

Out of the darkness. In to the blindness.

From the cradle to the grave.

Out of the voidness. Through the silence.

One small step to the final point.

No need for shortcuts. Flashing snapshots.

Feels like this has just began.

Fast as lightning. It's getting frightening.

Slow me down. I don't want to burn out now.

The years are passing by like clouds up in the sky.

When will they disappear? When will it all be clear?

Straight into the ending. I am descending.

What is this life all about?

Can't believe this. It's time to dismiss.

Still I don't know where's my place or what to do.

Minutes turn into days and still he's searching his place.

What is this life all about? The sands of time run out.

Wrinkles form up on his face. He prays to complete this race.

He measures the time he has with quicksand hourglass.