

Glory

Chuck Ragan

Let Water Wash Away, the shore of bleeding pain.
And erode to start anew, on foundations once consumed.
Glory

Pay homage with that pain. And relish all the same.
In fire of warm array, in arms, voice and days of
Glory

Our days are numbered surely. (La la la la la la la la la la la la la la la la)
And this breath will soon be passing (La la la la la la la la la la la la la la la la)
Just as the wind in the mountains (La la la la la la la la la la la la la la la la)
Carries the dust of the once here (La la la la la la la la la la)

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