

# Eloy, Time To Turn

noew we've come to the age  
where the splendour fades  
and we can look behind drooping facades  
the glossy front's just fake  
the firm base breaks, as this doomed world slowly decays  
illusions fly high  
nothing we don't try  
to build up fantasies we can believe  
the dance on dragon's jaws  
in reach of it's claws, destroys the little we could retrieve  
we have resigned to our fate  
afraid that out time is up now  
though it is not quite too late, if we take to action now  
we see no future, just today's endured  
a tomorrow is smoke in the wind  
we dance, sing, play  
'cause we feel the strain of living at the end of our time  
our legacy  
fades and melts away  
because tomorrow  
may not ever be  
so we dance and sing  
try to bear the thought of approaching the end of our time