

Until The End Of Days

Times of Grace

Like withered tree in winter's hold,
Pieces falling all around.
Sight lost in a once brilliant sky,
Now reduced to shades of pale grey.

What have I become?
What have I become?

My voice resounds, arms outstretched,
Embrace the end of days.
Reach to the skies, arms outstretched,
Embrace the end of days.

Fall apart, drifting down to the sound of mournful harmonies.
Now my (now my) voice resounds (voice resounds),
What have I become?

I was looking for answers, trapped in a lonely state of mind,
I was drifting and searching; now my purpose is found.

My voice resounds, guide my path,
Until the end of days.
Reach to the skies, deliverance,
Until the end of days.

I am steadfast, given sight,
I shall stand until the end of days.

Tear me apart, rip into my soul,
I shall stand until the end of days.

Arms outstretched to embrace,
The end of days.