

# Midnight Draws Near

Vulture Industries

Woke up with this nagging sense  
That something was wrong  
Something quite immense  
Anguished I lay staring for some time  
With a lingering fear in mind

All hope ends here

After what felt like hours of angst  
Like within a cold grip, sweaty sheets turned dank  
Compelled I got up to locate its source  
To uncover this threatening force  
With clammy hands, I put on my shirt  
As a gnarly voice, beckoned me  
Urgent but carefully I drew towards the call  
Slowly I could discern it

All hope ends here  
Your world and all you hold dear

There is a wrong stroke on that picture  
There is a crack upon the wall  
It's all bound to soon unravel  
The whole house about to fall  
Death upon the threshold  
Gently calling through the hall  
Our names they are all listed  
This is final curtain call

All hope ends here  
Midnight draws near (x2)

The minute hand circles the clock  
A hangman's axe propelled towards the block (x2)

Listening intently all soon made sense  
The words gave new meaning  
As my vision changed  
Of course, the world doomed under this joke of fiends  
And their tangled myriad schemes  
So, with eager hands, I put on my shirt  
As the gnarly voice beckoned me  
to reach out for the hand and turn the clock  
fulfill that secret yearning.

Tick tock (x2)

All hope ends here  
Midnight draws near (x2)

The minute hand circles the clock  
A hangman's axe propelled towards the block (x2)

All hope ends here  
Midnight draws near (x2)

There is a wrong stroke on that picture

There is a crack upon the wall  
It's all bound to soon unravel  
The whole house about to fall