

Time To Turn

Eloy

Now we've come to the age,
Where the splendour fades,
And we can look behind drooping facades.
The glossy front's just fake,
The firm base breaks, as this doomed world slowly decays.

Illusions fly high,
Nothing we don't try
To build up fantasies we can believe.
The dance on dragon's jaws,
In reach of its claws, destroys the little we could retrieve.

We have resigned to our fate
Afraid that our time is up now.
Though it's not quite too late, if we take to action now.

We see no future, just today's endured-
And tomorrow is smoke in the wind.
We dance, sing, play,
'Cause we feel the strain of living at the end of our time.

We have resigned to our fate
Afraid that our time is up now.
Though it's not quite too late, if we take to action now.

Our legacy
Fades and melts away,
Because tomorrow may not ever be.
So we dance and sing, try to bear the thought
Of approaching the end of our time.
Our legacy