

# Threshold

## Front Line Assembly

Atmosphere is cold  
Tension cuts like a knife  
Hazed are the eyes  
Reflecting shadows of the past

Nothing moves -  
They all just stare.  
Inner peace is gone  
Tainted by time

Our great leaders  
The leaders of man  
They lied to us all  
They tried to pretend.  
They tightened the rope around your neck  
Distorted all your views until the bitter end.

Carry the cross,  
The cross of burden  
Only memories remain  
Looking for new life

The fear of the end  
Lives in all of us  
Heart and soul of man  
Ravaged by greed

Heart and soul of man  
Ravaged by greed  
Denial and deception  
Feed the sorrow

Divided as we fall  
Break the solemn vow

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