

Wax on Radio

"When In Rome"

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In so many words we will roam wander the calling air
I justify let it go
Sink deep to repent the savory words
let go cut out and held in key
If time is a ghost we will reform in death in the end

When fading to grey color me more
when sailing to grey to become the cold one

Red calling again
Only the deepest in tone fire the floor
Eclipse and commit me to cold
wash all that will hold me to shore
a tune to scale we carry the end

In all the little fairy tails you spin
In shadow and the fire casting it
In every single beating heart and stone
All content in casting out their roles
and they'll call in quick to be replaced

Eyes fading away and now forever alone
sinking grey
I am the still beating stone
I am the darkness of cold true fromed and foretold
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