

## The Fox

## Graveyard

Looking out through ice cold eyes  
Anxious waiting while the moon starts to rise  
Shadows growing  
He's getting by taking lives  
And through the loss of other kinds  
Just taking all he can find and never spare anyone

No excuses  
Cleaning yesterday's blood  
Remains from the corps in the mud  
Evading the setting sun

Sufficiently but never enough  
Even with his final breath  
He'll chase one last death

His rusty suit is showing cracks  
Just like his broken shield of ideals  
Memory's fading  
Missing the time he was the one  
He turns his back and starts to run  
Evading the setting sun

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