

Last Glance

Darkwell

In my shallow grave
I see the pictures of the past
All the anger starts to rave
My final ballot I have to cast

The time in a short span
The poets call it life
Notions are to ban
The fortune is a dive

My last glance
No foul hope
It is the hearts last dance
I shouldn't have taken the rope

In my shallow grave
I will enslave my mind
All the anger starts to rave
Needless creatures of my kind

What will await me
Exists the divine claw?
I feel the undertow
The last thing that I saw

My last glance...

What was the preachers plight
Where is the promised truth
I see no heavens might
No, my existence will fuse

In my shallow grave
I see the pictures of the past
All the anger starts to rave
My hopes have been vast