

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 and 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
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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 someday
I will remember us and wonder who we were

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