

# Armageddon, Final Destination

Day is eating the night away  
It's time to leave again  
Born a rambler with a restless soul  
I'll be gone in the morning

Always searching for the final destination  
Always dreaming away his desolation

Guess I'm a loser but it ain't my choice  
You never know how the chips may fall  
If you take the smooth you're gotta take the rough

Waiting for the dawn  
Is there a light at the end of the tunnel