

Scythe of Time

Grave Digger

I see the church, the town of Edinboro
A tower of memories, of love and sorrow
I remember the past, as I was a child
Dreaming of God and trying to fly
I climb the stairs straight to the top
Thinking and screaming ,about such lowly lot
I know for death who comes for me
But in my mind I cannot seeHours of Fate are in me neck
I feel the scythe of time and there's no way backI put my head out through the window
Watching the people on the streets below
And I forgot the tower's clock
A lonely prison what a shock
I feel the pointer cut into my flesh
I lost an eye and blood runs down my neck
I see my head falling down from the tower
I know I'm dead and I lost me powerHours of Fate are in me neck
I feel the scythe of time and there's no way back

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