

To The End

Pain Of Salvation

(Sorrow turned into hate. Anger became a thread, to climb with faith.
Tasting the life she shed) "Time will heal" they told him - just if they
knew his pain.
"Time kills!" he whispered.
Not a word: they watched him leave again.
Grief need not her grave - nothing left to save.
She went up with the sunrise that day, planned her future as every day.
Spent her last minutes in tomorrows she would never experience.

Live your life each day, meet the tides my friend.
We're all nomads forever on our way: a journey to the end! (She
walked
there every day without even knowing it was the place to which
she was
going) If you knew the number of the steps you would ever take,
bitter I
wonder: would you run or cease to walk?
For her sake he lived - nothing more to give.
Looking back now, he could have saved her
but there's no one left to save him.
'Cause we're all walking in tomorrows we may never experience.

Live your life each day, meet the tides my friend.
We're all nomads forever on our way: a journey to the end!

So now he has knowledge but what has he won?
All pages are empty - he's already gone.
He lost what he lived for and losses won't mend:
alive just to enter a journey beyond the end.