

Temporary

Informatik

Thoughts in my head of the end that awaits me
No turning away I hope and I pray for one more day
When all has been said the sum equals nothing
The endless debate of free will and what's fate won't solve a thing

You and me are nothing more than temporary
You are me, there's no wall it's all imaginary

People I see so lost in the shuffle
Caught up in the game they cannot escape the cage they've made
Day after day we fight and we squander
The more that we take the further we stray from what we need

We, we are running out of time
What are we all waiting for?
What are we really running from?