

# Slaves To The Dying Sun

Tad Morose

The sun is dying,  
weak light is coming  
from the moon  
Winter eternal,  
all life will be gone soon  
There's no escaping  
there is nowhere  
you can hide  
The end is upon us,  
in fear our time we bide

From the beginning of time  
till the end  
We've be marching on  
Blind lead the blind  
To the edge of life

Slaves To The Dying Soul

Time's not eternal,  
noone nor nothing  
will remain  
Or last forever,  
exempt from age and pain

From the beginning of time  
till the end  
We've be marching on  
Blind lead the blind  
To the edge of life

I'm at the end of my life!  
Where are you?  
- God of Heaven!

From the beginning of time  
till the end  
We've be marching on  
Blind lead the blind  
To the edge of life