

Anuar Zain**"Children Of The Pauper King"**

Visit "[Children Of The Pauper King](#)" on MotoLyrics.com

Silent streets, empty halls
We're praying for our children
We're burned, we're scorned
Their faces turn on me

My screams are stuck
His mighty hands are so idle
The words of the lord
A madman's pledge

On a passage to nowhere
In the season of lies
Come harvest time
It's high upon high
On a passage to nowhere
In the seasons of lies
Come harvest

Hiding in the shadows
The demon's spawn screaming
We're lost, we are doomed
There's no turning back

This is the closure
A final retribution
Promises to keep
Lost in the confusion

On a passage to nowhere
In the seasons of lies
Come harvest time
It's high upon high
On a passage to nowhere
In the season of lies
Come harvest

Darkness belongs
Into the light
His mighty hands will guide you
Into your life

We are the children
Of the Pauper King
We are the lost sinners
Crying out to the King

On a passage to nowhere
In the seasons of lies
Come harvest time
High upon high
On a passage to nowhere
In the seasons of lies
Come harvest time
On a passage to nowhere
In the seasons of lies
Come harvest time
On a passage to nowhere
In the seasons of lies
Come harvest time

Visit [Anuar Zain](#) page on MotoLyrics.com, to get more lyrics and videos.