

Here After

Tad Morose

Darkness is all around
Your time is running low Listen to the wicked sound that rises
from the below
Demons in your mind
Whispers from a forgotten soul
Fear of another kind
Deep down from the endless hole
There is a secret place for you
Darkened mirrors on the wall
Burning candles are shining through while you're walking down t
hese empty halls
Tomorrow is not for you as the spell is cast
Memories are haunting you as forever becomes the past
Fear in your mind
Whispers from an endless hole
Demons of another kind deep down in your soul