

Liquid Divine

"Fallen Men"

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You're flogging a dead horse, but your turn will come
No there are no backdoors, you're a ghost on the run
Take that red pill and my hand, we'll never face the
Rising sun
We are fallen men, my friend, and a friend will let you
Down

We are fallen men in the pulse of misfortune

We will rise again, from the ash into change

You're killing the wrong one, well sick of life [in vain]
No, there will be no sun and no chance to rise [again]
Losing games at midnight, for the price of life
We dream of love at first sight and of ancient rites

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