

Berlin

"Final Hour"

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The last days approaching, drawing nearer, searchin'
for an answer to save your soul, confusion now
befriends you, there's no time left to think, hoping that
tomorrow will still be a hero,

Standing at the judgement seat, preparing your
confession, you begin to speak but find a loss of
words, running through your mind are thoughts of
hopelessness and fear, His verdict pierces like a
sword,

You begin to notice there's no place to turn, no place
for you to run to now, your life was short your life was
not well planned, you should have thought this through
before your final hour,

No place to run no place to hide, i wanna be here right
by your side, you've rejected now you're being
detested, but you wanna be right here, all this time and
never fear that this could be you, this could be you in
your final hour

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