

# 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