

Myslovitz

"The Wind That Burns All"

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Save your last prayers

come down to meet me here

lower yourself to my level

let your hate be free

see yourself

and what we've become

a lower form of life

as we tumble through the last times

Fall down on your knees

Pray for mercy before me

ask for forgiveness

from the one who can't speak

Created this, a setting for a soul

to die away, to die away in the cold

a gray sky upon us

snow is black ash now

do you feel how it comes closer

every day

and would you believe when I say there's nothing we
could do

Fall down on your knees

Pray for mercy before me
ask for forgiveness
from the one who can't speak
Here it comes -the terrible
the beautiful -the last of sunsets
here it comes -the terrible
the beautiful -the wind that burns all
here it comes -finally
suddenly -the end to all this
here we go -the feeble
the small -finally... we all are dead

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