

Tad Morose, The World Is Growing Old

Holding on to the past
Put the future on hold
Time stands still
And the world is growing old

Find solace in solitude
A shield of lies

Succumb to nothing
The outside world bring on
By pressure unaffected
Benevolence rejected

Find solace in solitude
Lets nothing by
The boundaries of shelter
The shield of lies

A lonely world grown vast
Far away, far below
Out of sight and out of reach I stand
While the world is growing old

Stuck to a point in time
A time of beauty and light
A soothing caress to soul and mind