

Out of Time

Seventh Day Slumber

I hear them chanting again
I hear them crying out loud
I see the masses fall away
This bitter war has begun
I hear the children cry for food
Their fathers have left them all for dead
Chorus:
And we're running out of time
We're running out of time
Getting closer to the edge
We're running out of time
There's a fountain filled with blood
Poured from the virus of unborn children
The massacre is endless
And we watch them fade away
I hear the screaming save the trees
But we'd kill a generation to suit our own needs
What are we ending up to be
A nation in bondage that thinks we are free

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