

# Crimson Glory, The Chant

In the daytime and in the night  
I hear The Chant coming from all around me  
Like a blind man who never had his sight  
Wishing he could see the light  
Desperate ways, desperate days  
Are the times we're living in  
Looking out, finding out  
Realizing that we're living in the last days of living  
Chanting around the world  
I can hear the voices begging for mercy  
Save us from our sins  
Can you hear the voices begging for mercy  
Through a window looking out to see  
What's waiting for me  
Destination I know the way  
You can follow me  
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