

You came out to nowhere with red roses pressed against your white chest
You sat down beside me and you took me to a time when you could see
A time when you could feel, when you could speak
When I believed

You have seen some nameless and some faceless
And some hopeless cases
You have touched the heart of darkness
Mister Kurtz is dead and so are you

Where is your truth?
Do you believe all that you see?
And where'd you lay your grave?
And what did Jesus say?

You have opened my eyes to the nature
Of our time and our lives
No safe truths, no comforting illusions
Make the best of your life