

Immortal Souls

"Last Day On Earth"

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I walk this path for the end of line,
I admire forest and it's scent of pine.
As the feel of cold is creeping up on me
I found a cabin with an open door.
Hear a sound of steps on the floor.
But there is no one for my eyes to see.

There is glow in the fire place.
Warm coal on the fire grate.
And I feel the warmth spread inside.
I hear the floor to creak again.
I look but it must be my brain.
From the window I can see weak morning light.

I prepare myself.
In weak light of down,
For the coming day,
Last day on Earth...
Last day, for myself;
Last day on Earth...

And now I know who is moving in these corners.
Little black shape with glowing eyes.
I feel the wind like in dream I fall.
Last rites are spoken, for this is where flesh ends.

I prepare myself.
In weak light of down,
For the coming day,
Last day on Earth...
Last day, for myself;
Last day on Earth...

I prepare myself.
In weak light of down,
For the coming day,
Last day on Earth...
Last day, for myself;
Last day on Earth...
Last day on Earth...

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