

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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