

From The Cradle To The Grave

Astral Doors

[Johansson / Nordlund / Lindstedt]

With a gun inside your mouth life's rushing by
In the shade of sin; to live you have to die
Convicting yourself to the cross; it was your loss
The face made of tragic and tears:

Now it's here

It goes on and on and on

From the cradle to the grave

Well, it rolls like a wheel

The torture goes on and on

In the houses made of stone you try to hide

But the eyes of the beholder will try

To drag you from heaven to hell, I tell

The treasure, the struggle in pain

All in vain

It goes on and on and on

From the cradle to the grave

Well, it rolls like a wheel

On and on and on

On and on and on

It goes on and on and on

On and on and on

It goes on and on and on

[Solo: Nordlund / Haglund]

Now you're gone

The torments tongue brought you under the ground

I can see it now so clear; you have to die

Convicting yourself to the cross; it was your loss

The face made of tragic and tears

Now it's near

It goes on and on and on

From the cradle to the grave

Well, it rolls like a wheel

The torture goes on and on

It goes on and on and on

From the cradle to the grave

In the calm in the storm

On and on and on

On and on

From the cradle to the grave

On and on and on and on