From The Cradle To The Grave

Astral Doors

[Johansson / Nordlund / Lindstedt]
With a gun inside your mouth life's rushing by
In the shade of sin; to live you have to die
Convicting yourself to the cross; it was your loss
The face made of tragic and tears:
Now it's here
It goes on and on and on
From the cradle to the grave
Well, it rolls like a wheel
The torture goes on and on
In the houses made of stone you try to hide
But the eyes of the beholder will try
To drag you from heaven to hell, I tell
The treasure, the struggle in pain
All in vain
It goes on and on and on
From the cradle to the grave
Well, it rolls like a wheel
On and on and on
On and on and on
It goes on and on and on
On and on and on
It goes on and on and on
[Solo: Nordlund / Haglund]
Now you're gone
The torments tongue brought you under the ground
I can see it now so clear; you have to die
Convicting yourself to the cross; it was your loss
The face made of tragic and tears
Now it's near
It goes on and on and on
From the cradle to the grave
Well, it rolls like a wheel
The torture goes on and on
It goes on and on and on
From the cradle to the grave
In the calm in the storm
On and on and on
On and on
From the cradle to the grave
On and on and on and on

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