

## Foolsong

Baroness

That fool who digs his own grave  
I'm still trying to find my way out!  
But if it's the long way  
I'll sleep in this bed I've made

The kids have fallen on blades  
It's too late to figure out  
It's too late for babies to beg for their beds

It's too late to ignore the storm up ahead  
It's too dark to see my way out  
Now all I can do about anything wrong  
Is dig further down  
Further down

When we finally awake  
We'll burn our bodies on stakes  
A tower of ashes and sawdust will lie  
Where our castles were made