

The Way it Ends

Prototype

Just a thought, to add suspense
To warn against, our discontent
Fear is real, but not so taught
You let others, be the cause. There we go racing towards the sun
Ignoring all the noise, striving for the grace of man
People play this great charade
And always miss the point, never fall for prophecies. You say it draws near, that it will be clear
You act so convinced, a fortress you've built
Remember the doubt, by which I now stand
You write the book, on the way it all ends. Tear down those mighty walls, re-invent the way you talk
Look ahead, now down below
Or high above, where angels flow. There we go racing towards the sun
Ignoring all the noise, striving for the grace of man
People play this great charade
And always miss the point, never fall for prophecies. Waiting to see, our kind disagree
You draw the line, and stick to your pride
Remember the doubt, by which I now stand
You write the book, on the way.... It ends. You say it draws near, that it will be clear
You act so convinced, a fortress you've built
Remember the doubt, by which I now stand
You wrote the book on the way it all ends. It ends.

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