

# Last Glance

## Darkwell

In my shallow grave  
I see the pictures of the past  
All the anger starts to rave  
My final ballot I have to cast

The time in a short span  
The poets call it life  
Notions are to ban  
The fortune is a dive

My last glance  
No foul hope  
It is the hearts last dance  
I shouldn't have taken the rope

In my shallow grave  
I will enslave my mind  
All the anger starts to rave  
Needless creatures of my kind

What will await me  
Exists the divine claw?  
I feel the undertow  
The last thing that I saw

My last glance...

What was the preachers plight  
Where is the promised truth  
I see no heavens might  
No, my existence will fuse

In my shallow grave  
I see the pictures of the past  
All the anger starts to rave  
My hopes have been vast

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