

## The Last In Line

Eloy

Visions in decay  
Shadows on the wall  
In world of desolation  
No one cares about  
The future nor the past  
A superficialist generation  
On a journey of no return  
We're surpassing the gates of hell  
Still emotions as cold as ice  
Heeding no advice  
Living for the day  
No conception  
Riding high on our self-deception  
Riot all around  
Siren's wailing sound  
Raging chaos in all directions  
While we dance in the danger zone  
False impressions to ease the soul  
In a tempest of space and time  
Try to keep control  
We are, we are  
The children of tomorrow  
We are, we are  
The future generation  
We are, we are  
Victims lost in fate  
We are, we are  
The last in line  
We are reckless  
Running headless  
Holding on to the wings of madness  
No perception  
No direction  
No belief in resurrection  
Still aware of the present state  
We resign to our certain fate  
Standing now as the last in line  
Can't turn back time  
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Useless and abandoned...