

The countdown begins  
The torn sky light cannot escape  
Fate not to be adjusted  
The fear must be faced

I take the same turns  
They now seem foreign to me  
Because foreign is what they will be

Monday I become a soldier  
Armed to kill thought and feeling  
They cannot see me  
They're not soldiers either  
Friday I'm a champion  
And why when I'm in uniform?  
So hard to learn that now is not forever  
Forever anticipation will have won

There is no good or bad  
Or right nor wrong  
They make a killing selling answers  
They're merely suggestions wrapped in needy clothes

Did you find your shelter tonight?  
A life that hides is not a life

I'm going to ask you to believe  
In everything good that you cannot see  
Embrace the darkness when it comes  
Cause hope is like freedom  
Like wings on a dove