

End Of Time

Eleventyseven

The suffering's here, the wait is gone
The streets are filled with a hollow song
Got a new death, it lurks outside
Follows me home, waiting for me
Lost your soul
Doomed and cold, yea
Lost your soul
Doomed and cold, yea alright
A hum in the ear, numbness comes
Feeling like you're almost home
The open arms, tempting embrace
It's always been waiting
Waiting at the end of time for you
And you'll be too, yea
The suffering's here, the wait is gone
The streets are filled with a hollow song
Empty world of listless night
I pray to thee, I suffer blind

Waiting at the end of time for you
You'll be too, yea
Lost your soul
Doomed and cold, yea
Lost your soul
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Waiting at the end of time for you
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