

# Rage, Death Is On It's Way (Falling From Grace Pt. 2)

Oh, Angel, come and talk to me  
Oh, Angel, have mercy with me  
Maybe this is the time for wonders  
Maybe it's the time to set me free

When death is on it's way  
When death is on it's way

Oh, father, tell me what shall be  
Oh, father, what am I to see  
Is it now that I have to let go  
Is it now the time to set me free

When death is on it's way  
When death is on it's way

Oh, mother, I don't want to sigh  
Oh, mother, I don't want to die  
Tell me why does it have to be so  
Hard to let go when it's your final day

When death is on it's way  
When death is on it's way

We talk about so many things, in fact we tell us nothing  
We hear about so many stuff that's wasted in our ears  
Our days are filled with everything that never brings us futher  
But when it comes to say goodbye we're helpless, drowning in tears

If we don't remember this in our lives we'll forget the day  
Then we're not prepared to find the truth that helps us face the final day

When death is on it's way  
When death is on it's way

Our time is sometimes not so long, our days, they maybe counted  
We often build our castles on the sand of make believe  
I've seen it when I sat beside your bed and held your hand, that  
Trembled of the pain when you fought your very last fight

If I don't remember this I don't remember anything  
Something's there that gave the strengths that's stronger than the threshold of our pain

When death is on it's way  
When death is on it's way

Once at the gates of eternity it might be better if the heart is free  
I reach out my hands to reality of life and it's far beyond all images

Death is on it's way, death is on it's way