

# The End Of Time

Ugly Duckling

We talk about time, Does it exist?  
Or is it just a word that I can dismiss?  
There's a clock on the wall and it won't stop ticking (ticking... ticking...  
)

I try not to listen  
But it dictates everything little thing I do  
From when I'm waking up  
Until my day is through  
And I'm always hearing that life doesn't last long  
And that we better be get it all in before pass on  
Some people say that we came from an explosion  
That the door is closing we're only decomposing  
Rotting like the body of a barrel in a lost tomb

Is that the end? Or is flesh and blood a costume?  
Cause other folks say life lasts forever  
That we're all lost sheep looking for the shepherd  
Thus (??) the question (???)  
Who's in control? And where do I fit into it?

Is it all chance like the odds in Vegas?  
Or should we be on our knees praying God will save us?  
I take the rock of ages  
We struggle to define when...  
Time means nothing

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The end of time

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What if  
We were the only specie  
And we all evolved from the ocean and the deep sea?  
Was it part of the plan to put a heart in a man?  
And the capability to build a heart with his hands?

Are we drifting through space?  
Untied like the shoelace?  
Running a race with very few who place  
Hittin the hyperdrive hope we don't collide  
Going like a stone  
Time is on my side

Imagine a place with no clicks from a clock  
Nowhere to jump off  
No cliffs and no rocks

Feel the tour of gravity  
A hole or a cavity

Now go and take control of you soul and your sanity

It's easy to do  
Count to twenty by twos  
No need to book a flight look left look right  
You can see the showers from the meteorites  
No television screens and no media hype

I'll climb Orion's belt and grab hold of his kilt  
And if my grip starts to slip I can yell for help  
Or I can just let go  
Who's with me? Let's go  
You gotta close your eyes and follow the echo

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