

Golden Restless Age

Kings of Leon

You smile
Your lips beguile
You look impeccable
Cutting through the room like a knife
Sharpened leather, fastened tight
Oh so insatiable

Such a sight
An apparition holding tight
Never to shy from the scene
Splash of sound
Just a bellow bouncing 'round
There is a quiet to your scream

They fall, you rise
It's here, your time

The golden restless age and time won't turn the page
You're only passing through a form of you
I look in your eyes and there's a rage
And time won't turn the page
It hits you headlong to go it alone

See the eyes how they shimmer
And how they shine
It's only personal
I watch you fall at breakneck speed
Lie in wait
Aching to feel it all
The cause-effect
The line is set

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