

Final Hour

Berman

the last days approaching, drawing nearer, searchin' for an answer to save your soul, confusion now befriends
you, there's no time left to think, hoping that tomorrow will still be a hero,
standing at the judgement seat, preparing your confession, you begin to speak but find a loss of words, running
through your mind are thoughts of hopelessness and fear, His verdict pierces like a sword,
you begin to notice there's no place to turn, no place for you to run to now, your life was short your life was not
well planned, you should have thought this through before your final hour,
no place to run no place to hide, i wanna be here right by your side, you've rejected now you're being detested,
but you wanna be right here, all this time and never fear that this could be you, this could be you in your final
hour

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