

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