

## Death Of World Class

This Is Hell

How many times can we face tragedy?  
I'm running out of strength  
But they all turn to me to tow the line  
But now I realize that every triumph is short lived

We're being haunted by too many ghosts  
Time to move on, slam the door closed  
How can things get any worse?  
I won't accept that it's a curse  
It was a legacy we thought would last  
Now we mourn the death of world class  
With an epitaph etched in stone  
Comes the realization I'm all alone

The dream became a nightmare  
And one by one we were all sucked in  
Black cloud of death looms above me  
And i question again and again  
How many times can we face tragedy?  
I'm running out of strength  
But they all turn to me to tow the line  
But now I realize that every triumph is short lived