

## Time's Like Molten Lead

Ahab

When ignorance is bliss  
Our voices nothing but a sore hiss  
We yearn for redemption, for an end

Yet we keep heading on  
While time`s expanding - running slow  
Like streams of molten lead  
In this moments of need  
our memories will soon be gone

There`ll be no end  
There`ll be no end

...

No end  
No end

...

No end  
No end

...

Father, is this the end?