

# Moderat, Reminder

I steal from the beggars empty plate  
And give to the fat man  
I dance in the halls of the nearly insane  
Pray to God  
That is vacant again

Dark is the shadow filled with prejudice, no pride  
Worn out and welcome his truth birthing lies  
A whisper now speaks what words use to say  
Fallen from grace  
Luster this way

Burning bridges is not my way

And while the rain keeps coming down  
A rope of hopes to thin to climb  
The night is closing in  
We're down the bottom of the well

Burning bridges is not my way /3x