

At the end of days, at the end of time  
When the Sun burns out will any of this matter?  
Who will be there to remember who we were?  
Who will be there to know that any of this had meaning for us?  
And in retrospect I'll say we've done no wrong  
Who are we to judge what's right and what has purpose for us?  
With designs upon ourselves to do no wrong  
Running wild unaware of what might come of us  
The Sun was born, so it shall die  
So only shadows comfort me  
I know in darkness I will find you giving up inside like me  
Each day shall end as it begins  
And though you're far away from me  
I know in darkness I will find you giving up inside like me  
Without a thought I will see everything eternal  
Forget that once we were just dust from heavens far  
As we were forged we shall return, perhaps some day  
I will remember you and wonder who we were  
The Sun was born, so it shall die  
So only shadows comfort me  
I know in darkness I will find you giving up inside like me  
Each day shall end as it begins  
And though you're far away from me  
I know in darkness I will find you giving up inside like me