

Time Has Come

Burning Point

Between the pages
It's all black and white
The shades of grey nowhere to find

Difference of an opinion
What's wrong and what's right
Dance of the dead like an ancient rite

Food for your thoughts
Reap what you sow
Bite it to the bone
There's a lesson to be learned or you
Will drown in the fire

Time has come to draw to line
Your time has come
It's the end of the line

Hide in the shadows
Prey for the weak
Flash of the blade cut too deep

Behind the curtain waiting to strike
Missed the last chance
The end of the fight

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Bite it to the bone
There's a lesson to be learned or you
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