

Times Of Grace

"Untill The End Of Days"

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Like a withered tree
In winter's hold
Pieces falling all around
Sight lost
In a once brilliant sky
Now reduced to shades of pale gray

What have I become?
What have I become?

My voice resounds
Arms out stretched
Embrace the end of days
Reach to the skies
Arms out stretched
Embrace the end of days

Fall apart
Drifting down
To the sound of mournful harmonies
Now my voice resounds
What have I become?

I was looking for answers
Trapped in a hopeless state of mind
I was drifting and searching
Now my purpose is found

My voice resounds
Guide my path
Until the end of days
Reach to the skies
Deliverance
Until the end of days

I am stead fast
Given sight
I sustain
Until the end of days
Tear me apart
Look into my soul

I sustain
Until the of days

Arms outstretched
To embrace
The end of days

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