

# The Shadow of Seattle

## Marcy Playground

(J. Wozniak)Rain

Like tin angels falling down  
Like a mission and we're halfway there  
From some old dried up fried forgotten town

Why

Won't they let us be ourselves  
With out potential we could toe the line  
And show the bastards up with our divine

LightSeize

All the records from the past  
Hold ransom all the artifacts  
This ragged town protects them to the last  
With liesSee them running, heading homeward to Seattle

Deem

All the liars in your tribe  
To be the fires on the western side  
Of some old front we call the war of art

Rain

Like tin angels falling down  
Like a mission and we're halfway there  
From some old dried up fried forgotten town  
From some old dried up fried forgotten town  
To some dried up fried up forgotten

Town

Lyrics provided by <https://www.omusic.in/>