

Tell me - do you believe in fate?
Do you believe that we each have a fee to pay
And a leaving date with no hope to deviate
That our breathing rate ceases when we reach this age?
Where do we go when we leave this place?
Is it nowhere where nobody can see your face?
There's no need to kneel on your knees and pray
Cos seasons change so it may be today

Looking back on the one life I've had on this Earth
This planet, this world, I sit back and I ponder
I have become fond of the fact I've lasted this long
Though in the past I've done wrong and my battery's gone
Will things be any different here after I'm gone?
Will anybody listen to my tracks or my songs?
You're asking the wrong chap I know as much as you
So I'm just confusing matters but it has to be done
It's a factor in all the planet's mass populace
That we're asking for knowledge but lack what we want
There's certain facts that we won't actually know
We lack the composure to relax and just focus on absolute calm
And that can do harm so we have to succumb
To the fact that after we're gone we're transmitted back to the cosmos
And after the storm the pattern goes on
So you have to be strong, cos that's where you belong

But I want you to see what it's like to be me
And I want you to remember me

I want to be remembered when I enter into heaven
The day I die then greater than September the eleventh
But then again when in the history of men
Has there ever been an event that we never will forget
Eventually everything tends to irrelevance
'Til we're left with an ebb that can never be filled
Everything built inevitably will
Descend into a stillness until the end of the world

Seasons will change
Empires will fall

Don't panic, our planet's to vanish
You've had a few chances and now it is happening
Man, he has managed to damage the planet
So bad that it cannot be fixed
But the bigger the bomb, the quicker we're gone
So I quicken my rhythm and finish the song
I sit in the dark and picture a part
Of my heart but it's hard cos I ripped it apart
Split into half with all of our smarts
Sick of the starkness but I can't start
On a mission to start building an ark
Filled with the spark of a star that is dear to my heart
And here I depart