

Time of Dying

[Ian Moore](#)

Bloody hand know your way
Lay him down, his death will pass
Lay him down under your blade
Shined and sharp his crimson stainDiamond shards pulse to steel
This final breath and glassy pleas
Rest your mind and wash your hands
Lay him down in this time of dyingA dirty heats, falling dusk
And guilty breeze, they know their way
In through the door you hear them whine
Close your eyes, it soon will passDiamond shards pulse to steel
This final breath, yeah and glassy pleas, yeah
Rest your mind and wash your hands
Lay him down in this time of dying

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