

# Astral Doors, From The Cradle To The Grave

[Johansson / Nordlund / Lindstedt]

With a gun inside your mouth life's rushing by  
In the shade of sin; to live you have to die  
Convicting yourself to the cross; it was your loss  
The face made of tragic and tears:  
Now it's here

It goes on and on and on  
From the cradle to the grave  
Well, it rolls like a wheel  
The torture goes on and on

In the houses made of stone you try to hide  
But the eyes of the beholder will try  
To drag you from heaven to hell, I tell  
The treasure, the struggle in pain  
All in vain

It goes on and on and on  
From the cradle to the grave  
Well, it rolls like a wheel  
On and on and on

On and on and on  
It goes on and on and on  
On and on and on  
It goes on and on and on

[Solo: Nordlund / Haglund]

Now you're gone  
The torments tongue brought you under the ground  
I can see it now so clear; you have to die  
Convicting yourself to the cross; it was your loss  
The face made of tragic and tears  
Now it's near

It goes on and on and on  
From the cradle to the grave  
Well, it rolls like a wheel  
The torture goes on and on  
It goes on and on and on  
From the cradle to the grave  
In the calm in the storm  
On and on and on  
On and on  
From the cradle to the grave  
On and on and on and on