Last Call

Bedemon

Last CallMy final hour's getting near
The time is getting close I fear
Footsteps at my door I hear
Time to pay for life so dearI want to flee but it's too late
My soul is in the grip of fate
Close my eyes and one last breath
Feel the cold, cold hands of death
Slowly now I drift away
Into an eerie time and space
I cry out, it does no good
In this lonely strange new place
Blackness closes all around
No longer can I see or feel
The last thoughts slowly echo out
Am I a dream or am I real?
Song Discussions is protected by U.S. Patent 9401941. Other patents pending.

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