

Whisperers

Loïc Nottet

People fear death
It comes, it takes
The ones we love
With no regrets
Not knowing what will happen next
But we know that
Our turn awaits

The whisperers...

Death's taking those
That we love most
Its greed wants the best souls
And leave the unworthy mortals
They stay around
So make no sound
They're trying to get through
All the voices whispering to you

The whisperers...

They whisper, they whisper
The whisperers...