

Let me pass through
This Sunday morning,
A thousand degrees
Frozen within me

Suddenly real,
I can hear you say:
"I cannot try to. It's up to you"
But I'm here wondering
Why we still have to fight,
With a knife in my hand I'm denying

I believe in tomorrow
A world without you is a place
I've been through
Nobody listens to me

I'm bleeding right from the heart
I feel losing touch
With the real affections
I'll take the time
To deal with my pride
And remember
What life was about

I believe in tomorrow
A world without you is a place
I've been through
And we won't breathe
No more sorrow
No fears and decays
You're the prize and not the repay
When nobody sees me

I believe in tomorrow
A world without
You is a place
I've been through
And we won't breathe
No more sorrow
No fears and decays
You're the prize