

WHEEL OF TIME

Omnia

Where's my pretty face?
And where's my holy place?
All have flowed away like water
Where's the summer sun?
And where have all the good times gone?
All have flowed away in time

These hands were taught to work the land
But fertile fields have turned to sand
A barren waste of modern madness

Life is like a music hall
But you don't get a curtain call
The trees of youth have come to fall... asunder

And the wheel of time rolls on...

An empty space left in my bed
That's where you used to lay your head
But no 'good night, love' sweetly said... without you

I take my looking glass to see
But wrinkled eyes look back at me
I feel the need to let it be... forgotten

And the wheel of time rolls on...