

# Writing On the Wall

## Bob Moses

Used to be so innocent,  
thought I'd never change.  
Victim of the feeling then,  
fighting everything.  
Nothing here is permanent;  
we all just fade away.The writings on the wall,  
the stories I've been told,  
crying cause I know you won't be too long.  
The writings on the wall,  
I'm bracing for the fall.  
So now if it's not too late to ask for more,  
I hope that you will find what you are looking for.You and I were dreaming like  
we could see the other side.  
With all the mess of ignorance,  
dreaming never hides.  
But nothing here is permanent,  
we're running out of time.The writings on the wall,  
the stories I've been told,  
crying cause I know you won't be too long.  
The writings on the wall,  
I'm bracing for the fall.  
So now if it's not too late to ask for more,  
I hope that you will find what you are looking for.I try to forget  
but the memory takes its toll.  
Can't control it,  
how does this happen to us all?  
How do I go on  
in a world where you are gone?  
Cold and heartless,  
find the will to carry on.The writings on the wall,  
the stories I've been told,  
crying cause I know you won't be too long.  
The writings on the wall,  
I'm bracing for the fall.  
So now if it's not too late to ask for more,  
I hope that you will find what you are looking for.