

End Of Days

Born Gold

You have to do these things for yourself
I'm bound by stranger feelings

If voices tell me to act it out
I just won't bother listening

You have to do these things for yourself
I can't help much past raising
Your booster seat on the pyre while you heave through
Your flute for me

You have to do these things for yourself
My mind is odd and fevered

If voices tell me to act it out
The question's "How or never?"

You have to do these things for yourself
The animals are watching
I feel the wind that comes
when you say it's the end of days