

# Here After

**Tad Morose**

Darkness is all around Your time is running low Listen to the wicked sound  
that rises from the below

Demons in your mind Whispers from a forgotten soul Fear of another kind  
Deep down from the endless hole

There is a secret place for you Darkened mirrors on the wall Burning  
candles are shining through while you're walking down these empty halls  
Tomorrow is not for you as the spell is cast Memories are haunting you as  
forever becomes the past

Fear in your mind Whispers from an endless hole Demons of another kind deep  
down in your soul

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