

Circle Of Souls

Tad Morose

It's a bridge to the past built for the dying for souls that cry
You can never go back to the life that you had
When you're crossing the line it's far too late

You're looking for shelter that you never had
You're tumbling around in a faraway land
Don't trust the stranger his intentions are bad he will cause you pain and make you insane

Nightmares begin as tomorrow becomes the past Blinded by pictures of hope painted by strangers in time
You're searching for answers explaining the pain it leads to the past but it's all in vain

Looking for life in the reaper's blade
Slowly you're falling and your life starts to fade