

# A Fistful of Bended Nails

Deadsoul Tribe

So far away  
The wings of a butterfly  
Pounding away  
Stir the breeze into hurricanes  
Into this day  
Echoes of past lives resounding in me  
They crash like the waves  
Fleeing like ghosts from their mortal remains

The blood on our hands  
All of these waves can't wash away

People of faith  
Cry at the feet of a dying God  
The tears of their face  
I know they cry for themselves

Because if they cared  
They'd stand with a fistful of bended nails

We're rejoicing  
Spinning through this hallow void  
We're rejoicing  
Could it be we laugh a bit too loud

We're rejoicing  
We're rejoicing