

Running hard from defeat to disaster
I fear no god and I serve no master now.

Pale as skywriting under the moon,
You shine so bright, but the time would not allow...

We were born to live - we were born to fly,
And fly we did, did we ever...
You were born to dance, you were born to fly,
And fly you did, did you ever...

For this to be, it was no to be,
Believed in you, believe in me.

To live in darkness and claim to see,
Believed in you, believe in me.

Ah, no,
This cannot be so...

Running hard from eternal December,
You can't regret what you don't remember now.
I will not stand by your grave side and weep,
You are not there and you do not sleep, I know.

We were born to fly straight into the wall,
And we broke on through to forever.
In the midnight sun we received it all,
But to darkness run, we would never.

For this to be, it was no to be,
Believed in you, believe in me.

To live in darkness and claim to see,
Believed in you, believe in me.

Ah, no,
This cannot be so...

I have run to the land of setting sun.
I for one still believe.
Not for none watch the whole thing come undone,
Nothing left but to grieve

I can wait for the tide to close the gate.
I can wait here for years.
Far too late we collide and then we wait,
Ashes anger and tears.

For this to be, it was no to be,
Believed in you, believe in me.

To live in darkness and claim to see,
Believed in you, believe in me.

Ah, no,
This cannot be so...