

Eve Of The End

Bang

A spectacular view A world of our own
Looking like giants Tasting the sweet
Our minds are in focus Our pleasure discreet
It's the eve of the end We stand tall on a hill
Playing our song Touching the clouds Looking down
Waiting is over The taunting had stopped Looking like giants
We ride with the strong This must be heaven
All doubts are proven wrong It's the eve of the end
We stand tall on a hill Playing our song Touching the clouds
Looking down This must be heaven
All doubts are proven wrong It's the eve of the end
We stand tall on a hill Playing our song Touching the clouds
Looking down