

Informatik, Things To Come

too real to be a dream
the images still haunting me
i tell myself forget about it
things aren't always what they seem
i wake to the thought of
who we were what we'd become
how easily will we succumb
to my vision of things to come

endless distractions are yours for the buying
it's easy for you if your not the one dying
this life we are given must be good for something
listen to me i say war changes nothing
endless destruction i'm sick of the waiting
for humans to realize enough of the hating
this moment in time a mere drop in the ocean
with all history set into motion

too late it has begun
i'm blinded by a million suns
all our prayers will not help us
some things just can't be undone

against the wall shadows fall
nothing's left save our souls
hell's here to stay heaven's moved away
out of time the blackened sky
nothing's left and it's too late
to realize what we threw away

war changes nothing