

# Nrd1, All God Thing Come To An End

Dogs were whistling a new tune  
Barking at the new moon  
Hoping it would come soon so that they could die

Honestly what will become of me  
I don't like reality  
It's way too clear to me  
But really life is daily  
We are what we don't see  
We missed everything daydreaming

Flames to dust  
Lovers to friends  
Why do all good things come to an end

Travelling I always stop at exits  
Wondering if I'll stay  
Young and restless  
Living this way I stress less  
I want to pull away when the dream dies  
The pain sets it and I don't cry  
I only feel gravity and I wonder why

And the sun was wondering if it should stay away for a day until the feeling went away  
And the clouds were dropping and the...  
The rain forgot how to bring salvation  
The dogs were whistling a new tune barking at the new moon  
Hoping it would come soon so that they could die