

Theatre Of Ice "Within The Ruins Of A Mind"

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Trapped in the weeds, in the hell of life
Caught like a rat, alone in the night
Easy prey, for all that come your way

Trapped in the dark, beneath the gaze
Of a billion eyes, thru the iron haze
Easy Prey, for the judgement day

How long, the waiting game goes on
How long, till the sharks will come
How long, this life of yours goes on
Waiting for the end to come
Waiting for the end to come
Waiting for the end to come

Trapped in the weeds, in the hell of life
Caught like a rat, alone in the night
Easy prey, for all that come your way

Scream for God, but it won't do much good
Your time is up, executioner's black hood
Short walk to death
You can feel it's breath

Heavy bags, released by lever
Oh you thought, you were so clever
Weightless falling, drifting down
A sudden stop, your head snaps round

A terrible death, life starts a new
Have they done you, a favor or a crime
Heaven or hell, or some other fate
All you know is, you've run out of time

Suddenly, your mind is clear
You drift away, to some forgotten sphere
Where in dreams
Sometimes you live

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