

Pentagram, Dying World

The flames grow high in your eyes
Your tempers hot and it's on the rise
Furious storm builds deep inside
And the universe no place to hide

You watch the world fall to it's knees
Full of sins as they beg for peace
But your blood runs cold through your veins
You only laugh when you're in pain

Sunshine through the tree tops
Moonshine cross the sea
The wind blows through my hair
And takes my soul from me

Is the world near it's end
My god what's 'round the band
Will you fall to your knees and pray
When hell; it heads your way

If the world could only feel the love
Thats within us and up above
We'd be glad to live and that we're alive
Instead we worry how we're to die yeah!