

Iluvatar

"Late Of Conscience"

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Life hangs now before me,
Some faint and hollow dream.
Things I may remember,
And some I haven't seen.

Chivalry and valor,
Have gone the way of pride.
The tide is slowly turning,
And there's nowhere left to hide.

My thought turns to the common man,
The lights gone from their eyes.
Beneath their tattered robes,
They hide the pieces of their lives.

The time has changed from magic,
To a world of human ways.
An old magician wrings his hands,
And begs for yesterday.

Pull the knife out slowly Lord;
Let me join your alibi.
With Godliness on our side,
Surely we can't tell a lie.

Pull the knife out slowly Lord;
Let me revel in your pain.
The sacrifice of progress,
Will destroy all that remains...

The sounds that still remind me,
Of the voices of the past;
The wind that blows behind me,
And the shattering of glass.

The days are surely numbered,
And the hours growing long.
The echoes fade behind me,
Like some old forgotten song.

Pull the knife out slowly Lord;

Let me join your alibi.
With Godliness on our side,
Surely we can't tell a lie.

Pull the knife out slowly Lord;
Let me revel in your pain.
The sacrifice of progress,
Will destroy all that remains...

Days gone by forgotten,
In ageless books and plays.
The values of the ancients,
Elude us to this day.

A final word of warning,
From the ashes of the past.
What is put up in a hurry,
Can surely never last.

Pull the knife out slowly Lord;
Let me join your alibi.
With Godliness on our side,
Surely we can't tell a lie.

Pull the knife out slowly Lord;
Let me revel in your pain.
The sacrifice of progress,
Will destroy all that remains...

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