

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
We are, we are
The children of tomorrow
We are, we are
The future generation
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Victims lost in fate
We are, we are
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Useless and abandoned...