

Epiclore, In The Final Hour

Once, someone said
that life well spent is long
On through the years you come
to wonder what is wrong
Looking back and forth
the pathway of my time
Maybe I'm still learning life or
lack the strength to
make the best of mine

And the seasons, they change
time is passing us by
and there's none left to waste, so

Take my hand
and in the final hour we'll stand
Make a new star shine
for the sands of time
in the hourglass
will run out some day
So may a new life bloom on the way
and we will survive
and for ever thrive
in the world we'll leave behind
one day

Striving to keep
my mind stable and strong
Reason and feeling
don't that often get along
Always afraid of what will lie ahead
Something keeps telling me
it's wasted time
that I should fear instead

Only whisper of winds
just a breath in eternity
still, a lifetime within, so

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and in the final hour we'll stand
Make a new star shine
for the sands of time
in the hourglass
will run out some day
So may a new life bloom on the way
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Broken dreams
shattered reveries
fall from grace
Don't you cry
Past demises make us stronger,
better still
Every step brings us
closer to find our place
Have to try
every chance may be the last

So come, take my hand
and in the final hour we'll stand

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