

# Prototype, The Way It Ends

Just a thought  
To add suspense  
To all the games  
Of discontent

Fear is real  
But not self-taught  
You let others  
Be the cause

There we go racing towards the sun  
Ignoring all the noise  
Striving for the grace of man  
People play this great charade  
And always miss the point  
Never fall for prophecies

You say it draws near  
That it will be clear  
You act so convinced  
A fortress you've built  
Remember the doubt  
By which I now stand  
You write the book  
On the way it all ends

Tear down  
Those mighty walls  
Reinvent  
The way you talk

Look ahead  
Not down below  
Or high above  
Where angels flow

There we go racing towards the sun  
Ignoring all the noise  
Striving for the grace of man  
People play this great charade  
And always miss the point  
Never fall for prophecies

Waiting to see  
Our kind disagree  
You draw the line  
And stick to your pride  
Remember the doubt  
By which I now stand  
You write the book  
On the way

It ends

(Solo: Krage)

(Solo: Vince)

(Solo: Krage)

You say it draws near  
That it will be clear  
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By which I now stand  
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It ends