

Latraverse Plume

"In The Final Hour"

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Painkillers to make my day
Life is a thrill what can I say
A pretty face and perfect style
Beautiful body only for a while
Seduced by fashion, I'm better than you
I won't be second cause that won't do
I must be on top, too far to drop
Loosing my grip, how can I stop

In the final hour
Dust returns to dust
Then we live on forever
Facing lifes choices we must

My life is traveling at the speed of light
Quiet the mind, To find what is right
I'm pulled and stretched in every direction
Trying to live a life of perfection
I must slow down and think through this maze
Who can help me see through this haze
Gotta take a stand gotta take a hold
Ooh want you come and save my soul

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