

# Last Call

## Bedemon

Last Call  
My final hour's getting near  
The time is getting close I fear  
Footsteps at my door I hear  
Time to pay for life so dear  
I 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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