

## Out Of Time

### Seventh Day Slumber

I hear them chanting again  
I hear them crying out loud  
I see the masses fall away  
This bitter war has begun  
I hear the children cry for food  
Their fathers have left them all for dead

And we're running out of time  
We're running out of time  
Getting closer to the edge  
We're running out of time

There's a fountain filled with blood  
Poured from the virus of unborn children  
The massacre is endless  
And we watch them fade away

I hear the screaming save the trees  
But we'd kill a generation to suit our own needs  
What are we ending up to be  
A nation in bondage that thinks we are free