From the wilderness we arose
Spread our wings in search
For answers to eternal questions
Life after death
The meaning of birth

Sometimes we see it
But most times we deny
Too afraid to live
Then we die

Living for dying In fear of goodbye Always prepared Then we die

Sometimes we see it
But most times we deny
Too afraid to live
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Living for dying
In fear of goodbye
Always prepared
Then we die

Easy to point fingers
So quick to disrespect
What lie right ahead
Blinded by the awe for death
As we hear the clock ticking
We search and swallow lies
We forget what is of value
Then we die

Sometimes we see it
But most times we deny
Too afraid to live
Then we die