

Cold winter winds blow away autumn leaves now.
Misty world fades away before my blinded eyes - WHY?
Now when I stand at the end of the line, I cling to life when I
should
decline. I always thought I would welcome this day, but now whe
n it's here
- could there be a heaven behind that gate?
Love or hate?

WAIT! ...by my side. Count the seconds till I die.
Hold my hand.
Smile and tell me that you care, 'cause I'm scared now.
Now when I stand at the end of the line, I cling to life when I
should
decline. I always thought I would welcome this day, but now I c
an see:
...it is yet a bird of pray!

God, hear my voice!
I turn to thee - you've got to tell me: what will become of me?

WHY SHALL I DIE?
OH GOD! Hear my voice! Tell me there are no questions.
Please give me a few more hours of this flair life...
IT'S MINE!
As I am leaving, alone and afraid, I'm thinking of all the mist
akes I've
made. I wish of my heart I could change only one!
I'd want to say "sorry" just one more time before I am GONE! (g
one)