

Bemoan

Nightrage

We should have always known
Our biggest enemy is within ourselves
As a shadow waiting to strike

A lesson that we'll never learn
As we're dancing on our graves
A new tomorrow will never come

The weight of the world on our shoulders
A weight that we can't hold
In the end, the blood of our kind is on our hands
The fate of the world as we know it
A fate we can't ignore
In the end, the blood of our kind is on our hands

On every side, on every frontline
The enemy is holding their forts
At both sides of our fences
We're coming short

A strength that we could never carry
A gift but also a load
To a mind all too ready to explode

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A weight that we can't hold
In the end, the blood of our kind is on our hands
The fate of the world as we know it
A fate we can't ignore
In the end, the blood of our kind is on our hands

There will be no angels to bemoan our fate
There will be no heaven's door
There will be no one left to bemoan what we became
At the end of our line

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A weight that we can't hold
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