

## Hour Of 13 "Grim Reality"

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Once a time when lead afield  
And left abandoned to fend  
Let a pebble find a way  
Weather washed the trail to an end

The young are callow  
An easy lure fooled into fantasy  
There's no return for the left behind  
And not a way from the thick

Tempt is easy when is without one  
Becomes unwise to the trick

The young are callow  
An easy lure fooled into fantasy

Their tender minds  
Take in no discern to the grim of reality

Where do the hungry turn  
There's nothing to fall to the feast  
On the stray the witches ready  
When in covenant of the beast

The young are callow  
An easy lure fooled into fantasy

Their tender minds  
Take in no discern to the grim of reality

The young are callow  
An easy lure fooled into fantasy

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