

# 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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