

## 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