The Fall

Allah-Las

The jig is up, day is lost
No recovery at any cost
Does it seem now
We've lost our way somehow?
Picked the wrong door now?

Seated high above the crowd
Slipping off her silken shroud to reveal
Her lips are still sealed
Is this what is real?
Or just how she feels?

Standing again and again
For the pride before the...

Falling like dominoes
For everything that we're shown
That affirms us
Even if it turns us
Against what don't concern us

Greasy palms and sodden shoes
Dirty bombs and filthy news all written
In the blood of the smitten
Is there something I'm missing?
Too hapless to fit in

Standing again and again
For the pride before the fall
Wasn't worth it at all
I feel so small

The fall
Wasn't worth it at all
Makes me feel so small

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