

Is it the end, or is it just me?  
Will it happen that we'll be set free?  
Chaos is near: the fear of all fears

Shall we continue to hope when faith starts to bleed?

When truth isn't told and still controls a fold...I feel blind  
I'm questioning myself but I can't find...

I try to dream but sleep took off.  
I felt not sure and went for a walk.

It is the end and we are not to blame.  
We'll feel free at last and the game will end  
This game will end...

I feel like I've been told lies from the day I was born  
Enacting a story that is not mine, is it enough of a burden?

I try to climb between the doubts that are surrounding my mind  
I don't feel free and guess what; I don't feel that I'm being m  
e.