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

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