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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