

Tad Morose, Circle Of Souls

It's a bridge to the past built for the dying for souls that cry
You can never go back to the life that you had When you're crossing the
line it's far too late

You're looking for shelter that you never had You're tumbling around in a
faraway land
Don't trust the stranger his intentions are bad he will cause you pain and
make you insane

Nightmares begin as tomorrow becomes the past Blinded by pictures of hope
painted by strangers in time
You're searching for answers explaining the pain it leads to the past but
it's all in vain

Looking for life in the reaper's blade Slowly you're falling and your life
starts to fade