

Roark

"All Of The Riches"

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It's a final resting place
At a quite unusual time
There's a smile upon my face
Like its born of red wine

She swears my eyes with all her grace
She hears in hear heart, the empyy space.

Take all my things
And throw them away
Cause all of the riches that I've gathers
Are gone today

Here in the dark
I lie for a while
Begin to appreciate the brightness
The comfort of her smile.

The smile
In a crowded suit I lie
In a finest pin-stripe
By my side
Over swallow the threat

She swells my eyes with all her grace
She hears in hear heart the empty space.

Take all my things
And throw them away
Cause all of the riches that I've gathered
Are gone today

Here in the dark
I lie for a while.
Begin to appreciate the brightness
The comfort of her

Oh, I wanted to fly.
Oh, I wanted to fl-un, run, run

Take all my things

And throw them away
Cause all of the riches that I've gathered
Are gone today

Here in the dark
I lie for a while
Begin to appreciate the brightness
The comfort of her smile.

The smile.
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