

Old Statues

Other Lives

I awoke troubled by awful sounds
Where the sky was dim and cities shining
One by one we're turning the old statue
Now I have seen all they have offered me
And all my words will simply die
One by one, we're turning the old statue

Oh the leaves of the grass
Death beneath our feet
has now given way there in the land mass
inhabits the earth many long years of wondering
Oh the water will part clear us of this mess
Restore our good name grace us at our death
And rise from above, suddenly you feel in the air

Ahh

Wake inside and of the years you tried
If my mind relents then I will hide
One by one, we're turning to old statues
Oh yea

Oh the leaves of the grass
Death beneath our feet
has now given way there in the land mass
inhabits the earth many long years of wondering
Oh the water will part clear us of this mess
Restore our good name grace us at our death
And rise from above, suddenly you feel in the air
Ah (2x)