

# Tad Morose, The World Is Growing Old

Holding on to the past  
Put the future on hold  
Time stands still  
And the world is growing old

Find solace in solitude  
A shield of lies

Succumb to nothing  
The outside world bring on  
By pressure unaffected  
Benevolence rejected

Find solace in solitude  
Lets nothing by  
The boundaries of shelter  
The shield of lies

A lonely world grown vast  
Far away, far below  
Out of sight and out of reach I stand  
While the world is growing old

Stuck to a point in time  
A time of beauty and light  
A soothing caress to soul and mind