

Shadow Gallery, The Final Hour

Nighttime falls around me
darkness closes in all the people who are
sleeping safe and soundly
content knowing we keep watch through
each and every hour
power so unknown
won't stop the rain falling down my face

Sleep for hours eludes me drifting through the wind
I feel an evil eye on me all the time
the likes of which could turn and twist us all

Lying by my side she waits for me like long ago
I touch her face she cries to me my ship is waiting I must go

My eyes burn windows through the walls closing in on me
The faces of my past life are looking back at me what do they see
the ones who hate our love will fall
but their face won't fade away tomorrow's not just another day
so hand in hand we climb the stairs our path well lit
the promise is fulfilled