

Cold winter winds blow away autumn leaves now.  
Misty world fades away before my blinded eyes - WHY?  
Now when I stand at the end of the line, I cling to life when I  
should  
decline. I always thought I would welcome this day, but now whe  
n it's here  
- could there be a heaven behind that gate?  
Love or hate?

WAIT! ...by my side. Count the seconds till I die.  
Hold my hand.  
Smile and tell me that you care, 'cause I'm scared now.  
Now when I stand at the end of the line, I cling to life when I  
should  
decline. I always thought I would welcome this day, but now I c  
an see:  
...it is yet a bird of pray!

God, hear my voice!  
I turn to thee - you've got to tell me: what will become of me?

WHY SHALL I DIE?  
OH GOD! Hear my voice! Tell me there are no questions.  
Please give me a few more hours of this flair life...  
IT'S MINE!  
As I am leaving, alone and afraid, I'm thinking of all the mist  
akes I've  
made. I wish of my heart I could change only one!  
I'd want to say "sorry" just one more time before I am GONE! (g  
one)