

Dying light, fade away
Haunted by hidden hands' design
We're digging graves for the unborn
Begging on our knees biting the hand that feeds

So, what's it going to be? 2033
Will we be concerned before we're past the point of no return?
So, what's it going to be? 2033
Will we ever learn or just sit back and watch the world burn?

Blinded eyes, blood shot skies
Falling out, breathing underground
Shadows die over twisted limbs
Too late now, the night of the bleeding stars

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Come on!
The future does not exist when it lives inside a closed fist
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Leave the past to the damned
Because the now is in the palm of our hand

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