

The End Of Days

Gregorian

Our vulgar pleasures are laid bare
Our gods grow weak and disappear
Our vivid nights our silent days
Relinquished to a wintry haze

The emblems of our toil lie still
Abandoned to the misty air
The dusty silence where we stood
Our empty space given back to earth

Don't forget about us
Our living was not in vain

Now that the night has fallen
Now that the spirit sleeps
If time is to end
We stand alone and unprotected then
Will we praise
This is the end of our days

Are heathen temples laid to rest
Our glory fades to emptiness
What once was bright returns to sand
Our complex lives to barren land

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Our living was not in vain

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