

# In The End

## The Like

A shift in shapes has come about  
And no one's safe or sacred now  
But isn't that much better than  
The limbo we were living in

Diaspora or renaissance  
Blame mercury or fate or chance  
Changes always come in packs,  
Sniffing out your darkened doorsteps

And when the words run out  
The quiet's just as loud

When the world is upside down  
And we're walking on our hands  
But we keep on spinning round  
And who knows where we'll land  
In the end  
In the end

The moon it moves in cycles and  
We're subject to its will, its whims  
The tide, the time, the age, the law  
Run back and forth from idle dogs

History is not a highway  
Straight an narrow always  
But a roundabout and round again  
We ride around and hope for change

And when the state's drawn out  
The break is twice as loud

Then the world is upside down  
And we're walking on our hands  
But we keep on spinnin' round  
And who knows where we'll land  
In the end  
In the end

This is the end of stagnant days  
Time to give up the way  
I stand my ground, oh stand my ground

Then the world is upside down  
And we're walking on our hands  
But we keep on spinnin' round  
And who knows where we'll land  
In the end  
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