

The end is near, so I'll head back to the beginning.  
I'll try again to succeed in erasing all my sinning.  
Gently nurturing time in my disgruntled hands,  
"reap the harvest, bleed the land".

This is the only truth I know...  
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Slaving at this machine for what must have been years,  
"keep in mind that things... things aren't always as they appear".  
And dear, now time has come for me to finally trace  
exactly why I built this forsaken machine in the first place.

We all pray and wish that... that time would stand completely still.  
Just long enough to ingest the memories and relive the thrill.  
So I did just that, and now I'm ready to deliver myself.  
Ready to venture back to the mistakes that define us.

We have to ask ourselves, if we could leave today to change the past,  
would it really be the key to find our lost happiness?  
Go back and somehow alter what sent us all on our downward spirals.  
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And although darkness reigns, for an uncertain amount of days,  
living in yesterday won't get you any closer to a better tomorrow.  
It takes self-control and countless nights to relieve one's self of pain,  
to relieve oneself of pain and sorrow.  
It doesn't take a time-machine to make the earth stop turning.  
Just true love, real love. But until then I guess we'll just keep learning.  
If only those hands would turn right and not left.  
"But who cares about timing when we have forever... "

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