

## 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!