

Is it over  
or has it begun  
do you wonder  
what will we become

when our eyes close  
on the starry ends  
when we finish our rows  
and the folds are dead

when the lights go out  
on us

when the will is real  
but fate is a cold, cold thread  
and the pins will fall  
down to the motherland

sit down  
let it take you in  
kill off  
or you let it when

when the lights go out  
on us

when the signals fail to fade  
and the waves will break the shade  
fight the land  
let it take you on  
on

when the water turns to grey  
and the darkness leads the way  
fight the land  
let it take you on  
on

when the lights go out  
on us