

# Beckoning Of The End

Area 54

What do you see when you look in the space  
At the back of your mind where the skeletons hide  
D'you fear the voices that whisper to you  
From the blackest recesses of your darker side  
Tempted by urges you cannot explain  
To do harm to yourself  
Or the people you blame  
Grip on reality fades, long past mourning  
I face my fears alone

And though I see the sun  
I still can't find my way  
The person I've become  
I know that it won't be okay  
Inside my ageing shell  
I just can't find my way  
And can't escape myself  
I don't want to live one more day

Is this the end?  
Time has been so cruel and callous again  
Like a disease

Drifting into the unknown of my mind  
Becoming my father, I must be blind

And though I see the sun  
I still can't find my way  
The person I've become  
I know that it won't be okay  
Inside my ageing shell  
I just can't find my way  
And can't escape myself  
Destroying the world in my way

Trying to hold on  
With no recollection of what I have done  
God, let me be

Like a disease  
Waiting to die  
Like a disease  
Waiting to die

Blame slips through my fingers once again  
Rain pours down inside my aching head

Like a child I'm lost in time  
Yearning to belong  
And I guess that they were right  
I just don't belong