

Running away alone
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Wandering here not knowing why
Gift of life wrapped into fire
A fugitive from a black realm runs

Singing a closing credits song
Get the best of this short trip
Holding landscapes, holding dreams

Night falls, the countdown runs
Night dawns, a small loss unnoticed
A day to remind, or a day just to forget?
The better the memories,
The fewer the time that's left

Time hurts, the hours kill
Time runs, at thieves grabbing life bits
Tomorrow will come,
Tomorrow will bring us death
The fugitive is caught, the curtain falls
End of play.