

Ankhara

"New Day"

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Sometimes I'm at war with myself but wasn't I so good
to you?
Led astray by your own devices too much at stake put
an end to you
Broken are the ties that make better excuses
forshortened dreams
For shortened dreams even shorter are the fuses
Life well lived a sentence served it will never be the
same and it's on so useless
Sometimes i'm ahead of myself and doesn't that sound
good to you?
Bound & gagged by your compromises lessons
learned put an end to you
Bitter are the ends
Makes better excuses
So wake up from the mess you're in
Good luck when you ship comes in and I promise you a
brand new day

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