

## Here After

Tad Morose

Darkness is all around  
Your time is running low Listen to the wicked sound that rises  
from the below  
Demons in your mind  
Whispers from a forgotten soul  
Fear of another kind  
Deep down from the endless hole  
There is a secret place for you  
Darkened mirrors on the wall  
Burning candles are shining through while you're walking down t  
hese empty halls  
Tomorrow is not for you as the spell is cast  
Memories are haunting you as forever becomes the past  
Fear in your mind  
Whispers from an endless hole  
Demons of another kind deep down in your soul