Endless days
We search for what we hold inside
So hard to find
Luck turns
Will the fallen ever reach within
And rise again

For the rest of my life
I'll find the answers
That were always here
I'll find the meaning this time
I'll fight the end
Till the end is here

Wasted time
With words that seem to break our will
They bind us still
Without a care
They tarnish what we hold so dear
What was once so clear

For the rest of my life
I'll find the answers
That were always here
I'll find the meaning this time
I'll fight the end
Till the end is here
(2x)