

The Hour Glass

Arena

As time slips through my finger tips
Like grains of sand in Caesars hands
I can hear the time bomb as it ticks and it ticks
Not long to go now, no more will we stand
Invincible, sure and superior
We are fallible weak and inferior
As we slip and we slide down the long mountainside
We're the debris of a lost human tide

There's a feeling I can feel
As the clockwork clicks around
There's a shadow after me
And it waits without a sound
I'm so tired of standing by
While the fates design my life
They never tell me why
The world must die!

Surely there is someone to reach out
Surely there is someone to reach out

As time slips through my fingers
There's a void where the hope used to be
As time flows through my fingers
We see visions that no one should see
And it's cold
So cold out here
And it's cold
When there's so much to fear

As time slips through my fingers
I am blinded and alone
As time flows through my fingers
I am haunted by demons I have always known
And it's cold
So cold out here
And it's cold
When there's so much to fear... so near!