End Of The Age

Kansas

When the lights are down and your blood runs cold
Then you know what you fear most is growing old
The clock winds down and the bells will toll
For the dawn that follows may require your soulThrough the narrows
There are few who pass
Only the chosen enter in
Seek your calling while it may be foundFor the sand in the hourglass is falling
We hang in the balance one by one
Turn from your ways, the voice is calling
And fear the end of the ageNow the evil deed never goes unseen
And the wisdom of your wise men is unclean
For the pride of life and the lust for gain
Is a sickness of the heart, the mark of CainThrough the narrows
There are few who pass
Only the chosen enter in
Seek your calling while it may be foundFor the sand in the hourglass is falling
We hang in the balance one by one
Turn from your ways, the voice is calling
And fear the end of the ageSword and shield
The right hand of power's protecting us, directing us
He'll reveal the glory that's only His own
With a fire in the skyWhen the mountains fall and the Heavens roar
Then the reign of man will end forevermore
And when the fools who believed in their empty ways
Will be witness to a world that's set ablazeFor the sand in the hourglass is falling
We hang in the balance one by one
Turn from your ways, the voice is calling
And fear the end of the age
Fear the end of the age
The end of the age

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