

Dying World

Pentagram

The flames grow high in your eyes
Your tempers hot and it's on the rise
Furious storm builds deep inside
And the universe no place to hide You watch the world fall to it's knees
Full of sins as they beg for peace
But your blood runs cold through your veins
You only laugh when you're in pain Sunshine through the tree tops
Moonshine cross the sea
The wind blows through my hair
And takes my soul from me Is the world near it's end
My god what's 'round the band
Will you fall to your knees and pray
When hell; it heads your way

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