

## End of the Age

Kansas

When the lights are down and your blood runs cold  
Then you know what you fear most is growing old  
The clock winds down and the bells will toll  
For the dawn that follows may require your soul

Through the narrows  
There are few who pass  
Only the chosen enter in  
Seek your calling while it may be found

For the sand in the hourglass is falling  
We hang in the balance one by one  
Turn from your ways, the voice is calling  
And fear the end of the age

Now the evil deed never goes unseen  
And the wisdom of your wise men is unclean  
For the pride of life and the lust for gain  
Is a sickness of the heart, the mark of Cain

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There are few who pass  
Only the chosen enter in  
Seek your calling while it may be found

For the sand in the hourglass is falling  
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And fear the end of the age

Sword and shield  
The right hand of power's protecting us, directing us  
He'll reveal the glory that's only His own  
With a fire in the sky

When the mountains fall and the Heavens roar  
Then the reign of man will end forevermore  
And when the fools who believed in their empty ways  
Will be witness to a world that's set ablaze

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Turn from your ways, the voice is calling  
And fear the end of the age  
Fear the end of the age  
The end of the age