

Tad Morose

"Circle Of Souls"

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It's a bridge to the past built for the dying for souls that
cry

You can never go back to the life that you had When
you're crossing the
line it's far too late

You're looking for shelter that you never had You're
tumbling around in a
faraway land

Don't trust the stranger his intentions are bad he will
cause you pain and
make you insane

Nightmares begin as tomorrow becomes the past
Blinded by pictures of hope
painted by strangers in time
You're searching for answers explaining the pain it
leads to the past but
it's all in vain

Looking for life in the reaper's blade Slowly you're
falling and your life
starts to fade

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