

Not the End

An Pierlé

Will I be full of doubts or full of deeds
And have the guts to still believe
You have to fight for the right cause
When all seems lost, when judgement's poor
When good and bad melt into one
Could I be someone you could count on

As for myself, I've no excuse
I'll gladly win, I'll badly lose
It's in the choices that you choose
To dare to press where you've been bruised
You can't predict how you'll react
Till cruel fiction turns into fact

If I could believe this is something new
Well, I don't believe this is something new
This must end, this won't end
If this don't end we'll be through

Will I find, will I find unsuspected strength
Would I be capable of killing with my bare hands
Would I be thrilled when flooded with adrenaline and fear of death
Will I sense guilt or be dragged along by unexpected kicks

And while the people on the streets
Exceed all records that we keep
I close my eyes to what they need
I lost all sensitivity
We do not want this status quo
While our purses yawn for
For always more, more, more
More, more, more
More, more, more
More, more, more

If I could believe this is something new
Well, I don't believe this is something new
Shame on me, shame on me
Shame on me and shame on you

And, no, I don't think that I overstate
One fears monsters one creates
And with so many things to lose
It gets important how you choose
So easily drawn to certainty
'Cause what I fear is often what's unknown to me

And you can, and you can say she nag, nag, nags
She speaks in tongues, she waves with flags
That don't help nothing, don't do good
Well, tell me how you think it should
Be better done, what can we do
I'll leave the question up to you

I don't believe this is something new
I don't believe this is something new
This won't help, this don't help

This won't end, this don't end
This don't end, this won't end
Shame on me and shame on you