

The thought of a dying day
Sometimes do ease my cynical mind
Is it really me? It becomes a little too real now
For our lives, what's left of sanity
The question's fallen through time

What's left of the dead, dead?
What's left when we die, die?
What's left of the dead, dead?
All things will perish in the end, end
What's left when we die, die?
What's left in the end, end?
The future's scarce we let it fall

In this dream of lies and pain
Will we see what it really gained us?
In this dream of lies and gain
Will we see the time it's taken?

Escape of a fire's spread
You pull me down into the knives
The knives of pain
What do you think you'll gain in this life?
The game's been set
And all the rules they've made
Or are we in this together or alienate?

The pieces moving, the end now
These parts we've lived, inside
The pieces moving, we end now
I realize, it's life

It starts, it starts to grow
In sorrow, it starts to close
The future's scarce we let it fall

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