

Out Of Time

Seventh Day Slumber

I hear them chanting again
I hear them crying out loud
I see the masses fall away
This bitter war has begun
I hear the children cry for food
Their fathers have left them all for dead

And we're running out of time
We're running out of time
Getting closer to the edge
We're running out of time

There's a fountain filled with blood
Poured from the virus of unborn children
The massacre is endless
And we watch them fade away

I hear the screaming save the trees
But we'd kill a generation to suit our own needs
What are we ending up to be
A nation in bondage that thinks we are free