

I build a stage,
to express myself,
but there's a catch,
it's the free will.

Though you know the freedom of decision
is limited in time
too many slaying words,
too many strifes,
too much jealousy,
too many spites

Enough
Now I count to ten.
It ends before it began.

Hey here comes the countdown
I'll swallow the light.
Are you prepared to embrace the night.
Here comes the countdown.
I'll breathe in the space.
And even the last one will see my face.
The last one sees my face.

Science has filled in many gaps in your mind
that I've been pushed aside
You've probably been asked a million times before
are you prepared to embrace the night.

Too many wars,
too many tears,
too much iciness,
too many fears.

Enough
Now I count to ten.
It ends before it began.

Hey here comes the countdown
I'll swallow the light.
Are you prepared to embrace the night.
Here comes the countdown.
I'll breathe in the space.
And even the last one will see my face.
The last one sees my face.