

Closing Doors

Dynazty

Here I am like fire in the rain
A man reduced to smoke and ashes in the wind
I can rise again but never be the same
A shift in atmosphere for you and me begins

I would give away my pride
But you'll never have my life
There's a storm that's on the rise
On and on our battles rages on

This is us and this is where we are
Trapped behind our closing doors
We scream until we hear no more
This is where we stand or where we fall
Crushed if we don't let it go
Trapped behind our closing doors

Greedy lust and a crippled sense of trust
Turned a lifetime's worth of fire into dust
As we carelessly balance on a ledge
We turn our gaze away and slip over the edge

When there's nothing left but rage
I have nothing else to give
Now a war is on the rise
On and on our battle rages on

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