

Day Of Reckoning

Tad Morose

A storm is approaching
The sky is turning gray
There is no escaping
No point running away

A ferocious tempest
Devours the light
A sweltering darkness
Turn day into night

I fall
I keep falling
I see no end at all

A daunting silence
And nothing remains
A muffled sound of your heart beating
And the blood in your veins

I fall
I keep falling
I see no end at all

The dead will rise
To pay for their sins
To reconcile
The day of reckoning