

Gods Acre

Soen

Everything around decay
Only sorrow grows up on these plains
Nothing but a somber line

Early warnings of what will come
Standing at the cross roads
There's no turning back

We were searching deep beneath the ground
But the seed of life was never found
Endless times of digging in the dirt
Will we ever find a peaceful life
Will we ever leave the ghost behind
Would it make it easier in the end

Will you find what you are looking for
When you try and find an open door
All is clear no one's in your way

God's acre
Barren land
All what grows here turns to sand
Dead roses on this drain
No savior will await

We keep searching for an alibi
How we stifle any trace of life
Still there sending
Shivers down the spine
Now we are both being disarmed
Shunned away from hope and home
No indifference

God's acre
Barren land
All what grows here turns to sand
Dead roses on this drain
No savior will await

Streets are damp
And lights are low
I'm facing one more early dawn
Drifting in the calm
Before the storm

I have to speak
Straight from the heart
These gates are tearing us apart
They made us into what we are
There's always a reason
The addiction to a reckless life
Left us with this constant strife
Scraping up the pieces
From the bottom of our hearts

Please forgive me my mistakes
I guided us into this place

A God forsaken land
Where nothing grows