Down

Firewind

Lost in learn, coming down is their instinct,
Passing ways, passing ways on pain and red ink,
The day is young, with the sun staring at me,
I contemplate the ways in which you see.

Time is pressed, don't look now, where we have our test,
To the pressure of compared to unrest,
Understand, understand my reasons,
Take control, the change in seasons.

What lies now, turn and bow,
Make your move, going down,
Here they stand, all alone,
From the one, that brings us down.

Time again, time again we falter,
Under skin, by the skin, no matter,
Justify, justify our weakness,
Coming down...

They sit and pray for the turn to the innocent,
Shouting praise to the one that figures it,
Then their minds, and within their hearts,
They are chained, to this down.

What lies now, turn and bow,
Make your move, going down,
Here they stand, all alone,
From the one, that brings us down.

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