

Running Out of Time

Tygers of Pan Tang

We're running out of time,
Destroying all that's been built,
We're running out of time,
Who, will, bear the guilt?
Running, running,
Running, running.

The world is hungry,
The way we're going is dangerous,
They will deceive their nations,
And they'll destroy all of man's existence.

The gun is loaded,
But who will pull the trigger?
The hand is moving slowly,
Toward the final dawning.

Don't meddle in creation,
The result is frightening,
The knowledge has been given,
But misused beyond all reasoning