

# Tempest

Voltaire

This could be the end of it all.

There's a woman in the woods behind you,  
No time to step and crawl.  
No time to tip-toe.  
In this security -- work, you, I don't dig.  
Shut down.  
This could be the end of it all.  
This could be the end of it all.

All you wanted, a view of your own.  
Now awaiting, Judgement Day.  
Flash past, the art escapes you.  
Never there in black and white.  
There's a lesson to be learned.  
Living on the words of others.  
Selling something like you sell yourself.  
Money in the bank, but you're under pressure.  
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Power in the new line, call it strong.  
Everything for positive reason.  
Evil, comes too easy.  
Never at a tender scratch.  
s on the side, but you're under pressure.

It's over, the worst behind you.  
No time to step and grow.  
No time to, tip-toe.  
In your security, work, you, I don't dig.  
Shut down. Shut down.  
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