

Tears, Bones, And Desire

Beneath The Sky

So what makes a dream come true?
Signing autographs?
Or people wanting your picture?
This is the dream I had in mind.
Is this my fate?
Or is this the end of the road?

So what now?
It feels like there's nothing left to say.
So what now?
It feels like I'm falling a part.
Is this a part of 'God's Plan?'

We're falling down.

Well I've learned that I'm just waiting for a deadline.
And I'm running out of time.

This world has lost its will to live, and with each passing day
.. so have I.

We are falling down...

Well I've learned that I'm just waiting for a deadline.
And I'm running out of time.
Or just running out of life.