beats on  
And still I strive to be reborn  
A warrior I must become  
If I'm to see the morning sun  
Some heartbeats fade, still mine beats on  
And I must be reborn

With the sword of belief at hand  
I still endure this wicked sorrow  
Tempted by my quest for power  
And by my own selfish remains

Time will pass before us and before the sun is gone  
We shall sing in victory as if it were our only song

Now the time is gone and I pray to be forgiven  
I fear the day will come when my prayers will be too  
late

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