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Ian Moore "Time Of Dying"

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Bloody hand know your way Lay him down, his death will pass Lay him down under your blade Shined and sharp his crimson stain

Diamond shards pulse to steel This final breath and glassy pleas Rest your mind and wash your hands Lay him down in this time of dying

A dirty heats, falling dusk And guilty breeze, they know their way In through the door you hear them whine Close your eyes, it soon will pass

Diamond shards pulse to steel This final breath, yeah and glassy pleas, yeah Rest your mind and wash your hands Lay him down in this time of dying

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