

Eloy "Time To Turn"

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noew we've come to the age
where the splendour fades
and we can look behind drooping facades
the glossy front's just fake
the firm base breaks, as this doomed world slowly
decays
illusions fly high
nothing we don't try
to build up fantasies we can believe
the dance on dragon's jaws
in reach of it's claws, destroys the little we could
retrieve
we have resigned to our fate
afraid that out time is up now
though it is not quite too late, if we take to action now

we see no future, just today's endured
a tomorrow is smoke in the wind
we dance, sing, play
'cause we feel the strain of living at the end of our time
our legacy
fades and melts away
because tomorrow
may not ever be
so we dance and sing
try to bear the thought of approaching the end of our
time

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