

I'm running out of my time,
I'm running out of breath
And now it's getting so
I can't sleep at night
In the day, feel like death.

I'm getting in far too deep,
I feel them closing in
I've got to say that I'm scared,
I know they'll win
Even so, I'm prepared.

Do you believe, what you hear
Do you believe, what you see
Do you believe, what you feel

Can you believe?
What is real?
Futureal
What is real?
Futureal

Whenever anyone seems
to treat me like a freak
It makes me see
I'm the only one who feels
That I know what is real

And sometimes it feels like a game
of deadly hide and seek
And when you're reading this,
then I will be gone
Maybe then, you will see.

Do you believe, what you hear
Do you believe, what you see
Do you believe, what you feel

Can you believe?
What is real?
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